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"Truth can never be lost enough,  
Thou hast it all: the ever-shine  
SHINE  
"Es ist nicht so viel darin das man überall des Gute zu finden und zu schätzen kann.  
GOTTES

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secure leisure which is essential to the formation of their characters; and such sordid cares would impede and obstruct the generous and manly exertions by which virtues are displayed and confirmed. Men habitually addicted to the lowly pursuits of providing necessities and accumulating gain, are unfit members of our republic, because they are incapable of relishing those enjoyments in which we have supposed its chief happiness to consist.\*

There is then, naturally, the question—If every citizen is to be a gentleman, a cultivator of refined tastes, by whom is he to be fed, and clothed, and done for? If much of our revenue, for instance, is to be derived from the public mines, who is to dirty his hands in working the mines? In short, who is to be the drudge of so universally refined a society? An important question, which leads us to the antique relation between capital and labour, as we now call it. Who is to work and drudge for society? Aristotle, providing, like a practical philosopher as he was, the theory for the things that are, answers the question distinctly and lucidly.

"They" (the men occupied with providing necessities, says he in continuation of the passage just cited,) "they are to be classed with things necessary to the Commonwealth, but not to be ranked with its citizens. For the best and most perfect Commonwealth must provide for the happiness of all its members, and a Commonwealth founded on virtue cannot provide for the happiness of men who are but feebly touched by her charms. Such men, therefore, though necessary to a Commonwealth, are not parts of the Commonwealth, any more than food, though necessary to an animal, is part of an animal; or than the instruments employed in producing any work, are themselves parts of that work."

In short, the indispensable, ungentlemanly work is to be effected by means of slavery.

"Cities or Commonwealths are composed of families . . . A family to be complete must consist of freemen and slaves."†

Nor does he accept the mere fact as such; but applies himself in a manly way to establish its justice both upon the "laws of nations and the inferences of reason:"—

"Government and subjection," he argues, "are things useful and necessary; they prevail everywhere, in animated as well as in brute matter; from their first origin, some natures are formed to command, and others to obey; the kinds of government and subjection varying with the differences of their objects, but all equally useful for their respective ends; and those kinds the best and most excellent, from which the best and most excellent consequences result. In every composition whose parts are harmonized into any regular whole, the necessity of government and subjection evidently appears, whether this

\* Aristotle, "Politics," b. iv. ch. 9.

† Ibid.

whole or system be continuous or discrete, animated or lifeless. Even in music, &c." . . . "In compositions endowed with life, it is the province of mind to command, and the province of matter to obey. Man consists of soul and body, and in all men rightly constituted, the soul commands the body; although some men are so grossly depraved, that in them the body seems to command the soul. But here the order of nature is perverted." . . . "The same observations apply to the various tribes of animals, &c., which are all of them benefited by their subjection to man, because this is conducive to their safety. In the different sexes, also, we see the male formed for government, and the female for submission" (*hah!*); "and a principle prevailing thus universally in every region of nature, cannot but apply to an institution so natural as is that of political society."

"Those men, therefore," he continues, "those men, whose powers are chiefly confined to the body, and whose principal excellence consists in affording bodily service, *those, I say, are naturally slaves, because it is their interest to be so.* They can obey reason, though they are unable to exercise it; and though different from tame animals, who are disciplined by means merely of their sensations and appetites, *they perform nearly the same tasks, and become the property of other men, because their own safety requires it.*"\*

If it be objected, however, that Greek slavery, as it actually existed, was not founded merely upon the principle of *fitness*; that prisoners of war, for instance, and even captives of pirates, were sold into slavery,—our philosopher agrees with the objection, and condemns this practice, seeing "that nothing can be truly just which is inconsistent with humanity;" that success in war, often wickedly undertaken, cannot be a proof of justice; and that "it would be hard to make a slave of one who is unfit for servitude," or, still worse, of the man of "merit" who is more fit to command than to obey. And rising into melody, as he goes on summing up his argument, he insists "that slavery adheres to the character itself, is independent of accident, and that some are everywhere slaves, and others, like the Helen of Theodectes, are everywhere free—

' Sprung from the immortal gods, on either side,  
' Who dares reproach me with the name of slave?"

"Such, indeed, seems to be the intention of Nature, who, as she produces man from man, and beast from beast, *wished* like wise to generate illustrious descendants from illustrious ancestors; but here Nature often fails in accomplishing her purpose,"† (sad to say!). On the whole, however, as the interval of quality and capacity between Greek and Greek is rarely so wide as to establish the extremes of born master and born slave, he suggests that slaves

\* Aristotle, "Politics," b. i. ch. 3.

† Ibid. ch. 4.



should be selected only from "the barbarians in our neighbourhood, of strong bodies and servile minds."\*

Here, to revert again for a moment to modern affairs, here, for one thing, is a philosophical basis for negro slavery, after the very heart of the "Hon. Hickory Buckskin, senator of the Southern States." For of the qualitative interval between the white man and the black man in America, there can be no question, and no mistake. The Hon. Hickory Buckskin, coming in direct line from Hengist and Horsa, the descendants of Odin and Frigga, he surely is

"Sprung from the immortal gods, on either side;"

and is not our black African brother the very type of the man of "strong body and servile mind?" Here actually are ready to hand the natures formed to command and formed to obey, to be "harmonized into a regular whole," for the safety and benefit of all parties. And, taking Aristotle's standard of "nature and reason," and allowing his maxim that every part is to be used and employed, "not according to its own interest and caprice, but in subserviency to the general good, and suitably to reason," undisturbed by some other modern maxims, which do not claim to be founded on "nature and reason," but on 'Christianity' perfected by "humanitarianism," of which Aristotle could not know; taking, we say, Aristotle's point of view, there were but one thing to be answered to the Hon. Hickory Buckskin, if he should claim the Aristotelian philosophy in justification of his 'institution.' This thing, namely, that Aristotle insisted upon *justice* between the parties: Not only must the master be 'fit to command,' but the slave is to be under protection of *law*, and of that "harmonized whole," the Commonwealth, for whose sake the master is master and the slave slave. For one thing, indicating the spirit of the other things, "liberty ought to be the reward of all slaves universally, who approve themselves worthy of obtaining and capable of enjoying it."† Which would at least provide for the Uncle Toms, if such there be, other honour than that of melodramatic martyrdom. Until, therefore, the gentlemen of the Southern States have better studied this part of the Aristotelian system, we cannot allow them the benefit of the Aristotelian theory. The *elements* for command and obedience, for mutually beneficial combination of talents of mind and talents of body, do certainly co-exist in America, pointed out by "nature and reason" in a singularly distinct manner. But the harmonizing combination itself, which, according to Aristotle, must pay regard to "strict coincidence of interests," so that "the advantage of the slave be also a

Aristotle, "Politics," b. iv. ch. 10.

† Ibid. b. iv. ch. 10.

necessary result,"\* is altogether vitiated by the exclusive consideration of the (supposed) interests of one side only, the masters. Not only in the *theory* of Aristotle, but in the actual *practice* of the Greeks, not to speak of the Christians of the "dark ages," the relation of master and slave was strictly watched over by the State, and the rights of the latter—for he had rights—were secured and guarded. In truth, and singular as well as sad to consider, amongst no civilized nation of *any* period recorded in history, did there ever prevail a system of slavery so exclusively founded upon economical considerations—that is considerations of the dollar only and regarding the slave simply as the "chattel" of his owner; a system that placed the slave in so lawless and unhuman a condition, as that which exists at this day in the land which invented the Rights of Man, and which constitutionally decreed "natural equality" as the fundamental law of society!

The Greek slave, when harshly treated by his master, found a place of refuge in the "Temple of Theseus," where no "fugitive laws" could reach him; and there were legal provisions for his passing into the service of another master. There were also many specific grounds which entitled him to demand his freedom. He could hold a *peculium*, a private property, and had the chance of purchasing freedom by his savings. His actual treatment from his master must also have been peculiarly considerate. We find Aristophanes ridiculing the pretensions of the Athenian slave population, as *Punch* does those of the London cooks and flurkeys "hired by the month;" and Demosthenes boasts of the Greek "humanity of the law." "What, in the name of the gods," he exclaims—

"What do you think would be the sentiments of those nations from whom slaves are purchased into Greece, should they be told that there were certain Greeks, men so gentle and humane, that, notwithstanding the accumulated injuries received from barbarians, and a natural hereditary enmity to their race, yet did not allow their countrymen to be ill-treated even in servitude, but had enacted a law expressly prohibiting insults to slaves, and had punished the violators of this law by death."†

We have slipped unawares from the theory to the practice of Greek slavery. And a very extensive practice it was. For we must remember that the free citizen aspired to be a "gentleman," and that, consequently, not only the business of our hired servants, but most mechanical, and even some intellectual trades (schooling, for instance) were performed by slaves. It is calculated that the city of Athens alone, with its 30,000 free citizens, numbered

\* Aristotle, "Politics," b. iii. ch. 4.

† "Demosth. advers. Midcam," p. 392 (quoted in Gillies, ii. 33).



300,000 slaves. They populated all departments of private or public work or show. In the fields, in the manufactory, in the nursery, in the schoolroom, in the navy, in the circus, on the stage, the "servant for life" was the indispensable instrument, the "body" commanded by the "soul" of society. The poor citizen kept his slave, to have his shoes mended and his dinner cooked; maybe, occasionally, to lend him for hire to his busy neighbour and turn an honest penny, whilst the poor citizen, was looking after public affairs, or public news, in the forum. The wealthy and showy, of course, kept large 'establishments' of slaves for luxury and parade, to attend upon their persons and equipages: unpowdered flunkys hired for longer than 'a season.' Speculative citizens kept slave-establishments for hire, as a profitable trade; and we find Xenophon proposing, as a "financial measure," such establishments to be undertaken by the State on a grand scale.

The lot of the Athenian slave, in general, was probably comparatively easy. And as there were "valves" provided for the escape of such as were fit for something better, and manumission being frequent and constant, one may presume that, on the whole, slavery, in its then form, was a system of "servitude for life," of persons who with us would all their lives have been servants for hire, with the freedom of bettering their lot, and also of rendering it worse. The terms "slave" and "slavery," as distinct from "servant" and "servitude," were not known in the ancient world; and only arose after the collision between the Teutonic and Slavonic races, when the most frequent fate of the latter gave the name to the thing, and *Sclave*, *slave*, became, all over Europe, the designation of a person sold into servitude. And as there is much in a name, there was probably amongst the ancients no greater repugnancy to the condition of slavery, than there is with us to that of servitude. Some were born to it; it was accepted as a fact, a decree of fate, an ordinary and legal condition of life, like other conditions. Now and then, indeed, some idle hair-splitting philosopher, like Alcidas the scholar of Gorgias, and speculative fellows,\* to whom nothing that could not give a logical answer for itself was sacred, would, at that time of day already, broach precocious fanciful notions, that "liberty was the great law of nature;" that "all came free from the hand of God," &c.: speculations that startle the reader in the old books like ghosts of unborn things. But, except these rare unnoticeable whisperings, the 'justice' of slavery was unquestioned. "Human brotherhood" was still unpreached to the world; "sacredness of humanity" was not yet acknowledged, only sacredness of citizenship: and

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\* Aristotle: "Politics," b. i. c. 3.

the slave was not a citizen. No misgiving shadow thrown by "the pale cast of thought," therefore, galled the receiving or rendering of slave-service, as such merely.

We have indicated the probable comparative easiness of the lot of the Greek slave. We will now add, with more decisiveness, that the most fatal results of the 'system,' as it developed itself, fell not on the slave, but on the master. Labour being the appointed task of slaves, ~~industrial~~ work came to be considered as *artes illiberales*, unfree arts, and degrading to a free citizen;—in a State whose wise lawgiver (Solon, "the oil-merchant") had once ordered trades to be accounted honourable, and who had made idleness a punishable offence.

Moral censurers of their country and time, of the philosophic as well as the prophetic sort, are naturally exigent and exaggerative; and there is at all times such a complicated action and reaction going on between the tendencies of a people and its institutions, that it is ever impossible to assign to any particular cause its due proportion of influence; or, indeed, to guess even approximately how far an institution deteriorated the character of a people, or was deteriorated by it. But when Plato describes the Athenian population as "idle, greedy, intriguing, and ever changing," we cannot help reasoning that the public opinion concerning *artes illiberales* must have had some acting or reacting share in the causation of the leading epithet and root of all the rest. Another "acting and reacting" element in the state of things was that ideal and aristocratic view of the aims and end of the State to which we have already alluded, the fostering of the 'gentleman' at all costs; and the consequent doctrines as to the nature of manual labour preached by the philosophers. "Manual occupations," says Xenophon,\* "are dishonourable and unworthy of a citizen; most of them disfigure the body. They oblige a man to sit in the shade, or by the fire. They leave no time, neither for the republic nor for friends." And again, speaking of mechanics and manufacturers: "What is one to do with people who mostly sit all day long, nailed to their frames, and whose produce enervates the consumers, and only causes us to spend money?" "Nature," says Plato,† "has of itself made neither shoemaker nor blacksmith; such occupations degrade those who exercise them; vile mercenaries, whose trade excludes them from political rights."—One thinks of Benjamin Franklin, the journeyman printer; of Watt, the blacksmith; of Hans Sachs, the shoemaker, and honoured citizen of Nuremberg, sitting patriarch-like under his porch on a Sunday morning, as he was seen, with his venerable beard flowing upon the Bible.

\* Quoted in Blanqui, i. 78.

† Treatise on "Laws."



before him; and *proud* of his condition as master-shoemaker, although a crowned poet and *Meistersänger*: one thinks of such as these, and compares the social results of Greek genius with those of Teutonic solidity, not to the disadvantage of the latter, although grateful for both.

"As for merchants and dealers," continues Plato, "accustomed as they are to lying and cheating, they shall be suffered in this city as necessary evils only. The citizen who *lovers* himself by keeping a shop shall be prosecuted for such crime, and if found guilty shall be imprisoned; that sort of trade is to be left only for strangers," &c. If these be only philosophical speculations of the idealizing, exigent Plato, we find, at the same time, such concrete bases for them as, for instance, the Thebean law, forbidding citizens who, within ten years, had been engaged in retail dealings, from being elected to the magistracy; or the custom of even the Carthaginians, the antique nation of shopkeepers, to choose their magistrates and rulers not from the mercantile class, but from the landed proprietors, what we should call the squirearchy. Cicero, also, with Roman experiences, writes, "What honour can come from keeping a shop? small trade is a sordid thing; little tradespeople can get nothing without lying." Let us also remember that Mercury, the god of trade, was equally the god of thieves and of liars. From all which we may conclude, that the 'morality of trade,' in those ancient communities, cannot have been of a high standard. Yet before we congratulate ourselves on our improved ways, and how *our* shopkeepers are men eligible to the highest magistracy, &c., it would be well to bear in mind such phenomena as "adulterations of food," and the like, and to ask ourselves whether we are really so much better, or only so much less candid?

Having noticed Plato's complaints about the trade-practices, we must not leave unmentioned his remedial measures. In his ideal Republic tradesmen are forbidden to have two prices; or to take a *less price* for their ware than that asked at first. Neither shall they be allowed to *praise* their goods, or to use any emphatic oath; but, in short, their language is to be "yea, yea; nay, nay." This ban of the philosophers and of public opinion against "dealers" did not extend to commerce on the larger scale, what we call the wholesale trade. Neither, however, did commerce receive, from the philosophers at least, or from the lawgiver, the sort of consideration and respect which modern nations, or some of them, pay to it as a wealth-producing power. Plato keeps very shy of wealth-creating commerce throughout. He compares gold and virtue to two weights in a balance, one of which cannot rise unless the other is sinking. He would not have a city placed too near the sea, lest it should attract too much commerce,

attended by corruption of manners and endless litigations, making the lawyer's business flourish.

Aristotle's *definition* of commerce is the same as that adopted by writers on this subject down to this day. "Commerce," he says, "produces nothing; but it exchanges and distributes, as convenience requires, the objects and commodities already produced and accumulated." But he also postpones economical to ethical considerations.

"If we cultivate commerce, it must be for accommodation only, not for gain; our citizens are not to degrade themselves into brokers and carriers, nor to squander away in the arts of luxury, that labour which may be far more profitably as well as more honourably employed in the cultivation of the soil and in the production of necessities; the occupation which is of all others the best adapted to the bulk of mankind, the most favourable to the health of their minds and bodies, and therefore the best fitted to promote national prosperity. Our commerce must be limited to the purpose of supplying our domestic wants; and in order to attain this purpose without endangering the merits of our domestic manners, we may imitate the example of those cities and countries which have their docks and harbours enclosed by walls and fortifications, and separated at a due distance from the capital; thus permitting the importation of foreign commodities, but intercepting the contagion of foreign vices."†

The Romans, "grinders of corn and of men," were too much engrossed with cultivating the earth, and with subduing and governing the world, to have much to do with commerce. "Martial yeomen," the historian calls them; strong at the wielding of iron,—as sword and as ploughshare. But a sea-faring life was not their taste. Even the sturdy Cato regretted ever to have gone by sea when he might have gone by land. Solid, massive, ponderous, not shifty or adroit, the Roman was best at home on terra firma: a born lord of the earth; with more of the nature of the ruler and regulator, than of the factor and merchant. "It is not desirable," said Cicero, "that the same people should be at once the ruler and factor of the world." The Carthaginians disdained no source of industrious gain. Amongst the Romans many sources of gain were looked upon as pursuits fit for slaves only. The Carthaginians conquered upon East-India-Company principles: for trade-profits. The Romans conquered to rule and to tax; leaving the trade to whoever would have it. But they paved the world with roads; created facility and maintained safety of intercourse, from Loch-Lomond to Libya and the Persian Gulf; and the trader followed in the train of the legions and of regulated authority. They carried 'commodities,' also, to and from the distant provinces; they planted the olive in Spain and in

“Politics,” b. i. ch. 5.

† Ibid. b. iv. ch. 6.



Gaul; they brought fruit-trees from Syria to the Western countries; and the Northern Barbarians acquired from the Roman legionary a knowledge of the thrifty advantages of the kitchen-garden. Our cherries and apples, as well as our cabbages and beans, are of Roman ancestry, brought by Romans from the conquered empire of the mighty Antiochus. That was a more lasting benefit to Britain than any left by the Carthaginian traders.

The Romans were not a commercial people, we say; but they were eminently a *thrifty* people, while Roman virtue lasted—some recorded six centuries, and one knows not how many unrecorded. *Thrift* was their economy; and may probably be reckoned as the main source of their later accumulated wealth, as well as intimately connected with all that was great in their character. Thrift, which economizes means, makes things go farthest, and uses and spends with a *conscience*, connects economy with morals, and stands a people in the stead of much economical science. Many of the names of the old Roman families have a thrifty rustic sound: *Lentulus*, *Piso*, *Fabian*, *Porcus*; lentils, peas, beans, pigs. The Roman general returned from his conquests to till his scanty patrimonial acres. “He is a bad Roman to whom ten acres do not suffice,” said Curius Dentatus; the same whom the Samnite ambassadors, coming to bribe him with gold, found dressing his supper of turnips, and without need of gold. They were great economizers of time these thrifty Romans; did their reading over meals, or in the bath; and lived to a great age. In Vespasian’s time they counted within the circuit of a small district fifty-four men of the age of a hundred, forty between a hundred and ten and a hundred and forty, two past a hundred and fifty years each. Young Cato went to the small towns, to plead gratuitously in the county courts, before breakfast; and worked in his farm all day with his servants, sharing their fare. We possess no Roman treatises on Political Economy: but the same Cato’s reported saying, “That he had only two ways of increasing his income, ‘*Labour and Parsimony*,’ or working and saving,” contains the pith of the matter. The sayings and doings of the sturdy Cato, a true chip of the old block, though a *homo novus*, “without family pictures,”—illustrate indeed characteristically the economic phasis of the Roman man. “A master of a family should love to sell, not to buy,” he said. “What a man has no need of is dear at a penny.” “It is better to have fields where the plough goes, or cattle feed, than fine gardens and walks that require much watering and sweeping.” It was his custom to buy young slaves, young cattle, new implements, and to part with old ones. He was his own son’s schoolmaster and tutor (not liking the boy’s contact with the *slave-pedagogue*): taught his son “grammar, law, and the

necessary exercises." The same homely, thrifty ways characterize his public life. While out in the wars, in the interval of military duty, he assists his servant in cooking the dinner. During his governorship of Sardinia, it was his custom to walk from town to town, attended by one officer, administering justice. Returning from his glorious Spanish campaign, he left his war-horse behind him (sold him at a fair price, probably) to save the public the expense of the transport. In one of his disputes with the more expensive Scipio, he observed that "the expense was not the greatest evil, but the consequence of that expense." This austere man the Roman people elected Censor, Inspector that is, and Corrector, of public and also of private manners; in the execution of which office he opposed heavy sumptuary taxes to the rising luxury of the rich. And his countrymen inscribed the statue which was, at last, erected to him, not with his victories, but "In honour of Cato the Censor, who, when the Roman Commonwealth was degenerating into licentiousness, by good discipline and wise institutions restored it."

Plutarch calls him "a good father, a good husband, an excellent economist." His economy, and that of the Romans in general, was, as we say, of the nature of *thrift*; which connects economics with morals, and is the soul of all good political economy.

Curious to consider, the most *thrifty* people of antiquity and the most *commercial* were at deadly enmity, and after a world-renowned struggle, the latter was suppressed. The longest purse did *not* win in the end, in that case. The Carthaginians had the largest stock of ready-money. But money and mercenaries were no match for Roman sinews and hearts. Economically speaking, thrift carried it over commerce.

These "commercial" Carthaginians, the naval carriers of antiquity, are indeed spoken of by ancient writers with a certain sneer, as a people given up to the almighty dollar, in their all-absorbing pursuit of buying in the cheapest and selling in the dearest market. Seen from this distance, however, and with modern eyes, their merchant adventures, in those remote times, have a touch of the heroic, if not the sublime. They fetched corn from Sardinia, ale and wine from Sicily, cloth and woven goods from Malta, silver from Spain, tin from England, amber from Germany. Their mariners made acquaintance with the Atlantic, described by one of their commanders (Himilco) as "the open sea beyond the Pillars, where thick fog rests on the waters; the ocean which roars around the land; the unbounded sea."\*

Nor were their adventures by land 'in search of markets' less

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\* "Festus Avienus," quoted in Heeren.



daring. Their caravans traversed the mysterious desert, the sandy ridge described by Herodotus; "the sandy ridge above wild-beast Libya, stretching from Thebes of the Egyptian to the Pillars of Hercules." Here, attended by those nomadic tribes, who, unchanged as their camels, follow to this day the same path and the same trade, they pursued their far toilsome journey of some two thousand miles over salt mountains, rare green oases, across wide-stretching endless sand-plains, "where suffocated birds point out the paths of the fiery simoon," stared at, at times, by some bewildered gigantic ostrich; all along, a glowing heaven as of molten brass over head, and all around, unbroken, unearthly stillness. Salt, *slaves*, dates, precious stones, gold-dust, then as now, were the objects of the dangerous pilgrimage. Herodotus has described the route; Heeren has traced it by the accounts of the latest travellers. The Carthaginians have ceased to travel and to traffic thousands of years ago; but in those African regions nothing is changed; the desert, the caravan, the slave, the gold-dust, at this day as in those days!

The mercantile Carthaginians, if sneered at by philosophers on account of their low aims, realized on the other hand, it seems, comfortable earthly homes for themselves. The appearance of their country, as described by an eye-witness whose relation has come down to us, reminds one of modern Holland or England. Diodorus Siculus,\* in his account of Agathocles' Sicilian expedition against Carthage, says:—

"The territory through which Agathocles led his army after their landing, was covered with gardens and large plantations, everywhere intersected with canals by which they were plentifully watered. A continual succession of landed estates was there seen, adorned with elegant buildings, which betrayed the opulence of their owners. These dwellings were furnished with everything requisite for the enjoyment of men; the proprietors having accumulated immense stores during the long peace. The lands were planted with vines, with palms, and many other fruit trees. On one side were meadows filled with flocks and herds, and on the lower grounds ranged troops of brood mares. In short, the whole prospect displayed the opulence of the inhabitants; the highest ranks of the Carthaginians had possessions here, and vied with one another in pomp and luxury."

The Carthaginians, as is well known, like the Greeks in general, were active colonizers, too; paying attention not to the supply and demand of commodities only, but also of the producers and consumers of commodities. "In this way," says Aristotle, "Carthage preserves the love of her people." She sends out continually colonies, composed of her citizens, into the districts around her, and by that

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\* Quoted in Heeren.

means makes them men of property. 'It is a proof,' he adds, "of a mild and intelligent government, that it assists the poor by accustoming them to labour." Colonization conducted by the state as a public concern, had something of the nature of a wise poor-law amongst the Greeks. Pericles employed the superfluous population of Athens to found Greek communities, and spread Greek civilization far and near. "These things he did," says Plutarch, "to clear the city of a useless multitude, who were very troublesome when they had nothing to do; to make provision for the most necessitous; and to keep the allies of Athens in awe, by placing colonies like so many garrisons in their neighbourhood." These colonies, in their intercourse with the mother country, receiving supplies of manufactured commodities, and sending agricultural produce in return, were the great feeders of Grecian commerce. "Since colonies were established beyond the sea," says Thucydides, "several of the cities began to apply themselves to navigation and commerce; and the mutual intercourse kept up between the two afforded advantages to each party."

The soil of the Athenian country, unfavourable to agriculture, could not feed the population with its own produce; and the importation of food became consequently a great object of commerce and also of legislation. The importation of corn was fostered and invited by every means. It was, for instance, a leading branch of business with the Athenian capitalists, to advance money to ship-owners for the duration of one voyage; and the law enacted, that no money be lent upon any outgoing vessel, unless part of her return-cargo consisted in corn or other provisions. Another law provided that all imported corn was to be brought first of all to the Athenian market. It was the people who made this law at Athens, and the protection they devised was to act for the interests of the consumer, not of the producer or dealer. Figs, oil, and honey, staple articles of Athenian produce, were also objects of legislative care. The exportation of figs, we are told, was prohibited; though some doubt it, or guess that it may have been so during war-time only. At all events, the word *sycophant* (informer of figs, mean fellow seeking favour and reward by acting the spy) still exists to testify to some such regulation. Oil, on the other hand, was a staple article of exportation. Solon, and even Plato, to defray travelling expenses, are said to have taken cargoes of oil into Egypt; as Ephraim had done of old. Athens was also a great place of art-manufactures, worked by slaves, but the property of citizens (Demosthenes' father owned a manufactory of arms): Athenian hardware, arms, objects of dress, of furniture, of virtu, and what we call "fancy articles," were much prized and sought after. Athens in this, as in some other respects, was the Paris of antiquity, whither all the



world came to buy its fashions. Books also, we are told, "light literature" mainly, formed an item of the Athenian export-trade.

The Piræus, harbour and place of business of Athens, throng with these various elements of commerce, was watched over by a strict police, by many regulations for the protection of foreign merchants, for the supervision of weights and measures, and the prompt administration of justice. Xenophon proposed to establish a prize for the officer of the harbour who should pronounce the most rapid and just decision of commercial causes.\* Those circumstances, to which must be added the resources of the Athenian silver-mines, and the renowned purity of the Athenian coin, which had procured for it universal circulation, and which insured the foreign trader at all times a ready equivalent for his ware, to carry away with him, made the Piræus a busy market. "All the finest produce of Sicily, of Italy, the Pontus and the Peloponnesus, Athens, by her empire of the sea, is able to collect into one spot," writes Xenophon.†

We spoke of the good repute of the Athenian money. What nation first used money? That, indeed, was a great contribution to the *art* of political economy; as testified to even by one who cannot often be put into the witness-box of this department of knowledge. It is the Herr Professor Teufelsdröckh himself, who exclaims:—

"A simple invention it was in the old-world—Grazier—sick of lugging his slow ox about the country till he got it bartered for corn or ale—to take a piece of leather, and thereon scratch or stamp the mere figure of an ox (or *Pecus*); put it in his pocket, and call it *Pecunia*, money. Yet hereby did barter grow sale; the leather money is now golden or paper, and all miracles have been out-miracled; for there are Rothschilds and English national debts; and whoso has sixpence is sovereign (to the length of sixpence) over all men," &c.‡

Homer never mentions money; which leads one to conclude that in his time it was still uninvented. According to Herodotus it was the people of Lydia, the country of the 'rich Croesus,' and rich in gold mines, who first coined money of precious metals. Xenophon, alluding to that same "purity of the Athenian coin," shows himself quite a Peelite in his preference of a full standard to a depreciated or paper currency: "In most places," he says, "the merchant must take goods in exchange for those which he brings, because the money has no credit in other places" (foreign exchanges against it), "whereas in Athens, if he likes, he can make up this balance in money, which is the most convenient article and easiest of exchange."§ On the other hand, the 'Birmingham School' may cite for itself the high authority of Solon, who, to

\* Boekh, i. 76.

† Ibid. i. 67.

‡ "Sartor Resartus" (London, 1838), p. 39.

§ Quoted in Blanqui, i. 391.

"facilitate the liquidation of debts," ordered the *minos* of 70 drachms to be a legal tender of the nominal value of 100 drachms; an expedient which Plutarch admiringly pronounces to have been a "relief to the debtor without injury to the creditor!"

The Carthaginians, too, cunning traders as they were, anticipated, though more legitimately, the doctrine and mystery of the Birmingham School in the use of "symbolic money." It was they who issued leather money—a circulating medium consisting of stamped leather tokens; and the fact tells, for one thing, of the existence of public credit, of honest dealing, security and continuity of circumstances, and of a very advanced state of civilization.

Other Grecian countries, practising still more scientific methods, had a twofold currency, one for home uses, made of iron, and merely of symbolic value; the other of precious metal, for purposes of exchange with foreign countries.\* Plato, who defines money as "a symbol for the sake of exchange," adopts such a twofold currency in his ideal Republic. And the plan has been revived by some of our currency doctors, who are no Platos.

Banking was a flourishing trade at Athens. Bankers received deposits "at call," or upon interest, the usual rate being 1 per cent. per mensem. They, again, made advances at 30 per cent. or so interest per annum, to traders, to "generals" setting out on expeditions; or at interest *ad libitum*, to young fashionables, who revenged themselves on the hated but indispensable "usurers" by railing at them on the Rialto. Bankers, we are told, gave no receipts, the regular entries in their books being accounted sufficient. *Tout comme chez nous*. The temples also, whose sacred character made them places of great security, took people's spare money and valuables in safe keeping. The shrine of Apollo at Delphos, respected by all Græcæ, was a famous 'bank of deposit' of that sort, and guarded immense treasures "in its cellars." At times, in pressing emergency, the State made use of these reserves by way of loans, which were always paid back with religious fidelity. The law of debtor and creditor was very severe at Athens, going to the length of capital punishment in extreme cases of fraudulence. Demosthenes extols the "excellent protection" which the Athenian law affords to the creditor: "for," says he, "commerce proceeds not from the borrower, but from the lender, without whose assistance no vessel, no captain, no passenger could stir."

As a sample of 'Spartan' economy and financiership, a case, recorded by Aristotle, deserves mention. The Spartans, desiring to assist the people of Samos, their allies, with a loan, raised the necessary funds in this manner: a general fast of twenty-four hours was ordained, both for man and beast; and the 'capital' saved thereby was handed over to the necessitous borrowers.

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\* Heeren, i. 169.



We will now glance at the item of taxes and revenue. Taxes are one of the earliest facts of the social science. When Alexander conquered Babylon, he found there the existence of an *octroi*, an excise charge of 10 per cent. on the value of every article entering the city. The Athenians had a regular and intelligent system of taxation. The revenue was derived from public lands, mines, &c., which were farmed out; from taxes on imports, exports, and market-excises; from the tributes of resident aliens and freed-men; from fines and confiscations; from contributions assessed on citizens according to their wealth, or expected from them as voluntary gifts to the state; and last, not least, from the payments of tributary cities and states. The taxes were mostly farmed: let by auction to the highest bidder. The contributions of the citizens, voluntary or forced, particularly in times of war, weighed heavily upon the rich, who had to fit out ships at their own expense, &c. The citizens at large measured with sharp criticism the liberality or parsimony shown by the wealthy on these occasions; so that "in such times it was almost better to be a poor than a rich man."\*

Some of the taxes we read of show the early inventive ingenuity of Chancellors of the Exchequer; as at Ephesus, a tax on garments ornamented with gold; at Lycia, a tax on false hair; taxes on conjurors, quacks, &c.

Duties on imports, seem, on the whole, to have been moderate. At Athens, for instance, in Demosthenes' time, corn, woollen garments, vessels of silver, &c., paid 2 per cent. At Rome, under the Emperors, the import duty on goods was 5 per cent.; with the allowance of "drawbacks" on re-exportation. Custom-house officers were evidently awkward people to deal with then as now: "*Quod quid professus non est perdat*,—What was not properly declared got confiscated," oozes out of Terence?

But we must not load the reader, if any has followed as thus far, with details at the end of our journey. Happy if we have succeeded in conveying to him some notion of the spirit which pervaded those old arrangements and informed those details. One concluding reflection, and we have done. In comparing the politico-economical theories and usages of the ancient world with our own, we meet with various differences of degree. But clear differences of kind we can only name two. First, the relation between capital and labour: slavery, namely, or servitude for life, instead of free labour, or contract by the week or the month. Secondly, the different estimate formed of the nature of labour and the character of the labourer: sympathy and respect having now, in profession at least, taken the place of ancient contumely. We have heard the Greek philosopher's fastidious contempt for

coarse labour and its body-deforming effects. Our own latest philosopher, on the contrary, enumerates amongst the "two men" he honours, "first, the toil-worn craftsman that, with earth-made implements, laboriously conquers the earth, and makes her man's."\* To our philosopher the "hard, crooked hand," "the rugged face," bent back, and marred limbs are "venerable;" "for it is the face of a man living manlike," and in his "duty," "be out of it who may."

Both these "differences in kind" are traceable to *two* causes; neither of which were yet in operation amongst the ancients, but the combination of which has given the modern world its distinctive character: the Christian religion and the Teutonic race.

"Christianity" has, in our day, become unfortunately a phrase that falls so glibly from trivial tongues, and is currently used as a garb for such a diversity of things (some of them very melancholy things), that men who recognise and respect its real historical significance become reluctant to pronounce the word at all. But we must note here that, beyond question, the Christian religion introduced a new element in the social relationship of man. It conferred a new *sacredness* on man—not regardable henceforth as *citizen* only, but as *man* and son of man, which had manifold consequences. The *infinitude* with which the human being got invested led, on one side, to strange aberrations,—witness the Inquisition and the theory concerning heretics. On the other hand, it brought "emancipations," and questionings as to the "rights" of man over man, which still await their *clear* settlements.

The Teutonic race, again, was a race of *workers* from the beginning. Their most popular "god" was the hard-fisted Thor, the friend of hinds and peasants; a very democratic god, whose sceptre was a hammer, and his coming glory a prophecy: "The hammer shall survive."

Under such auspices, servitude and labour received new meanings and a new standard of rights. Yet it will perchance be owned by the thoughtful at this time of day, that the longings of Christian "*infinitude*," which are apt to degenerate into sentimental cants; and Teutonic indefatigability of work, which, under circumstances, leads to over-work and mere-work ('Samson turning *voluntarily* the Philistine mill')—it will be owned, we say, that these two modern elements may be advantageously checked and moderated by the "symmetrical" standard of the Greeks, and the courageous principle of their philosophers with regard to the right of everything to be treated "according to its own nature."

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\* "Sartor Resartus."

## ART. II.—ENGLISH COURTS OF LAW

1. *Report of the Committee appointed by the House of Commons to inquire into the Removal of the Courts of Law.* 1842.
2. *Report of the Second Committee appointed for the same purpose.* 1845.

THE holding of courts of law was, in the time of our ancestors, attended with great ceremony, but without much convenience. Little of the ceremony now remains—much, indeed, in form, but none in spirit. The high-sheriff still meets the judges of assize at the limits of the county,—at least at the station on the railway nearest to the confines of his jurisdiction. His *posse comitatus* consists of himself and his chaplain. It is still an anxious time for the sheriff,—for fear his sword should get between his legs. In olden times when the judge arrived, the *posse comitatus* consisted of the gentlemen of the county, who rode with the judge to the county town; and it will be remembered that it was one of the insults offered to the notorious Jeffries, that the gentlemen of Somerset refused him this customary courtesy. Now, the escort is converted into a carriage and four, with servants to match. One high-sheriff has even attempted to change this order of things, and waited for the representative of the Queen's justice in a street cab; a disrespect for which the sheriff was fined in the sum of one hundred pounds. When arrived at the county-town, the judges show that they are judges by preserving their gravity, whilst two trumpeters attempt a welcome on their instruments with considerable independence of one another. The escort is then joined by ten or twelve men in the sheriff's livery, called javelin-men, and carrying enormous pikes or halberds. This gallant band always reminds us of the usurping king's army at "the Surrey." We believe they are intended to represent the high-sheriff's retainers, called together to guard the Queen's judges against all robbers, highwaymen, and rebels. They are now neither very ceremonial nor useful. Indeed their use once puzzled a distinguished peer, who accordingly made inquiry of their purpose from the late Mr. Justice Maule. That learned judge, after a short thoughtful pause, replied, "That he was not aware that the javelin-men were of any service, unless it was to help the judge to *charge* the grand jury." The ceremonial on circuit has indeed become a farce, and a foolish expense; it might well be dispensed with. Neither in London have the ancient ceremonies of justice fared much better. The "term" is still opened with the forms of ancient grandeur. The pro-



cession from Serjeant's Inn, which, once held divided honours with that of the Lord Mayor, has long fallen into decay; the Chancellor's banquet has been converted into a breakfast at his own house; and the solemn march up Westminster Hall to the Queen's Bench is now represented by a short walk across a corner of the building,—the judges and Vice-Chancellors stand for a moment on the threshold of the great door, and then mysteriously disappear by a side-door into the Exchequer, very like the ghosts in the play of Macbeth at a country theatre.

But though the heads of the law have allowed the ancient grandeur of ceremony to decline, they have religiously retained the accompanying inconveniences. An amusing instance of this occurred in the reign of James II. It is thus related by Roger North:—

“ The Court answering to the name of Common Pleas was placed next the Hall-door, that suitors and their train might readily pass in and out. But the air of the great door, when the wind is in the North, is very cold, and if it might have been done, the Court had been moved a little into a warmer place. It was once proposed to let it through the wall to be carried upon arches into a back room, which they call the Treasury. But the Chief Justice Bridgman would not agree to it, as against Magna Charta, which says that the Common Pleas shall be held in *certo loco*, or in a certain place, with which the distance of an inch from that place is inconsistent, and all the pleas would be *coram non judice*. Although at the same time others thought that the *locus* there means the *villa* only. So that the returns being copied Westminster, the Court might sit even on the other side of the Abbey, and no solecism of jurisdiction happen. But yet that formal reason hindered a useful reform; which makes me think of Erasmus, who, having read somewhat of English law, said that the lawyers were *doctissimum genus indoctissimorum hominum*. ”

This spirit of dislike to alteration still remains: it was only last year that witnesses intended to give evidence before the grand-jury were for the first time sworn in a place separate from the court, although their being sworn in Court was productive of the greatest inconvenience.

Courts of law were originally held in old town-halls, the halls of baronial castles, and even in gaols. The arrangements for them were always hasty, the ventilation invariably defective, and the rooms having been built for another purpose, generally unsuitable. At times they were so ill-situated as to produce the most lamentable consequences; once at Oxford, owing to want of ventilation or the escape of some noxious gases into the Court, the judge, counsel, jury, witnesses, and spectators, almost to a man, fell victims to a short, terrible, and then unknown disease, though it was probably cholera. The event has since been known

as the *Black Assize*. A small imitation of this catastrophe was attempted lately by the ventilators of Westminster Hall. For some reason only known to themselves, they pumped the air from a main sewer into the Bail Court. The effect was magical; not the oldest lawyers present had ever smelt such a stench before, used as they were to bad smells; the court was cleared in an instant, judge, officers, lawyers, witnesses, and jurymen fled for their lives in the wild confusion of a rout. So far the experiment was quite successful; the perpetrators have steadily refused to reveal its scientific purpose. As the old halls began to be abandoned, and court-houses to be built in our county-towns, the old inconveniences and defects were in the conservative spirit of England carefully imitated. The marks of haste in former plans were copied for permanence in stone and brick. The consequence is, that although honest attempts are now being made to erect courts of justice such as they ought to be, there is scarcely a court in the width and breadth of the land that is not a disgrace to the country; not from any want of funds or expenditure, but simply from a servile love of precedent and disregard of utility—too common in architects.

The judges are, perhaps, the only persons who are fairly comfortable in a court of justice; though in many courts their own rooms are little better than back closets, and they have no means of hearing private applications or motions in any decent form.

Being persons in high authority, they ought to be able to see after their own accommodation; yet of so little weight is their authority in opposition to stupidity, obstruction, and neglect in the keeping of the courts and their own apartments, that these grave seniors are constantly complaining in vain. They have authority over much, but seem to have no power over the very court in which they exercise their function. We see that they can fine a high sheriff for a breach of ceremonial; why should they not have power to place those whose duty it is to provide proper and sufficient courts for the public under some ban, until such provision be made? The matter rests with the counties; but if a grand jury can control a county, by presenting a bill that a bridge is out of repair, could not a similar pressure be exercised in respect of courts of law?

As the courts do a great amount of work, and sit many hours at a time, it may naturally be supposed that so worldly and acute a body of men as those who constitute the Bar are well provided in ordinary matters of comfort, at least in the necessary means of carrying on their profitable calling. Is it possible that the great serjeant, who just this moment moved our sympathies for his client,—“that injaw’d woomun,”—could, in the redundancy of his person and his fees, condescend to disrobe

himself in anything but a kind of forensic boudoir? or that the graceful Sir F., whose perfect diction and perfect attire equally move our admiration, would not demand at least a private dressing-room, when arranging the folds of his toga and the fall of his bands? No such thing; these gentlemen, proud in their calling, are humble in their necessities, and wherever duty calls them, gently submit to be thrust with a dozen others into a back closet, termed "the robing-room," and share with them, in preparation for the court, the one towel, the one bit of glass, the one comb, and the three pints of water. More, the forty or fifty gentlemen who support this room, so fierce in public, are like lambs in private; for not only do they consent to be treated with the parsimony of the workhouse, and the communism of a Yankee steamer, but they sweetly agree to pay a large price for their accommodation, so that the robing-room keeper not only makes a better income, but thinks himself more of a gentleman than many of his customers. The worst robing-room is that at Hicks' Hall, Clerkenwell, where they dare not clean the place, lest the dust should not lie again before the next sittings. But the most cruel, that of the Old Bailey. *It is placed next to the Sheriffs' kitchen.* Think of the legion of the briefless, compelled for years to scent an aldermanic dinner, with no hope in their own hearts beyond a chop at the "Cheshire," or a steak at the "Cock."

We not only mention the ill-accommodation of the Bar, because it is part of a bad system, but because it is for the public interest that these members of the court should be kept in an efficient state for their labours. The client pays a high fee for his advocate, and it is unjust that merely from bad accommodation and ill ventilation the powers he has paid for should be marred. Nor is it less for the public benefit that the Bar should have some common meeting-place.

The Queen's Bench boasts a small waiting-room, with newspapers; and *that*, besides the robing-rooms, is all the accommodation for the enormous Bar that attends Westminster Hall. Before the burning of the old Houses of Parliament, there was a kind of club, called Alice's Coffee-house, which was attended by the Bars of all the courts. There was an intercourse between the members of the Common Law Bar and those of the Equity Bar, which was agreeable to both parties, and very frequently extremely profitable. At present these two bodies are almost unacquainted with one another even personally. The separation of the two Bars is complete—an undoubted misfortune to the profession as well as to the public.

But not only is there a want of proper rooms for the Bar, waiting for causes, to sojourn in; but Westminster Hall is almost



destitute of those libraries which every one would naturally deem necessary. There is a set of Reports kept in each of the courts, and that is all. Owing to this want of libraries, added to the distance between the courts and chambers, much time is spent by barristers in absolute idleness—time that might otherwise be well employed in draughting legal papers and writing opinions, had they a place where they could have access to books, and where they could use their papers with comfort to themselves. With such accommodation, the majority might get through their business in the morning, and the necessity of late hours and the midnight oil would be almost done away with. They would be fresher for the work of the public the next morning.

In those parts of the courts where the public come into direct contact with the Bar, the necessary provision is equally deficient. There are only two or three consultation-rooms in Westminster Hall, and generally none in other court buildings. These important preliminary war-councils are held in every corner that four or five people can cram into—at the back of the court—in the passages, and in the great hall;—in fact, anywhere they ought not to be, both on account of silence and of secrecy.

If the barristers are ill cared for by the keepers of the New Palace and the county magnates, what accommodation is provided for the attorneys, who are officers of the court, under the authority, correction, and almost domiciliary supervision of the court? Simply none whatever. Whatever sympathy may have been excited for the judges, counsel, jurymen, and witnesses, none has ever been given, nor even asked, for the attorneys. The attorneys seem to be fully aware of this, and have wisely abstained from demanding what they knew would not be accorded to them; and consequently have provided for themselves, by hiring common meeting-rooms of their own in the immediate neighbourhood of the courts. In respect then of convenience in that quarter, they are the only persons who are well off, because they are the only persons independent of public favour.

However evil the condition of the courts may be to the three classes—judges, counsel, and attorneys,—they encounter only that which is deleterious, and disagreeable, to a great extent, in the pursuit of profit; and it is impossible to excite much general commiseration for their wants, except on the ground of preserving these important functionaries in full efficiency. But we now come to the classes with whom the public sympathize most, because they are the public themselves—namely, the jurymen and witnesses. Perhaps, as far as mere respect is concerned, the jurymen has the advantage of the witness; at least during part of his service, the jurymen sits in a box (generally uncushioned), with more opportunities of breathing than is accorded

to any one else in court, except the judge. A juryman in waiting is, however, treated in the same rude and semi-barbarous way as are witnesses in waiting. Both classes know nothing except that they are waiting; for what purpose, time, or place, they have no instruction. There is no one to direct them to their proper court, or to seats reserved for them, if there were any, or to any place. They are left to wander at large about the court and its purlieus until they are wanted, when, of course, they are never to be found. Then arises from the officials of the court a fierce cry for "jurymen in waitin'," accompanied with diapason growls from the judge about "fines, and keeping the court." Then the ushers of the court issue in hot haste from it, in what we may well term a juryman hunt. One rushes into the Great Hall, gazes at its vast emptiness, and proclaims in a monstrous voice, to the workmen employed there, that "Jurymen air wanted in the Kim' Pleas." This is an usher of the old school, attached to precedent, but averse to practical results. Having performed his duty according to ancient custom, he again retires to his little seat, and slumbers as of yore. The other, a younger man, with revolutionary notions of law reform, darts into a Nisi-prius court, where the great serjeant is making a 'touching' appeal in favour of his client. The usher, not regarding the sentiment of the moment, trumpets forth in a tone that employs the whole ascending scale from *do* to *si*, that "Jurymen air wanted in the Kimmin-pleas." Every one's attention is distracted. The serjeant's grand parenthesis in aggravation of damages is utterly ruined, and the jury soon afterwards give the victim of a "breach of promise" a verdict of forty shillings. The hunt has been unsuccessful, and the business of the Common Pleas is stopped; but at this crisis it is discovered that the persons required have been all the time sitting in the barristers' seats, totally unaware that they were the persons in whose behalf all this commotion has taken place. They are of course immediately ordered into the jury-box, lectured by the judge, and then sworn in, with a savage earnestness that must strike terror into their hearts.

All this confusion might be readily avoided by treating the jury in a manner consistent with their style, as "*Gentlemen of the jury.*" These gentlemen have no interest whatever in the causes they try—not even so much as a witness. They are taken from their ordinary duties to perform a public one; always at an inconvenience, often at a loss. Do they not deserve some consideration from the public? Now, what could be easier, in a well-arranged system of courts, than to provide a comfortable, gentlemanly waiting-room for them, with all proper convenience and attendance, and with newspapers. A notice of the whereabouts of this

room, and of the course they are to take in attending to their duty, ought to be printed on the summons. The jurymen in waiting would be only too glad to avail themselves of this privilege. In this room they could always be found, and immediately summoned by name. The trial by jury is still a great institution in this country, and if it is worth preserving, and we submit that it is, it would be well not to make the exercise of the duty painfully disagreeable to those called upon to perform it.

At present, service on a jury is practically a gratuitous duty. The common juror receives fourpence for each trial that he sits upon. This has been his "wage" from time immemorial. It *may* happen in a week's attendance that he may only sit upon three trials, and he will for his services receive one shilling—a mere mockery of a remuneration. Why should a witness be paid for his loss of time, and a jurymen not? Each equally performs a public duty. The only persons engaged in a trial are the jury, who are also (except the judge) the only persons who have no interest whatever in the matter. It was an ancient rule of the common law, that every one performing a public duty should be paid. Privy-councillors are entitled to pay, members of the commons to their wages, and common jurymen to this fourpenny fee. No doubt when it was first established it did, owing to the difference in the value of money, furnish a reasonable recompence in the majority of cases for loss of time; but in this, as in many other things, the letter, not the spirit, of the law has been maintained. If the common jurors are not to be fairly paid, the fourpenny fee ought to be abolished; its offer is always resented almost as an insult, and it is generally given back to the usher. Special jurymen, who come from a superior class, and possess more influence amongst the makers of the law, have taken care that their pay shall be a reality; they obtain a guinea for each trial they are sworn upon.

Jurymen are not the only unfortunate persons summoned to our courts of law in England; there is another class whose convenience, comfort, and feelings are utterly disregarded—we mean the witnesses. Compelled under heavy penalties to attend and speak, they are treated as if they had done something wrong in being in any way connected with the case in which they come to give evidence. There is scarcely a court in the country where any waiting-room, refreshment-room, or other convenience is provided for them; even at St. George's Hall, Liverpool, where there are rooms for witnesses, all other essential conveniences of a court are wanting, and the waiting-rooms themselves are scarcely furnished. In London the treatment of witnesses is little less than barbarous. At Westminster, winter and summer, they must resort to the Great Hall, without even a seat, or the means of resting.



themselves. At Guildhall it is, the same, unless they consent to be huddled together in one of the avenues of the court, like pigs in a sty. At the Old Bailey the waiting-hall is open to the street, and is one of the greatest scenes of abomination in any part of London. There is no separation of classes; the most delicately-bred lady, unless she chooses to pay an extortionate fee to be admitted to a foetid gallery just over the dock, or can make sufficient interest with some official to obtain a seat near the bench, must consent to wait until she is called, amongst a crowd of vulgar policemen, low women, thieves' friends, and all that peculiar race that criminal trials always call into the light. She cannot escape with her feelings unoffended, and she will be fortunate if her pockets are not rifled. But the Old Bailey is respectable and agreeable when compared to the courts and entrance-halls in which the Westminster and Middlesex magistrates enact the mysteries of their sessions. They must be seen to be understood. The pit of a penny theatre in Tothill-fields could scarcely be more crowded, nauseous, and vile, than the corridors of the Sessions Court-house at Westminster. At the Old Bailey, crimes of the deeper dye and greatest magnitude are tried; in the Westminster Court, small dishonesties and trivial assaults constitute the chief interest. A man may pass through life without witnessing a murder or being the victim of a gigantic fraud; but it is extremely improbable that a man of business will be many years occupied in his calling, without being called upon to appear against some petty thief for some act of pilfering or embezzlement. The general public are consequently most practically interested in the improvement of the Sessions House at Westminster, and Hicks' Hall at Clerkenwell; yet these court-houses are almost, without exception, the worst in England.

Witnesses generally consist of three classes,—the professional, legal, or police witnesses; the experts; and the ordinary or general witnesses. All demand the sympathy and care of the public, in whose cause they are engaged; but of all, the last class is particular. The first consists of attorneys, their clerks, and policemen—persons who know how to make themselves easy everywhere, and who are acquainted with the purlieus of the courts. The second attend generally by their own consent, and are highly paid for their scientific or "expert" evidence, many of them indeed almost making a profession of their knowledge in this behalf, as everybody knows is the case with the principal medical jurisprudents of the country; these gentlemen may be expected to put up with any necessary inconveniences that their calling demands of them. The inconveniences, however, that we complain of here are not cases of necessity. But it is for the last class, or general body of the witnesses, that improvement in

the arrangement of our court-houses is imperatively called for. In general, they attend to give evidence on compulsion, and unwillingly. There is, indeed, a difference amongst ranks in this respect, the upper classes being the most diffident of attendance, from a natural objection to public gaze, and the absence from their usual occupations; the lower classes are more willing, as they look forward to a paid holiday. All, however, are unused to courts, and have an ordeal new and anxious to undergo. They are sent for to speak the truth according to the best of their recollection—that recollection being likely to be confused, from the unaccustomed circumstances under which it is called upon for its exercise.

An uninitiated person would suppose that people so compelled to a duty would be treated with much consideration; and that for the very purpose for which they are called, their bodily strength and the even tone of their nervous system would be carefully preserved. No such thing,—present by compulsion, a witness is treated as if of no interest to any one; if he were a client, there would be hopes for him from the counsel and the attorneys; or if he could present himself as a point of law, he might excite the interest of the judge; for the time, he is scarcely a human being—he has not even the dignity of being a “step in the cause”—he is less than a document, no profit to the law; there are no fair copies to be made of him, unhappily it is impossible to engross him, or to stamp him, or to charge for him by the folio; he is only a living thing, to be sworn, examined, cross-examined, re-examined, to be told to stand down, and then to be shuffled off the scene. And so he is neglected; and as a preparation for his important function, he is starved, wearied, crushed, and suffocated; and at length, when thoroughly exhausted, started into the witness-box to recover himself.

In view of the detestable system of bullying which exists in our courts of law, all must admit how necessary it is, as a matter of fairness to the witness, and justice to the cause, that those called upon to give evidence should be enabled to get into the witness-box in a normal or at least in a cool condition. Take the case of a young woman brought up in seclusion, worn out by standing and abstinence, and at length, after two or three days' attendance, called upon to give evidence. Something like the following scene takes place: the witness, with dress rather disordered, ascends the box; she commences arranging her crumpled shawl, collar, &c., and finding a little space and air around her, gives a gentle sigh of relief. In this occupation she is suddenly startled by an order to “Take the book in ‘er right and.” The witness, probably religiously brought up, and accustomed to a Bible neatly bound, respected, and cared for, is



rather surprised at the black leather thing placed before her. foul with the pressure of ten thousand greasy thumbs, and as many not more delicate kisses; however, she takes up this reverend specimen of the four Evangelists. At that moment it is discovered that "er right and" is gloved, and she is told to take off her glove. From the nature of surrounding circumstances, the hand is always hot, and the glove invariably tight. The operation is a long one; the official becomes impatient, and the witness, feeling that a crowd of men are staring at her, becomes confused.\* Why a witness cannot take an oath in gloves, if it equally binds the conscience, we have always been unable to discover; but so it is, this legal ceremony must be performed in an ungloved hand. The crier then addresses her in the following mystic style—"Th' ev'dence which u shal g' to cort an jur' shal be the yol tru and nothun buttertru, shlephu God, Kissebook."† Scarcely has she recovered from this would-be-solemn rite, when she hears a junior counsel, in a hard voice, ask her name. According to the natural custom of persons answering a question, and following the rules of politeness, she turns towards the speaker, and gently replies. "Please speak out and address those gentlemen," is the sharp rejoinder. The witness finds herself again at fault, blushes again, with increased confusion. By "those gentlemen" are meant the jury; but where they are, surrounded as they are by a pressing crowd, only the initiated can discover. A few formal questions are then put to her; at length, one pertinent to the cause; on attempting to answer this she suddenly hears herself called upon to "stop, and not to answer that question." The question is, however repeated; again the order to stop is given. This, she discovers, proceeds from a red-faced scur, who has now got upon his legs, and who eyes her all over, with unmitigated impudence. A confused squabble then ensues between the two counsel and the judge about the question, greatly to the distress of the witness, who fancies she has created a serious quarrel between the three gentlemen. Perhaps she timidly interposes an explanation, and is checked by a sharp order to "be quiet." At length the question is put in a modified, and generally, in an unintelligible form. Forgetting the early intimation to speak out, she answers in her natural tone. The jury can't hear. This time the judge reproves her in the following form—"Mary ———, you have not been brought here to carry on a private conversation with the learned counsel, but to give your evidence to those gentlemen." The witness is now quite abashed, and begins to

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\* In English. "The evidence which you shall give to the court and jury shall be the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth, so help you God. Kiss the book."

feel that everybody, including "those gentlemen," must have a very mean opinion of her. The question is again put to her; thoroughly cowed, half ready to cry, and sustained only by feminine pride, she says "No," when she meant to say "Yes." A confused conversation follows between the counsel and attorneys on the side for which she appears. The question is repeated in a different form, and this time she says "Yes." The unhappy girl has laid the foundation for a rigorous cross-examination from the red-faced senior. This dreadful ordeal follows only too soon; she is told to be careful, is addressed by her Christian name in a familiar manner, and is asked if she swears to this and to that. Contradictions succeed, of course, not intentional, but the result of fatigue, exhaustion, and the irritable reproaches of the judge. At length she is told to stand down, having been rendered more than half hysterical, and is hustled through the crowded avenues with downcast eyes and covered with shame, to meet the affectionate greetings of her friends for having damaged, if not lost them, their cause.

Every one accustomed to courts of law, will remember that some such scene as this occurs in every other trial that is heard. Much, no doubt, of this is unavoidable. It is impossible to provide against the rudeness of learned counsel, though many of the judges do their best to check it, and many of the higher class of advocates conduct their causes with a marked courtesy. These are men either of naturally amiable dispositions, or who come from those classes of society where vulgarity of feeling is as much discountenanced as is vulgarity of manners. The Bar, however, is a profession open to all comers, and contains able men from all ranks of life, from the son of the peer to the son of the artisan; talent does not, however, presuppose breeding, and unfortunately, if a man is originally of a vulgar nature, the practice of the Bar is apt to foster and aggravate the disposition to rudeness and indifference. Much, therefore, of the bullying system is unavoidable, even with the best care of the judges, and the most marked condemnation of the public. At the same time it is quite possible to lessen a great deal of the irritation that arises between the court and the witness from the nervousness of the witness, the defective acoustics of the court, and the position in the court that the parties engaged occupy in relation to one another.

Very few of our courts are built on any sound principles of acoustics. Some of the old courts are better adapted for hearing than the new ones. The worst we know in this respect are the new courts at St. George's Hall, Liverpool. After numerous alterations, the judge, counsel, jury, and witnesses do manage to hear one another a little; but this defective construction has necessitated the erection of various masses of carpentry

that have gone far to ruin the architectural beauty of those fine rooms. It is said that the best room for music is a hollow cube without recesses of any kind, and experience seems to point to that also as the best form for a court of any kind. Sir Charles Barry has followed this principle in his committee-rooms, where there has never been any complaint of defective sound. A different plan has been tried with marked success in the Crown Court at Chester. This court is the space comprised in a semi-circle and its diameter, nearly similar in form to the lecture theatres in University College in Gower-street, or some of the theatres for music in Paris.\* There can be little doubt of the excellence of this arrangement for sound; it is superior, but not greatly superior, to the cubical form. At the same time, it is greatly inferior in the other requirements of a court. It is a form that, ill-adapting itself to the rest of the building, demands a great deal of room which is useless for other purposes. It is not so accessible in all its parts as the other form, and is difficult to arrange for a court where the number of persons attending must of necessity be great.

Another, and not a very great alteration, would be a great improvement in our courts, and would go far to diminish the constant irritation that arises from the witness not being heard. That is the internal arrangement of the court. Courts are at the present moment arranged according to dignity, or that which is supposed to be dignity, but without any regard to convenience. The judge is generally placed on an elevated bench at one end of the court. The counsel are opposite to him, the jury on one side between the bench and the bar, and the witness anywhere. There are courts even at Westminster Hall where the jury is actually behind the witness, and they have to judge of his personal demeanour by the shape of his shoulders only. In this arrangement, it is entirely forgotten that the great object of a trial is to hear the evidence, and that dignity ought to give way to the need of the case. It is the position of the witness that ought to be the primary consideration; so that the judge and the counsel are placed in a not undignified position, it is all they require; they are certain to make themselves heard.

The witness ought to be farther from the counsel than from the judge or jury. A person giving answer, always endeavours to throw his voice as far as the person who questions him; if therefore the counsel are farther from the witness, than the witness is from the judge or jury, the witness naturally raises his voice without being admonished. To effect this the witness

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\* This semi-circular form has been adopted in the singularly beautiful concert-room in St. George's Hall, Liverpool.



should be opposite the counsel, the judge on a bench at right angles to him on his right hand, and the jury also at right angles on his left hand.

The advantages of this arrangement would be, that the witnesses would be nearer to the judge and jury than they are ever placed at present; that they would face the counsel, and, in giving answers to them, would endeavour to throw their voices to them; that they would never be tempted to turn away either from the judge or the jury, and would be well seen by the whole court and the public. Again, the end wall would act as a sounding-board to the voice of the witness, the effect of which might be increased by rendering the end wall slightly concave, adding, at the same time, to the beauty of the building. Such an improved acoustic arrangement would admit of a larger pit or well in the centre of the court than is usually allowed at present, thus providing more space for the masters, attorneys, and reporters. There is generally a small judges'-room behind the end wall where the bench now is; this might conveniently be turned into a waiting-room for the witnesses in the cause, who would enter the witness-box from that room, instead of being scattered through the court and hustled through the avenues to the place of examination: by this arrangement also the witnesses would all be out of court until they were wanted. It is sometimes necessary that witnesses, especially scientific witnesses, should be in court to hear the evidence of other witnesses, but these are exceptional cases, and might easily be provided for.\*

Before leaving the subject of the treatment of the witnesses in court, we must refer to two other points;—the obligation on witnesses to stand during examination, and the irreverent administration of the oath. With respect to the first, the obligation on the witness during examination to assume a trying and fatiguing position, when the body should be at rest in order to give the mind as good a chance of being at ease as possible, is one of the remains of

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\* The plans proposed by Sir C. Barry for the new courts in London are well worthy of attention, although they do not embrace the details we have mentioned. He proposes a great central hall, almost as large as Westminster Hall, surrounded by twelve spacious and ample courts, to which are attached libraries, robing-rooms, refreshment-rooms, and all classes of waiting-rooms in sufficient number. It cannot be doubted that our present insufficient provision is productive of much disease in those who attend the courts, especially in the chance-comers. Many a clever man has left the Bar, from an inability to breathe the foetid air of the courts, and many a delicate witness has never recovered attending a trial. We hope, now that attention is about to be called to the subject, that such a building will be erected in London as will furnish a model for the re-erection of courts throughout the whole country. A bold attempt has been made in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, but without much success in any part except in the hall and portico.

the ancient disregard of the subject, in deference to the Crown ;—one of the remains of a fiction which in olden time made prisoners kneel to receive sentence, refused them the aid of counsel, and which at one time refused them the right even of calling witnesses in their own defence. No reason exists why a witness should be required to stand, except that founded on the fiction, that the Monarch is always present in her courts of justice, and that it is a mark of respect to her that the witness should be on his legs ; there are many reasons why counsel should stand, but there are none but this fiction why a witness should be made more uncomfortable than necessary. Witnesses are often hours under examination, and the obligation is an inconsiderate, even a cruel rule. The witness-box ought not only to contain a seat, but a glass of fresh water for each witness also. Witnesses in the circuit courts in Ireland, and those also called before Parliamentary committees, are always seated.

Those who believe in the validity of oaths look upon the irreverent administration as binding as a more solemn and decent form ; yet we cannot but think that the present mode of tendering the oath in England must result in diminishing its binding force on the duller class of consciences. All persons, whatever their religious feelings about oaths may be, must feel not a little scandalized at the flippant manner in which the condemnation and judgment of the Almighty is invoked, by the indifferent and vulgar crier that administers this solemn form. Judicial oaths ought to be administered by the judge as they are in Scotland. Judges in England are very fond of talking at trials, here would be another opportunity of loquacity ;—English judges seem to think it to be beneath their dignity to administer an oath, as if it could be below any man to utter a prayer to God, that a fellow-creature may not sin in untruthfulness. We suppose that as long as oaths exist in courts of justice, there must be some ceremony, but we cannot admire that used in our courts. A Jew places his hat on his head when being sworn, a Lascar places his hands on his brow, a Gentoo throws down a saucer. English Protestants complacently regard these ceremonies as peculiar at the least, but is kissing the outside of a dirty old book the less absurd or superstitious ? Admitting that the general ignorance of men demands a form, could not one more suited to enlightened Christianity be devised than the one now used ?

If there is occasion for a better treatment of witnesses in court, there certainly is not less for improvement in the treatment they receive before they are called upon to give testimony. Even in the very summons the witness is little considered ; he is called upon at all events ; his convenience is never for a moment entertained, and he may be called upon for his evidence at the very



last moment, even on the day of trial up to the hour of twelve o'clock, without either time or notice to make arrangements for his business or family concerns, and utterly irrespective of the consequences to himself or the public he deals with, arising from his sudden and forced absence.

The remedy is simple enough—the providing suitable waiting and refreshment-rooms for the witnesses. When such accommodation is provided for passengers in great numbers at all our principal railway stations, it is difficult to see why it is so impossible at courts of justice. If the provision only went so far as to afford a waiting-room with other proper accommodation for women, it would be felt as a great boon. It is quite shocking to observe the rude and careless treatment the female witnesses of necessity receive under the present system of neglect. But we go further, and say that classified waiting-rooms ought to be provided for both sexes. Without wishing to be aristocratic, as a matter of decency we can scarcely ask the pure-minded lady or tradesman's wife to occupy the same room with the degraded women who are constantly summoned as witnesses on criminal trials. For the sake of character, a separation ought to take place. In proposing a classification, we are not proposing any new thing, the witnesses are already classified, and are paid accordingly for their loss of time. We have only to carry this classification into the waiting-rooms. What would be easier than to make the condition of admission into a waiting-room of a certain class, the production of a subpoena of a corresponding class—a document that the witness is always supposed to have with him. The construction of this accommodation would not entail any very great expense on the counties, and would be an act of consideration to every subject in the realm. The cost of attendance would be readily paid in the sale of refreshments.

Nor would the adoption of this system be less advantageous to the public than to the witness. At present, unless the witnesses in a case are very carefully kept together, like chickens under a hen's wing, by the attorney or the policeman who has charge of it, the witnesses wander about, and when the case is called on, are with difficulty collected, to the great hindrance of public business. Sometimes an ignorant, or bewildered man from the country wanders away into other courts, until the cause he has been subpoenaed to has been tried,—and he finds that he not only has forfeited the penalty by non-attendance, but may even have been “called upon his subpoena” (as it is termed), subjecting him to the payment of the debt sued for, as well as the costs in the cause. When a witness is wanting there is generally a scene of noise and confusion, the ushers bellowing through the passages, and the witness at last arriving hot and flurried. On the plan we

have proposed, the witnesses might easily be collected from the waiting-rooms, just before the cause comes to be tried, without any noise or flurry; and being placed in a room near the witness-box, ought to be brought into court as self-possessed as the conspicuous and unusual position in which they find themselves admits of.

The position of the prisoner in England has certainly great advantages over that of his fellow-unfortunates in other countries in Europe. He is treated as innocent until proved to be guilty, however bad his previous character may have been. He is tried on one accusation only, and not upon the acts of his life. He is not himself interrogated; he is not laid defenceless in ingenious pit-falls purposely laid for him. He is confronted with his accusers, and those who witness against him. His trial is open to all the world. He is tried by a jury that can neither be pre-selected, bribed, nor intimidated against him. The character of his judges in general stands unstained by the suspicion of passion, prejudice, or partiality.

Yet with all this, which gives a security against injustice that forms one of the liberties of our country, a full measure of justice is not even now dealt out to him. For many years the English prisoner was treated with a cruelty which the worst barbarities of the middle ages could scarcely surpass. Whether innocent or guilty, he was confined for many months in an unwholesome gaol awaiting his trial; and without a clear knowledge of what he was accused of, or who was to appear against him, weakened by captivity, he was placed at the bar—not so much to be tried, as to be condemned. In the early periods of our legal history, he was allowed to call no evidence, on the nonsensical ground that it was against the honour of the Crown to call witnesses to contradict its evidence. At length, when witnesses were permitted to the accused, they could not be examined upon oath. This, the jury were constantly reminded, was not such evidence as could contradict witnesses examined upon oath. He might as well have produced none at all; and it was not until the reign of Queen Anne that a prisoner could produce evidence on oath in his defence, and even that concession cost a struggle of seven sessions before it was made law. This rule was actually defended on the ground of humanity, for it was said that, if the prisoner's witnesses are not examined on oath, they are at liberty to say what they please in the prisoner's favour. By this piece of nonsense, was a wicked and cruel law defended on the ground of humanity. Again, in spite of all the great writers on law, from the ancient days of the "Mirror," to the narrow prejudices of Blackstone, it was ruled to be indecent and improper that counsel should be employed against the Crown. Counsel might, indeed, stay in the court, but apart and without



communication with the prisoner. They were not allowed to put any question, or to suggest points of law, though if the prisoner, by any miraculous accident, suggested any point of law, the court first determined if the point should be argued, and then assigned counsel to argue it. Then, gradually, counsel were permitted to cross-examine the witnesses for the Crown, and to suggest points of law; but it was not until twenty years ago—that is, in 1836—that prisoners were, for the first time (in the language of the statute which gave the right), permitted to make “a full answer and defence of all that is alleged against them,” by being permitted to employ counsel. Still later was a Court of Appeal established as an act of mercy for unhappy prisoners who were convicted under an error of the law. There is still no Court of Appeal when they are convicted on an error of *fact*; and, in that case, they must trust to the tender mercies of the Home Office, and the doubtful justice of red-tapery.

But is that all? Is it enough merely to allow a poverty-stricken prisoner, put on his trial perhaps for his life, the privilege of employing counsel? Poverty is, to a great extent, the cause of crime, and prisoners generally come from the most destitute class in the community. At the coming Assizes at Liverpool, perhaps one hundred and fifty prisoners will be collected from all parts of South Lancashire; of the one hundred and fifty, not fifty will be defended by counsel. Amongst the others will be found sick men, without strength or nerves—ignorant men, without words—low men, who know not what confidence is—young children, perhaps young girls, whose thoughts and voices will be drowned in their tears—weak women, palpitating with fear—and all varieties of poor, weak, ignorant, and trembling creatures. No doubt the majority are guilty; but that is not yet known, the law believes them, for the present, to be otherwise. Yet all these will be expected to expose perjury, partiality, or exaggeration in the witnesses; to combat unfairness in the prosecuting counsel, impatience in the Judge; and then to address a large assembly of their betters. They will not only have to do this, but to do it after the weakening effects of captivity, cowering under the shame of accusation, and shrinking from the reproachful glances of friends and relations—perhaps their own children. But they must do it, though they be deaf, or dumb, or stammer, and that in the struggles of all their agonies. Can this be called justice, or mercy to the accused? Of what service is the Prisoner's Counsel Bill to them? Will equal ignorance be brought against them on the part of the Crown? Nothing of the kind; the Crown employs a man of experience to prepare the case against the indicted, and another one, of a different but not inferior ability, to conduct it against him in court. Nor is this all; the more complicated

the case, and therefore the more difficult the defence, the more legal ability will be brought to bear upon it by the Crown. Even in the smallest cases, where the prisoner is undefended, the scene is always a painful one.

It is a trying and confusing moment for the prisoner when the counsel for the prosecution having opened the case and examined the first witness, the Judge asks the prisoner "if he has any questions to put to this witness." If the prisoner is able to say anything, he generally commences a statement of his case, and is immediately stopped by the court, who says—"Prisoner, your time to speak will come presently, now you are only permitted to ask the witness questions." The prisoner, who probably has not understood the bearing of the evidence adduced against him, then sullenly says he has nothing to ask. With every fresh witness the same scene is repeated; and, at last, when the case for the Crown is closed, and the prisoner is asked if he has anything to say to the jury, he often says he has not,—he has said all he meant to say in the course of the case, or he is wearied out or thoroughly confounded by being often stopped by the court, and finally makes no defence at all. This is a common scene: the man is probably convicted, and leaves the dock embittered by a feeling that he has not had a fair trial. Nor does the injury to the prisoner rest only with his own incapacity; while every praise is due to the fairness and consideration of prosecuting counsel, there cannot be a doubt that the case is not so strictly conducted in undefended cases as in defended cases. All objections to unfair questions, at least to an unfair mode of putting questions, must come from the accused or his counsel. If he has no counsel, he knows not how to object, and does not indeed know that an improper course is being used against him. Leading questions are then freely put, hearsay evidence is quietly let in, and the glib policeman is allowed to tell his well-digested story unexamined. The case is galloped through much to the satisfaction of Judge and Jury, who like to see business dispatched rapidly. This is not only unjust, but an abandonment of the very principles on which justice is administered in England.

A man has committed a manslaughter, and is indicted for murder. He appears at the bar, and it is found that he has no counsel; the Judge puts on a look of pity, and glances round the Bar. The seniors, who are busy, begin to move off, leaving, perhaps, some old man at the law, but one who has failed from the most patent inefficiency, in the court. No junior is permitted to undertake the case without his consent, which it would be thought impertinent to ask for. The Judge knows this, and at length reluctantly asks this notoriously inefficient old man to undertake the defence of a serious charge of blood at a moment's



notice, without any previous knowledge of the facts—without any opportunity of ascertaining from the prisoner his story, or any time for preliminary consultation. This is nearly the only instance in England in which counsel is assigned to the prisoner, except at the Old Bailey, where the Sheriffs provide counsel out of their own pockets.

In Scotland, every prisoner in the High Court,\* or Circuit Courts, is entitled to the benefit of counsel; and before the inferior courts to such procurators as practise before it. The Scotch law, differing in this interesting particular from that of England, does not leave the panel\* to take charge of his defence alone; but, justly deeming that from his confinement in prison, his ignorance of legal subtleties, and his anxiety of mind, he cannot be supposed capable of undertaking so arduous a task, gives him the benefit of legal advice *in all cases whatsoever*. This was long ago provided by the Act 1587, c. 91, which orders “that all and quhatsumever lieges of this realme accused of treason or of quhatsumever crime, sall have their advocates and procurators to use all their lauchful defences, quhom the judge sall compel to procure for them in case of their refusal; that the sute of the accuser be not tane (query ta'en) *pro confesso*, and that the party accused prejudged in ony sute before he be convicted be lauchful trial.” In terms of this excellent enactment, which has since been and still is *in viridi observantiâ*, every prisoner, whether charged with the highest or the lowest offence, is equally entitled to the benefit of legal assistance; and it is invariably afforded to him, insomuch, that if the prisoner has not previously applied for counsel or agent, the court will assign them to him as soon as the diet is called, *i.e.* on the calling on of the case. “Nor has this privilege,” says Sir Archibald Alison, “been found to lead to any of the abuses, or the evil consequences which are so uniformly held forth in England as likely to ensue from its adoption. On the contrary, in this, as in every other department, necessity moulds practice into a reasonable and practicable form. As the pressure of business increases, the necessity of expedition and dispatch is more strongly felt by all parties: confessions take place by advice of counsel in cases where resistance is hopeless, or is likely to render the panel’s (*i.e.* the prisoner’s) case worse than it appears on the indictment: speeches are dispensed with on both sides in those instances where there is nothing to be said against the evidence; and the weight of pleading and legal ability reserved for those more doubtful cases where it is really called for by the interests of justice, and where it often interferes with decisive effect in favour of the innocent prisoner. Criminal



business is conducted, it is believed, on the circuits nearly as rapidly in Scotland as in England; and at all events it goes on fully as rapidly as is consistent with the interests of justice, the due investigation of each case, and the comprehension by the public, for whose reformation it is intended, of what is actually going forward. Sir Archibald says, that on two occasions, when he was Advocate-Depute at Glasgow, the assizes were the heaviest in the island, not excepting York and Lancaster; but in both the business was concluded in eight days of actual work. In Scotland, the accused have not only counsel to speak for them, but a copy of the indictment, and a list of the witnesses.

In France, in the Netherlands, in the whole of the continent of Europe, counsel are allotted as a matter of course. In France, the accused is called upon to say what counsel he has chosen to aid him in his defence, otherwise the judge names one for him immediately, under the penalty of all the subsequent proceedings being nullified. In claiming, in the name of justice and humanity, that the power of having counsel should be accorded to the accused, the First President, De Lamoignon, said in the conferences which took place in France to examine the criminal ordinances of 1670, "Of all the evil things that take place in the administration of justice, none is to be compared to condemning an innocent person; and it is better to acquit a thousand guilty persons, is one of the maxims that the parliament has most religiously observed," &c. But the president's eloquence was unable to obtain at that time the boon he asked; it was left for the Constituent Assembly to reform this vicious and barbarous rule in France. Not only did that body admit the accused to the assistance of counsel, but they made it a duty on the judge to see that the prisoner has counsel, if he has chosen none. This has been confirmed in both the Criminal Codes of France. This gain alone was almost worth a revolution.

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### ART. III.—SUICIDE IN LIFE AND LITERATURE.

*Traité du Suicide considéré dans ses rapports avec la Philosophie, la Théologie, la Médecine et la Jurisprudence.* Par Louis Bertrand. Ouvrage couronné par l'Académie Impériale de Médecine. Paris. 1851.

"THE jury returned a verdict—Died by his own hand under temporary insanity." Such is the undeviating formula closing every inquiry into cases of suicide. The law which for-

bids the rites of Christian sepulture to all who have voluntarily made away with themselves, is felt to be an absurd and odious law, and is eluded by a fiction. Nay, even those jurymen who do not wish to evade law by a fiction which will at least procure decent burial, and shield the unhappy survivors from an additional pang, are nevertheless, for their own sakes, glad to persuade themselves, or to seem to persuade themselves, by a verdict, that the suicide, which fills them with horror, was the act of a madman; an act only possible under the sudden incursion of passions which, for the time, deprived the victim of all self-control. The convenient formula of "temporary insanity" satisfies all parties. It eludes an absurdity, and it diminishes the horror of an event.

Few readers will be disposed to cavil at such a compromise of conscience. Yet, if we wish to understand this act of suicide, we must look it steadily in the face, unbiassed by collateral considerations: and in doing so, the very first question which arises is precisely the question invariably answered in only one way by the English jurymen. Is suicide the act of a madman? A moment's reflection assures us that it often is, and often is not, the act of a madman. Insane men commit suicide, as they commit murder, theft, follies and extravagances; but we do not assign *every* murder, theft, folly or extravagance, to insanity, nor should we assign every suicide to that origin. Casuists, indeed, are ready to prove that although, the insanity may only have been temporary, yet, during the passionate afflux of despair, reason was totally submerged; the victim had lost all power of self-control, all sense of moral responsibility, and, for the time being, was truly insane. This is but casuistry, however. On similar grounds every man must at times be called insane. Anger is brief madness. Appetite is brief madness. Fixed attention is brief madness. We are all madmen, with lucid intervals. Difficult as it may be, and is, to define the precise phenomena of insanity, the common sense of mankind suffices for the broad distinction between those who are sane and those who are insane; and against such common sense, casuistry is powerless. Except, therefore, as the evasion of a foolish law, nothing is gained by the verdict of "temporary insanity," and much is lost by it. In curious contrast with this verdict, is the treatment of suicide in Literature: the jurymen always represents suicide as the act of a madman; the poet and novelist always represent it as either the deliberation, or the despair, of one perfectly sane. We propose in this article to consider suicide under its principal aspects, both in reality and in fiction, in life and literature; and as a preliminary, we shall group all suicides into two great classes—as the acts of sane, and the acts of insane

men,—giving our attention to the first class only, and leaving the second to the consideration of those who specially concern themselves with mental diseases.

The work which we have taken as our text, was chosen by the French Imperial Academy of Medicine as worthy of the prize which in 1848 was proposed for public competition. It is written by a Doctor of the Faculty of Paris, and is remarkable in at least one respect—namely, as a specimen of the imbecility which an Academy can deliberately send forth to Europe bearing the token of its approbation. Prize essays are rarely great performances; but this prize essay has eminent imperfections: its badness rises to the height of a quality; its twaddle is superlative. Although written by a physician, and for a prize proposed by an Academy of Medicine, the physiological and pathological considerations which spontaneously present themselves on investigating the causes of suicide, are barely touched on in this prize essay, and when touched on, always in singular ignorance; whereas the theological considerations, which, however important, are less within the physician's province, Dr. Bertrand has elaborated with the emphasis of imbecility; and it is this theological prosing which justifies the presence of the "puff preliminary" in the guise of a letter of approbation from Cardinal Gousset. We suspect that it was this theological fervour which determined the Academy to award the prize to a work having every fault such a work could possibly betray; but which, by boldly attributing suicide to "materialism and irreligion," and by suggesting the suppression of all free education as the grand preventive of suicide, was evidently one of those works invariably considered by corporate bodies as "useful to morals," and consequently worthy of all encouragement. Not that we are to suppose the members of the Academy of Medicine individually in favour of priestly interference in education, or themselves very vehemently opposed to materialism. Few of these gentlemen can be supposed to share Dr. Bertrand's opinions, or to think highly of his abilities. But the opinions held by individuals, and the opinions expressed by them when acting in a body, are notoriously of very different complexions. Your corporate body has the strangest belief in the virtue of lies. What may, in private, be absurdity or tyranny becomes elevated doctrine in public. Ideas which in private are scorned as old women's tales, or denounced as the designing artifices of priests, suddenly become worthy of public encouragement, because *utiles aux mœurs*. Dr. Bertrand, consciously or unconsciously, has pandered to this corporate weakness, and gained the prize. The reader of his work will form a low estimate of his sincerity, or his intellect. We are disposed to believe him sincere: he is, undeniably, inept.



The first and most important question, Dr. Bertrand thinks, relates to the criminality of suicide. "If it be not a crime," he says, "it loses in our eyes every kind of interest, and scarcely merits attention." This is an Old-Bailey view of the subject which few will share. Madness, disease, and death are surely not crimes; yet to the physician and philosopher they have their interest—an interest greater even than that of the greatest crimes; the phenomena in themselves, and the methods of alleviation and prevention, arrest our notice; and why may not these things arrest us when, instead of madness or disease, they relate to suicide? So far from the criminality of suicide (to which Dr. Bertrand devotes his first book) being the most important of the questions demanding an answer, it appears to us as remote from the real importance of the subject as if a writer on Insanity, or on Disease, were to employ his pages in establishing the fatal consequences of the one, or the agony of the other. True it is, that legislators have taken the subject within their administration in refusing Christian burial; but, properly considered, it matters little whether we call suicide a crime or not, seeing that the criminal cannot be punished. The indignity of a burial in unconsecrated ground is assuredly little capable of deterring a man from committing the crime; and for these reasons: either he is a man of strong religious convictions, such as would make this idea of unconsecrated burial a terror to him, or he is a man having no such apprehensions. In the one case, great as the terror may be supposed to be, it will be inoperative, since the very convictions from which the terror springs, will themselves deter him from the sin of suicide; and if *they* have failed, if his despair has silenced them, it will have little difficulty in conquering so comparatively slight an obstacle as the burial; in the other case, consecrated or unconsecrated ground will make little difference to him. If, therefore, the legislator means punishment as a deterring influence, it is evident that suicide is a crime not punishable, for the criminal cannot be reached, others cannot be deterred.

Suicide is a *sin*, according to all theologians. How far the conviction of its being a sin has deterred or will deter men, cannot be estimated even approximatively. In very sincere minds despair has silenced the still small voice; in others, the voice has doubtless preached resignation with effect. But we must here set aside this influence, as an element not to be accurately appreciated. It always escapes us. We know that it must operate; but its influence will not depend solely on the strength of the convictions, but on this, *and* on the other conditions of the patient's mind—on the depth of his affliction, the agitation of his passions, the fluctuations of surrounding circumstance. No one will deny the great influence which must necessarily be

exercised by a profound conviction that suicide is a sin against God; and yet this conviction will not, under certain conditions, prevent the sin. "God forgive me!" is the last cry of many a heart about to hurry from its intolerable anguish. Indeed, when we reflect how strong is the primordial instinct of self-preservation, we must admit that whenever a soul is stung with sorrow so intense, or depressed by shadows so gloomy, that this imperious instinct is set at nought, no other deterring influence will have much certainty of action.

We may call suicide a sin, without admitting the legislator's interference. It is an act which God must judge. He alone knows the whole. The legislator has only a corpse to deal with. Criminal or not, the man's tragedy is played out now, and cannot be altered. But we who knew him, honoured him, loved him, we must form some judgment of his act, not only as affecting our memory of him, but as foreshadowing possible imitators, who, under circumstances somewhat similar, may recal the manner of his extrication from difficulties which seemed inevitable, and from agonies which seemed unendurable. Much, therefore, does it concern us, the survivors, rightly to judge his act, to appreciate its moral significance as an act either imitable or condemnable; and to do this, we must first endeavour to understand what his act really was.

In the abstract, every one must condemn suicide. Excuse is only derivable from the particular circumstances which produced the act; on these depends the amount of pitying sympathy extended to the victim. Cases sometimes occur which reduce the condemnation to a minimum, and even transform it into approbation. Thus even the severe moralists of the early Church—St. Ambrose, St. Jerome, and Chrysostom, have absolved and applauded those women who committed suicide to preserve their chastity;—applause which implicitly recognises the principle that self-destruction may be a virtue under certain circumstances. Less severe moralists will acknowledge that a man afflicted with an acute and incurable malady which renders existence one continuous suffering, may be pardoned if he seek relief in death, unless his life is of so much value to others depending on him that, for their sakes, he ought courageously to endure the suffering. Nor can we think harshly of one who in the suddenness of some profound affliction leaps into eternity to follow those gone before. But suicide from cowardice—from wounded self-love—from miserable vanity—can only excite the pitying scorn of all. Unhappily, these are the motives which determine the greater proportion of deliberate suicides, and it is to these attention should mainly be given. We name those acts deliberate which are determined by motives of reflection rather than by irresistible



## Motives of Suicide.

passion, and thereby fall within the sphere of *preventible* acts. It is idle to attempt the prevention of suicides which are determined by insanity, or sudden passion. These are calamities. No one can be forewarned against them. But an examination of the recorded cases of suicide leads to the remarkable conclusion that, whereas the number referrible to insanity is nearly thrice the number referrible to any other cause, the passion of grief is the cause of a very small number, and violent anger causes the smallest of all. Thus, in the year 1851, there were 3598 suicides recorded in France, to each of which the presumed motive was affixed. Out of these no less than 800 are set down to mental alienation; and to that number we should add 70 cases of monomania, 39 of cerebral fever, and 54 of idiocy—all ranking under the general head of uncontrollableness,—which will make a total of 963, or more than a fourth of the whole cases. If we now examine the remaining cases, we find “domestic quarrels” next in amount, being no less than 385; while grief for the loss of children amounts to only 46, grief at their ingratitude or bad conduct, to 16; sudden anger, only 1. Next in importance to domestic quarrels is the desire to escape from physical suffering: these amount to 313. Debt and embarrassment rank next—203. Want, and the fear of want, 179. Disgust at life—which may properly be called low spirits—stands high,—166; shame and remorse, very low, only 7. Thwarted love shows only 91, and jealousy, 23. Losses at play, 6; loss of employment, 25.

Fallacious as all such figures must necessarily be, from the impossibility of always assigning the real motive to the act, they point with sufficient distinctness to certain general conclusions:—first, that insanity is the origin of by far the largest proportion of cases; secondly, that, except the dread of physical suffering, the other large proportions are all of cases which belong to the deliberative kind. And, as it is the purpose of the present article to direct attention to suicide in Literature as well as in Life, let us remark on the extreme discrepancy manifested between the literary conception of the causes of suicide, and the conception necessarily formed after a survey of the facts. In Literature it is always passion, and passion of vehement sudden afflux, which determines suicide: the agonies of despair or jealousy, the arrowy pangs of remorse, or the dread apprehension of shame, are the only motives which the dramatist or novelist ever conceives. To lose a mistress, and with that loss to fling away life,—to hurry into eternity as an escape from haunting remorse, or coming shame,—these seem adequate motives for fiction. In Life the loss of a mistress is borne with greater equanimity; and the remembrances of crimes, or the dread of shame, seem to exercise but a very small suicidal influence.



Eliminating the cases of insanity and sudden passion, we find an immense mass of deliberate suicides. Those arising from domestic quarrels point to social and legal evils; the rest point mostly to imaginary evils: by which we do not mean that they are not evils, but that their peculiar force is derived from apprehensiveness; and in so far they are reflective. They are not like grief and physical pain, which press with sharp anguish deep into the instinctive regions of our nature, rousing them to action; but arising from reflection, may be conquered or mitigated by reflection. At the worst they are but the glooms of distant horrors, the shadows of clouds which threaten, but may nevertheless pass over. The mind contemplates them till the distant seems close at hand, the possible seems about to burst into reality; and thus, by the activity of terror, the evil which exists only in prospect becomes as pressing as though it were present. Bewildered in this maze of darkness, all natural shapes become distorted; the faces of men are oppressions; insults are gathered from careless glances; scorn is seen lurking under sympathy; every hope vanishes; ruins lie around; there is but one issue—and that issue is through the gates of death.

The suicide of Haydon, the painter, which a few years since excited so much pity and interest, may be taken as a good illustration of the growing pressure of imaginary evils. No one, calmly considering the matter, thinks poverty, under any of its embarrassments, the justification of suicide. No one will say that want of public appreciation—keenly as the self-love may feel it—could in itself have destroyed a man like Haydon, ever-confident (to insolence sometimes) in his own genius, and accustomed to consider himself in advance of his age. Poverty he had long been familiar with; embarrassments and debts had harassed him for years, till they had lost their keen edge; opposition from the critics, and want of due appreciation from the public—such at least as he demanded—were old stories to him. He had battled through these. He had gained a name; attached many friends. His strength was good. His spirit was high; his hopefulness generally active. His delight in work was unabated. How then came he to succumb at last? He succumbed because his mind had begun to dwell upon distant evils, which had often loomed upon him before, but before were looked on more lightly—hopefully. The peculiar conjunction of his affairs was coincident, perhaps, with some condition of body which made him less able to behold the far-off sunshine. We allude here to a point seldom noticed, yet one which universal experience ratifies—namely, the immense influence of the physical condition on the mental condition, producing suicides in cases where, with a different state of health, only depression or grief could

be produced. Who of us cannot remember days when life was inexpressibly sad, its burden almost too weary,—when the horizon of our affairs was one black mass of cloud without the faintest auroral streak,—when hope stirred nothing within us, and reason with deliberate demonstration showed that no hope was rational, no extrication from the difficulties possible; nevertheless, after days passed under the shadow of such apprehensions, the sun has risen one morning to find us bright, easy, confident, full of hope, quick in desire, strong in courage. A weight seems to have been rolled from our hearts. Yet nothing has changed the position of affairs: our embarrassments remain, our enemies are as persistent, our friends as lukewarm; nothing in the web of circumstance is changed—the change is wholly in ourselves. What yesterday seemed intolerable, is to-day spoken lightly of; what yesterday haunted us with apprehensions, cannot to-day interfere with the enjoyment of a morning walk. It was perhaps a congested liver, which having got righted at last, now renders the aspect of life so different.

In the picture just drawn may be seen a type of those conditions which often lead to suicide,—the confluence of untoward circumstance with disordered health. *Deliberate* suicides are excessively rare when the secretions are healthy. The physician would often avert a catastrophe when the moralist would preach without avail;—a familiar fact, and one which would have been more frequently acted on, had there not been a systematic opposition from many quarters to everything like a rational interpretation of the connexion between physical and moral phenomena. We expect, indeed, that many readers will be more or less affected by the mere statement that suicide can depend on the state of the secretions; although these same readers would freely admit, in a general way, the influence of the bodily states on the mental states, and daily perceive the “cheering influence” of coffee or wine. Nothing better exemplifies the extent of the opposition raised against physiological interpretations of moral phenomena than the fact that Dr. Bertrand, himself a physician, actually omits the state of health from his list of predisposing causes of suicide. He superficially touches on the influence of age, sex, climate, profession, education, imitation, and physical pain, as causes; but in the three trivial pages devoted to the “constitution,” he merely says that the bilious temperament is more prone to suicide than any other, but that all temperaments are liable to succumb.

Haydon's journals furnish, as we said, a very instructive example of deliberative suicide, wherein the determining influence is an accidental condition of health. They tell us, in his own emphatic language, how great a struggle his life was, and how hopefully gone through by him. Always in difficulty, he is often



deeply depressed, but the depression never lasts long. His sanguine temperament escapes from the gloom of apprehension. Yet at last the depression seems more persistent, his health is evidently affected, and then circumstance is too powerful for him. Let us glance at an entry or two in his journal. Here is one in May, 1844 :—

“19th.—As I sit looking at my picture, Uriel and Satan, I cannot help remembering the friends now gone, who used to call in on a Sunday and talk, and criticise, and cheer up—Lord Mulgrave, Sir George, Wilkie, Jackson, General and Augustus Phipps. How all was hope, and novelty, and anticipation,—and after forty years of most anxious study I am again at it in just as much necessity, or more, as when I painted my first picture in 1806—thirty-eight years ago. Hardly any one now feels an interest in my proceedings; yet my proceedings always *do* excite an interest, and my fate is not fulfilled. My dear old friends are passed, and have led the way. After a few years I must follow them. The state of things is melancholy.”

At the close of the year he says :—

“My position still is solitary and glorious. In me the solitary sublimity of high art is not gone. I still pursue my course, neglected, little employed, too happy if the approval of my own conscience is the only reward I get for my labours, under the blessing of God.”

Neglect, failure, poverty, embarrassments of various kinds have not daunted him. Here is another indication :—

“February 4th.—In the greatest anxiety about money matters. Accommodation in the city out of the question. My friends with faces longer than my arm, croaking and foreboding.

“I have lost three glorious days, painted hardly at all, and have not succeeded in getting 5*l.*, with 62*l.* to pay. I must up with my new canvas, *because without a new large picture to lean on, I feel as if deserted by the world.*”

\* \* \* \* \*

“5th.—O, O, O! I sat all day and looked into the fire. I must get up my third canvas, or I shall go cracked; I have ordered it up on Saturday, and then I'll be at it.

“Perhaps this paralysis was nature's repose. *I stared like a baby, and felt like one.* A man who has had so many misfortunes as I have had gets frightened at leaving his family for a day.

“6th.—Thus ends the week; by borrowing 10*l.* of Talfourd, 10*l.* of Twentyman, 5*l.* 10*s.* of my hatter, I contrived to satisfy claims for 62*l.*, but next week I must be at it again. Though I have Wordsworth's and the Duke's head engraving I can sell neither, and though I have not had a farthing on my lectures yet, I am now revising a second volume.

“My two works are done, a third canvas is ready, and, as if under trial, I have yet to begin, cheerfully trusting in God, and believing



my life conducted by Him, so that from trials inflicted my genius is elevated more powerfully than from sunshine and luxury."

This picture of the foiled painter staring all day at the fire, like a baby, paralysed by the sense of his difficulties; yet the next day cheerfully trusting in God, is very striking; we shall now see him, only a few weeks later, under similar embarrassments, give way. He has exhibited his two pictures in the Egyptian Hall, where *Tom Thumb* is drawing crowds, and where few visitors go to see the pictures. Failure under such circumstances would be painful to every artist; yet surely to one who thought so highly of art, it was in itself far less humiliating than his previous failures at Westminster Hall, where his cartoons were neglected for the cartoons of other painters? There could be no rivalry between him and Tom Thumb. If the public was curious about Tom Thumb, and not eager to see Haydon's high art, a sarcasm or two would, in other days, or under other circumstances, have relieved his mind. It is interesting to read his reflections on hearing of Colonel Gurwood's suicide:—

"Good heavens! Gurwood has cut his throat. The man who had headed the forlorn hope at Ciudad Rodrigo—the rigid soldier—the iron-nerved hero, had not morale to resist the relaxation of nerve brought on by his over-anxiety about the Duke's Dispatches.

"Where is the responsibility of a man with mind so easily affected by body? Romilly, Castlereagh, and Gurwood!"

Let us, however, follow the tragic story as he has told it, with its fluctuations, and strange gleams of hopefulness and strength:—

"5th.—Came home in excruciating anxiety, not being able to raise the money for my rent for the Hall, and found a notice from a broker for a quarter's rent from Newton, my old landlord for twenty-two years. For a moment my brain was confused. I had paid him half; and therefore, there was only 10*l.* left. I went into the painting room in great misery of mind. That so old a friend should have chosen such a moment to do such a thing, is painful. After an hour's dulness, my mind suddenly fired up, with a new background for Alfred. I dashed at it, and at dinner it was enormously improved. I make a sketch to-morrow; then begin to finish with the Saxon noble.

"6th.—I went out yesterday to look for my employer, to make him pay me 37*l.* 10*s.* I had just received a lawyer's letter, the first for a long time. I called on the lawyer, an amiable man. He promised to try to get me time. I came home—my exhibition bringing nothing—a lawyer's letter—my landlady's 30*l.* for rent at the Hall unpaid—I came home with great pain of mind; yet would any man believe, as I waited in the lawyer's chambers, the whole background of Alfred flashed into my head? I dwelt on it, foresaw its effects, and came home in sorrow, delight, anxiety, and anticipation. I set my palette with a disgust, and yet under irresistible impulse. In coming

into the parlour, the cook, whose wages I had not been able to pay, handed me a card from a broker, saying he called for a quarter's rent from Mr. Newton. I felt my heart sink, my brain confused, as I foresaw ruin, misery, and a prison! It was hoisting the standard!

"This is temper. I went on with my palette in a giddy fidget. I brought it out, and looking at my great work, rejoiced inwardly at the coming background. But my brain, harassed and confused, fell into a deep slumber, from which I did not awake for an hour. I awoke cold, the fire out; but I flew at my picture, and dashing about like an inspired devil, by three had arranged and put in the alteration.

"I dined, expecting an execution every moment, and retired to rest in misery."

Again:—

"23rd.—Awoke at three, in very great agony of mind; and lay awake till long after five, affected by my position. Prayed God, as David did, and fell asleep happier, but still fearing.

"I took the original sketch of Uriel, and went to my landlord and asked him to buy it in vain. At last, I offered it to him if he would lend me 1*l.* to pay an instalment, where failure would have been certain ruin. He assented, and I left a beautiful sketch. I then came home and darted at my picture. I have done a great deal this week under all circumstances, and advanced the masses of drapery for my Jury. There lie Aristides and Nero, unasked for, unfelt for, rolled up—Aristides, a subject Raffaele would have praised and complimented me on! Good God!—and 11*l.* 11*s.* 5*d.* loss by showing it!"

On the 11th of the next month he writes:—

"11th.—I have 15*l.* to pay to-morrow, without a shilling. How I shall manage to get seven hours' peace for work, and yet satisfy my creditors, Heaven only knows.

"30*l.* Newton on the 25th. 31*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.* Newman, same day. 26*l.* 10*s.* Coutts, on the 24th. 29*l.* 16*s.* 9*d.* Gillotts, on the 29th. 17*l.* 10*s.* 6*d.* to baker,—in all 136*l.* 14*s.* 10*d.* this month, with only 18*s.* in the house; nothing coming in, all received; one large picture painting, and three more getting ready, and Alfred's head to do. In God alone I trust, in humility."

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"15th.—Passed in great anxiety; finally painted the background in the sketch, after harassing about to no purpose in the heat.

"16th.—I sat front two till five staring at my picture like an idiot. My brain pressed down by anxiety and anxious looks of my dear Mary and children, whom I was compelled to inform. I dined, after having raised money on all our silver, to keep us from want in case of accidents."

On the 17th we find him still keeping up his confidence, although affairs get worse:—

"17th.—Dearest Mary, with a woman's passion, wishes me at once to stop payment, and close the whole thing. I will not. I will finish my six, under the blessing of God; reduce my expenses; and hope

his mercy will not desert me, but bring me through in health and vigour, gratitude and grandeur of soul, to the end. In Him alone I trust. Let my imagination keep Columbus before my mind for ever. O God, bless my efforts with success, through every variety of fortune, and support my dear Mary and family. Amen."

The evening of that day Sir Robert Peel sends him 50*l.*; yet these are the subsequent entries:—

"18th.—O God, bless me through the evils of this day. Great anxiety. My landlord, Newton, called. I said, 'I see a quarter's rent in thy face, but none from me.' I appointed to-morrow night to see him, and lay before him every iota of my position. Good-hearted Newton! I said, 'Don't put in an execution.' 'Nothing of the sort,' he replied, half hurt.

"I sent the Duke, Wordsworth, dear Fred, and Mary's heads to Miss Barrett to protect. I have the Duke's boots and hat, and Lord Grey's coat, and some more heads.

"20th.—O God, bless us all through the evils of this day. Amen.

"21st.—Slept horribly. Prayed in sorrow, and got up in agitation.

"22nd.—God forgive me, Amen.

Finis  
of  
B. K. Haydon.

"'Stretch me no longer on this rough world.'—*Lear*."

The paper which he wrote just before committing suicide is clear, decisive, explicit, and without any trace of insanity. If we ask how from the courage of the 17th he relapsed into the despair of the 22nd, we can think of but one answer—the change in his own health, which made what before had been gloomy, now become intolerable. But be that as it may, there is one point we would earnestly impress upon the reader, one which would have probably saved Haydon, and consequently may help to save any other wretched man whose apprehensive terrors are growing upon him. Let us be allowed for a moment to assume that the reader is in such a condition. He is materially in that conflux and convergence of untoward circumstance, and morally, in that apprehensive condition which suffers him to see no other escape from intolerable evils than sudden death. He has anxiously reviewed his whole situation: bankruptcy, poverty, disgrace, await him. Light breaks from no distant quarter. There is nowhere help. His wife and children will be dragged with him into inevitable distress. He sees the whole army of evils marshalled before him, and all the avenues open through which they will reach him. He has calculated every chance, and sees that the dreaded result is certain. Arrived at this point in his deliberations he has reached the terminus of apprehension; and here, consequently, reason may effectively establish the first



bulwark, in the shape of a restraining influence, strong in proportion to the strength with which the idea is conceived. That idea rests on the basis of previous experience. On many critical and trivial occasions he will remember that the events rarely arrived in their *foreseen order*, and still more rarely brought their *foreseen consequences*. Human beings are always forecasting their lives, and always finding every episode *unlike* what had been forecast. They cannot plan the most ordinary party of pleasure with any certainty of the result; if weather turn out fine, temper may spoil it. From picnics to ministerial combinations, men are ever seeing their anticipations unrealized. More especially is this the case with all those castle-building schemes in which an eager imagination makes the future plastic to its wishes. There are times when the horizon is radiant. The man seems standing in the confluence of prosperities. From every avenue he sees good fortune approaching. He can almost reckon up the items of his prosperity, and can calculate the sums to be paid to his account. The days pass, but the foreseen events do not arrive, at least not as he foresaw them. His fortune may be as great, or even greater, but it is always different. The order of events is different, the consequences unlike those which were foreseen. It may be that the events do not arrive at all. He was rich yesterday, and to-day the bank stopped payment. He relied on the steadfast friendship of one who has died suddenly, or has fled to America. One by one all the radiant spaces on the horizon have become clouded over, and he is now anxiously gazing for a streak of blue sky. Yesterday he was certain of happiness; to-day the certainty has vanished; to-morrow it will perhaps have turned into despair. "My bosom's lord sits lightly on its throne," says Romeo; and the next moment the news arrives of Juliet's death.

This trite experience of the instability of human happiness has an obverse aspect which should give consolation in moments of affliction. The same uncertainty which attends our forecastings of success and happiness, equally attends our forecastings of failure and misery. The radiance is not more liable to be overclouded, than the darkness is to be irradiated. We cannot foresee truly: we can only imagine something that *may* occur; and these imaginations are always wrong, if not as to the event itself, yet as to the degree in which the event will affect us. Let the worst he foresees arrive, it will reach the victim as something very different from what he imagined. The crash arrives; nothing could—nothing did avert it; it is here, and he is a beggar. His wife and children are beggars. Nay, worse than all, he is disgraced: deeds come to light which cause him to blush deeply when revealed, although he blushed but slightly, perhaps, in doing them. Everything, then, that he dreaded has arrived? True:

but not *as* he feared it. Now he is face to face with it, the terror vanishes. His strength is greater, and his sorrow less. Bankruptcy, if painful, is found to be endurable. Poverty turns out a comparatively slight evil—considerably less than a toothache. Even the shame against which sensitive pride revolted, is not so terrible as imagination pictured it, although, being an intellectual pain, and indefinite in its nature, imagination continues to exercise a control over it. Men do not look their scorn at him as he passes. His wife and children do not shrink from him, but cling with closer fondness, consoling him for the neglect of others. The dog licks his hand as before. The tradesman is as cap-in-hand for custom. The heart still beats, and Heaven is above all. There is no need for despair. A few years of honest labour may repair the loss he has sustained. Meanwhile those years may be sweetened by such affection as it is in his nature to call forth, and by such enjoyment as he is capable of. There has been pain, but there has been more of happiness. Nay, even should the shrinking self-love carry its pain to the grave, and the memory of the catastrophe overshadow his remaining years, he has still the consolation of having purchased life by enduring thus much pain, and has fulfilled serious responsibilities to those dependent on him. In this simple fact, that we cannot accurately foresee the future, lies a refuge from despair.

“The Greeks said grandly in their tragic phrase—  
 ‘Let no one be called happy till his death.’  
 To which I add—‘Let no one till his death  
 Be called unhappy.’ ”\*

When the wretched Mary Wolstonecraft paced up and down Putney Bridge, suffering the rain to wet her garments thoroughly, so that they might not prevent her sinking in the water, her life seemed cheerless, and without a ray of hope; yet this hour was, in truth, the turning point in her existence, and from it dated the most perfect bliss she had ever known—a period of wedded happiness and earnest work. Could other miserable creatures only bring themselves to believe in a future which they cannot foresee, suicide would never be *deliberately* committed.

We are fully aware of the impossibility of giving hope to a hopeless mind. We do not pretend that a man can reason himself into cheerfulness. Melancholy depression results even more from a physical than from a mental condition. But reason, if not omnipotent, is to *some* extent influential. In the proportion in which despair is reflective, hope may be reflective; that is to say, in as far as depression of spirits results from a review of cir-

\*. “Aurora Leigh.”

circumstances, and an apprehension of future results, it may be combated by a general philosophical conclusion, which shows how inevitably the survey and apprehension must err, and how unlikely it is that the future, which seems so terrible, should turn out as we foresee it. Whenever a man is about to commit suicide, deliberately, to escape from a network of terrible circumstances, a vivid conception of the fact that this network will really be woven into quite *other* meshes, large enough for escape, large enough for the access of assistance—a conception that *what* he dreads will not be realized,—may stay his hand, and suffer him to await the result. And here another consideration presents itself in intimate connexion with the foregoing: one which, if taken up by the mind, may give serenity and resignation to many a troubled epoch of life. It is this:—We foresee events in the *mass*, but they reach us in *detail*. Our strength, which would indeed be hopeless against the mass, quietly conquers it in detail. To walk a thousand miles seems an impossible feat; yet a few weeks of our daily avocation carries us over more ground without fatigue. In the course of every year we eat a ton and a half of solid food, and think nothing of it, but are startled on learning the amount. And so it is with troubles, punishments, deprivations: they reach us singly and at intervals; we foresee them in the mass, and despairingly ask—How am I to meet this overwhelming load. Men of inactive imaginations move amid untoward circumstances with little trouble. They dispose of each difficulty as it arrives, and are not apprehensive of what may remain behind. Imaginative men, on the contrary, have their apprehensions stimulated by each arrival; and to them our argument is specially addressed. They may reinstate their vigour of resistance by recognising the fact, that the army of evils which overawes them, cannot, *as* an army, overwhelm them; but must, in the nature of things, attack them by ones and twos in separate intervals, under greatly altered circumstances; so that the mass of gunpowder which seemed so formidable is scattered into small heaps and grains, some of them not exploding because damp, others blown away by the wind, and those which do explode only creating damage, not ruin.

Three sources of prevention, and only three, are thus discoverable; and these, of course, only affecting cases of deliberate suicide: religious conviction, giving resignation or hope; intellectual conviction of our inability rightly to foresee events and results; and last, though not least, medical treatment. Where these are powerless, it is idle to hope that legislative enactments will avail. We have, however, already seen that by far the greatest number of cases is referrible to insanity; and even in cases which have all the marks of deliberation, there is some-



times a certain intensity of apprehensiveness, a diseased activity of the imagination in picturing consequences, which renders the patient as helpless as the monomaniac. Such is the case recorded by Hufeland of a tradesman aged two-and-thirty, who, having lost his money, and being neglected by his family, resolved to starve himself. From the 12th to the 15th of September, 1818, he roamed about the country and woods. He then dug a grave for himself, and remained in it till the 3rd October, when he was found by an innkeeper. He still breathed, after eighteen days' abstinence, but expired immediately after a little bouillon had been forced down his throat. On his person they found writing-paper containing a sort of diary written in pencil. The following extracts will be read with interest:—

“16th Sept.—The generous philanthropist who may find my corpse is requested to bury me, and to repay himself for the trouble by my clothes, my purse, my pocket-book, and knife. I have not committed suicide, but I die of starvation, because wicked men have deprived me of my fortune, and I do not choose to be a burden on my friends. It is unnecessary to open my body, since, as I have just said, I die of starvation.

“17th Sept.—What a night I have passed! It has rained; I am wet through. I have been so cold. . . .

“18th Sept.—The cold and the rain forced me to get up and walk; my walk was feeble. Thirst made me lick up the water which still rested on the mushrooms. How nasty that water was!

“19th Sept.—The cold, the length of the nights, and the slowness of my clothing, which makes me feel the cold more keenly, have given me great suffering.

“20th Sept.—In my stomach there is terrible commotion; hunger, and above all, thirst, become more and more frightful. For three days there has been no rain. If I could but lick the water from the mushrooms now

“21st Sept.—Unable to endure the tortures of thirst, I crawled with great labour to an inn, where I bought a bottle of beer, which did not quench my thirst. In the evening I drank some water from the pump near the inn where I bought the beer.

“23rd Sept.—Yesterday I could scarcely move, much less write. Thirst made me go to the pump; the water was icy cold, and made me sick. I had convulsions until evening. Nevertheless, I returned to the pump.

“26th Sept.—My legs seem dead. For three days I have been unable to go to the pump. Thirst increases. My weakness is such that I could not trace these lines till to-day.

“29th Sept.—I have been unable to move. It has rained. My clothes are not dry. No one would believe how much I suffer. During the rain some drops fell into my mouth, which did not quench my thirst. Yesterday I saw a peasant about ten yards from me; I saluted him; he returned my salutation. It is with great

regret I die; want has forced me; nevertheless, I pray for death. My father, pardon him, for he knows not what he does. Weakness and convulsions prevent my writing more. I feel this is the last time." . . . .

In this tragic case the apprehension of poverty became a fixed idea, which resulted in afflicting the man with all the worst extremities of poverty. Fearing to die of want, he starved himself.

The story of the German author, Kleist, is far from clear in its motives, and is sufficiently striking to deserve telling here. He had long familiarized himself with the thought of suicide; spoke repeatedly of it to his friends, as we have been informed, and more than once proposed to a friend that they should destroy themselves in company. This seems to betoken monomania; yet, what shall we say to his companion, Frau Vogel, who was not his mistress, but only his friend, yet who, suffering from an incurable malady, consented to the proposal of the poor and miserable Kleist, and died with him. They quitted Berlin for Potsdam together. At the inn they wrote on the same sheet of paper their separate declarations of their intention (a letter which we were permitted to see, but which has never been printed), and retired for the night. Early the next morning they rose, took a cup of coffee, and then went to the brink of a pond in the neighbourhood, where they shot themselves. The sensation produced throughout Germany by this act has not yet altogether subsided, and has given rise to many conflicting commentaries. Kleist was, perhaps, insane, and Frau Vogel, fascinated by his eloquence and resolution, suffered herself to be dragged with him to the perpetration of an act which promised release from pain.

"La vie est un vêtement," says Balzac, epigrammatically; "quand il est sale, on le brosse; quand il est troué, on le raccommode; mais on reste vêtu tant qu'on peut." There are few existences in which the sum of pleasures does not greatly surpass the pains; and however impatient of pain the sensitive organization may be, that very sensitiveness, which makes the impatience, also makes the enjoyment proportionately greater. If to such purely personal egoistic considerations be added those which necessarily issue from our relations to others—to those who love us, who cling to us, who are in any way dependent on us,—we shall be forced to admit that suicide is not only an act of folly, but a *moral* crime, that is to say, a crime which, if not amenable to a legal tribunal, is amenable to the tribunal of conscience. The weight of the crime must in each separate case be estimated by the circumstances which surround it: on the

one hand by the mental and bodily condition of the sufferer, and on the other by his social relations and responsibilities. No one will harshly judge the mother who, on seeing the corpse of her only child dragged from the river, plunged into that river, and in it stilled the clamorous anguish of her heart. Far otherwise is it with those who, in fretful impatience, in momentary fear, in mere bravado, or in despicable desire for notoriety, hurry themselves from the world. Yet there are many such suicides.

There have been periods when suicide was thought a noble thing. Especially has this been the case in certain corrupt epochs of Literature. Theories of suicide have led to practice. In Rome, the Stoical writers uniformly considered it a virtue. Seneca abounds in fine aphorisms in praise of it; and men seeking a new excitement in suicide as a relief from the lassitude of debauch, easily practised this virtue. "That the *tædium vitæ* was considered by the Romans in the time of the emperors a reasonable and legally sufficient motive," says Mr. Ellis, "appears from the 'Digest,' iii. 2, 11, 3; from the 'Codex,' ix. 50, 1; and from several other texts."\* The Roman decree, *Mori licet cui vivere non placeat*, expresses the conviction of that age. In Christian countries the act has always been regarded with horror, except by an occasional individual, who "dallied with the faint surmise," and speculatively brought himself to consider it a fine thing. But neither horror nor admonition have sufficed to prevent it. Whether suicides really be on the increase, as many writers assert, or whether that increase be only fallacious, the larger amount arising from the enormous increase in the population furnishing the cases, we cannot say. Dr. Bertrand, in want of a declamation against education and materialism, has no doubt on the subject. He seeks evidence in that copious resource of blockheads—uncritical statistics:—

"Voici, du reste, quelques données statistiques qui mieux que mes paroles, prouveront l'état progressif du suicide:—

A Paris on comptait de 1794 à 1804—107 per annum.

" " " 1804 „ 1823—334 „

" " " 1830 „ 1835—382 „

" " " 1835 „ 1840—486 „

He continues the list, and then says that other countries offer the same *désolante progression*. It will give the reader an idea of the sagacity of this Dr. Bertrand if we add, that not only does he omit from his calculation the progressive increase in the population during those years, which alone would com-

\* Notes to the "De Augmentis," in the new edition of Bacon's Works, i. 723.



pletely change the aspect of the statistical tables, but in the very table quoted by him stand these figures:—

In France, during 1849, there were 3583 suicides.

“ “ “ 1850 “ 3596 “

“ “ “ 1851 “ 3598 “

That is to say, there was an increase of 13 one year, and of 2 the next—which increase is quoted as evidence of the *désolante progression* of the crime, no account of the increase of population being given.

Statists have attempted, but without success, to fix the age at which most suicides are committed. But after infancy, all ages have their examples; no age can be said to have lugubrious eminence in this matter. Esquirol thought the “age of suicide” was between 20 and 30; Cazauvielh thought it was between 50 and 60; Etoc-Demazy between 30 and 60. Others have fixed on different periods, and all with “lists” to back their arguments. It was reserved for the sublime ineptitude of Dr. Bertrand “to combine the various statistical results,” and assign “the period between 20 and 60 as that which exhibited the greatest amount of suicide,” it never occurring to that stupid physician that the number of human beings included between such limits is enormously greater than the number included in any of the other periods named. This is somewhat as if a man undertaking to ascertain which *capital* in Europe furnished the greatest amount of suicide, were “to combine the various statistical results,” and declare that the greatest amount was produced in the French empire. The following table gives the proportion assignable to various ages in 3020 suicides committed in France, during 1843:—

Under 16 years of age . . . . .	15
From 16 to 21 . . . . .	147
“ 21 “ 30 . . . . .	481
“ 30 “ 40 . . . . .	540
“ 40 “ 50 . . . . .	647
“ 50 “ 60 . . . . .	506
“ 60 “ 70 . . . . .	384
“ 70 “ 80 . . . . .	170
“ 80 and upwards . . . . .	20
Age unknown . . . . .	110
Total . . . . .	3020

To make this table of much value we ought to have the amount of population; we ought to know, for instance, how many octogenarians were living in 1843, to furnish 20 suicides. We know that 20 is a large proportional amount when compared with 147, the amount furnished by those living at the ages of

from 16 to 21. And this large proportion is enough to overturn the proposition advanced by Dr. Bertrand,—that the greater number of suicides occurs between the ages of 20 and 60, *because* man is then assailed by passions and wants which develop imperious desire for their satisfaction:—“De 20 à 30 ans l’amour, la jalousie, l’envie, le concubinage, l’adultère, la paresse, la libertinage, font de nombreuses victimes dans les villes.” Yet if Dr. Bertrand will turn to the tables he himself has printed, setting forth the causes of suicide, he will find that those causes are rarely *l’amour, la jalousie, l’envie*, &c. It is, however, characteristic of the loose logic, and the incompetence of this writer, that after remarking on the great number of octogenarian suicides, he proceeds in the next paragraph to assign the vividness of the passions and desires between the ages of 20 and 60 as the chief cause of suicide.

If we are unable at present to determine the influence of age upon suicide, we are somewhat nearer the mark with respect to sex. In spite of the greater predisposition of women to insanity, and the greater amount of suicides which proceed from insanity, women much seldomer destroy themselves than men do. Esquirol estimates the proportion as 1 to 3. Dr. Bertrand thinks that this is owing to women being more religious than men: “they draw from their religious convictions and observances a force of resignation which enables them better to support the sorrows of life.” It is much more probable that the cause lies in the greater timidity of women, and their greater power of passive endurance, both of bodily and mental pain. If religion really were the operating influence, we should find that in all cases suicide bears a definite and constant proportion in both sexes to the amount of religious conviction and observance—the sceptics and indifferentists furnishing the cases, the truly pious being quite excluded. But this is not the fact. We have already said that religious conviction must have its influence. It saves a per centage. To attribute more to it is to overlook the plainest facts. Nay, Dr. Bertrand himself, in the succeeding paragraph, quotes evidence to show that in rural districts the proportion of female to male suicides is 3 to 4, instead of 1 to 3, as in towns. This does not trouble him, however, for he boldly attributes it to “the greater laxity of religious conviction in the rural districts,”—a statement which the reader will receive with surprise. Having thus satisfied the one pre-occupation of his mind, and having once more adduced religious observance as the sole cure for suicide, Dr. Bertrand is left to notice some other facts respecting peasant women, which the reader will probably consider as bearing more directly on the case; namely, the hardships endured by the women, the cares of widowhood, and, above all,

the modification of their nature, which approximates them more to the character, manners, and wants of the men. He touches these points quite incidentally, and concludes his section on the influence of sex with this amazing proposition:—"Le sexe, considéré comme prédisposant au suicide perd donc toute influence à côté du sentiment religieux." He has overlooked the effect of timidity; and that, because the women of rural districts are notably more courageous than the women of towns, they must to that extent be without one restraining influence.

The influence of Professions on suicide has not been accurately traced; partly because, in all the tables we have seen, the one important element is omitted which would show the number of individuals included in each profession. Thus Dr. Bertrand, in support of his strange opinion respecting the religious laxity of rural districts, has no difficulty in proving that the agricultural labourers furnish the largest amount of suicide; but seeing that this class exceeds every other class by thousands and thousands, it is necessary to establish the proportion of suicides to the number of individuals, before any conclusion can be of worth.

The influence of climate has long been a favourite topic. Montesquieu attributed the vast amount of suicide in England to our fogs and mists,—an idea which speedily became popular, it was so plausible. There are, however, two objections to it: the first objection is that suicide is *not* so frequent in England as in France; the second objection is that the most gloomy, foggy, miserable season of the year, from October to January, is the season which of all others furnishes the *fewest* suicides—very little more, indeed, than half the amount furnished in May, June, and July, when fogs are rarely heard of. A somewhat similar proportion is observed in France. In the year 1843 the four quarters showed the following amounts:—

January, 225; February, 230; and March, 280 suicides: in all	735
April, 258; May 318; June, 334	" " 910
July, 336; August, 267; September, 207	" " 810
October, 194; November, 198; December, 170	" " 562

It is curious to observe the ratio increasing from December to July, where the amount culminates, and then declines. Many theories have been suggested to explain these facts, but none of them are of much worth. "Cabanis and Esquirol consider the autumn to be more favourable to the development of gastric maladies, which tend to the production of suicide by the profound discouragement and ennui they engender. Others again attribute the suicides of summer to the greater length of the days, making the nights shorter, and thus robbing men of the refreshment of sleep and repose. It is certain that there is a



correspondence between the length of the days and the amount of suicide; but the connexion between them has not yet been detected.

Is education a predisposing cause? “*Dans tous les pays du monde,*” says Balbi, “*les suicides sont plus communs là où l’instruction est plus répandue.*” True enough; but this is a coincidence, not a cause. In countries where there is much instruction there must necessarily be all the complex machinery of civilization, and we know that barbarians seldom have recourse to suicide. But one might as well say that railways produced increase of suicide; or that wherever an Italian opera was found to flourish, suicide would be abundant. There is nothing in education, in itself, which could possibly act as a direct influence in the production of suicide. Dr. Bertrand thinks otherwise. In education he sees a potent cause, and in education being placed entirely in the hands of priests he sees the only safety. Yet in Catholic countries where there is little education, and that little entirely in clerical hands, suicide is quite as frequent as in America.

The influence of imitation in the production of suicide, although it necessarily only reaches an individual case here and there, is apt to excite so much comment that its extent becomes exaggerated. We think little of a madman’s making away with himself; we think it not unnatural that affliction or deep-seated melancholy should seek an escape; but when the motive seems to be purely one of imitation, we are so astonished, and so “shocked,” that the story produces a profound impression. In certain states of the mind, imitation is like a contagion, which seizes on the feeble with unerring selection. Many a man has perished, who would have lived on had he not heard of some recent suicide, or, it may be, read in some recent novel the tragic story of a hero’s despair. When the latter case occurs, there is an immediate outcry against fiction and the dangerous tendency of literature; but it would be as reasonable to protest against bridges, because the fact that one unhappy wretch has flung himself into the Thames, suggests to other unhappy wretches a way to escape their misery. “*Werther*” may have caused a few suicides, but only in the same way as “*The Robbers*” made young noblemen take to the highway; that is to say, it only spurred the willing horse. Our actions are the results of such complex forces, that it is difficult to assign a single motive. Imitation, as mere imitation, will powerfully influence the acts of men; and suicides will consequently often be the result of imitation. Sometimes a man, hearing of a suicide, suffers his mind to linger about the idea, as one which to him holds out a prospect of relief. He, who went before, was miserable like me; he is now at rest; the

weary hours no longer weigh upon him; the arrowy anguish pierces him no more; why should I not imitate his act, and rid myself of this intolerable burthen? This idea becomes at length a fixed idea, and finally an act.

We conclude our survey of the various influences by confessing our inability to assign, with any certainty, the special causes of suicide, and the special influences which predispose to it. The reason of our uncertainty is the complexity of all moral phenomena. The same motives, physical and moral, differently affect different minds. The quick rebellion of pride, the passionate abandonment of love, the suggestions of terror, the instinct of enjoyment, all differ so profoundly in different minds, and in different states of the same mind, that what is intolerable agony to one, is by another carelessly accepted, and what at one period will be courageously borne, at another will overwhelm the fainting spirit. To-day we may hear of our ruin with calmness; to-morrow it will throw us into despair. A curious example may here be cited. Few events are commoner in the life of a dramatic author than the failure of a play. Some accept it with equanimity, even joining in the disapprobation, as Charles Lamb did when he joined in hissing "Mr. H.)\* Others are deeply mortified; but who thinks such mortification an adequate cause of suicide? Nevertheless, not many years ago Paris was startled by the intelligence that two young authors, stung with rage at the failure of their melodrama, had locked themselves together in a room, and sought consolation in asphyxia. Esquirol tells a story to the same effect. M. Roubeau, a young physician, published a work, "*Recherches médico-philosophiques sur la mélancholie.*" A few adverse criticisms, and the lukewarmness of his friends, produced in him so profound a disgust at life, that he swallowed opium; and that not sufficing, he went away into Touraine, where he strangled himself in an hotel. In these cases we can hardly assign the failures as the *causes*, if by causes we mean forces of uniform operation; they were the irritants of a sensibility already in an abnormal condition, and their force depended on that condition.

We have touched on some points of our great subject as illustrated in Reality, and may now turn for a moment to its illustrations in Literature. From the very necessities of Art, we must not expect to find suicide treated in it with a very close adherence to reality. Neither the motives nor the means employed by ordinary men will suffice for Art; and one great cause of the difference will be found to lie in this: for the purposes of Art, it is

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\* A friend of ours not only hissed his own play, but "cut it up" in a newspaper afterwards.

almost always indisportable that the victims should be of heroic proportions; whereas, in life, these are precisely the natures which do *not* commit suicide. A Cato and a Brutus are very rare exceptions in the list of mediocrities. Suicide, when it is not insanity, is the act of a weak mind; and, as we have seen, the motives which determine it are not heroic. Impatience is weakness; despair is weakness. When Sophocles presents the terrible story of Œdipus, he makes Jocasta hang herself in sudden horror, but Œdipus, although he tears his eyes out, as unworthy to behold the light, lives on. Sophocles, it is true, also represents the suicide of a hero, in "Ajax:" a suicide calm and deliberate, performed in spite of the touching entreaties of a wife, in spite also of deep regrets at the necessity for quitting the daylight; but the hero is unable to live through his shame, and he dies.\* But as an almost universal rule in ancient art, suicide is the act of sudden passion—the grief of a forsaken Dido—the grief of a despairing Hæmon†—the remorse of a wretched Phædra.

In modern art, suicide is abundantly used; but for the most part as a mere *deus ex machina*, a clumsy contrivance for cutting a knot which the author cannot skilfully untie. The fifth act of a tragedy usually presents us with one or more suicides; the third volume of a novel is also apt to dismiss heroes and villains in the same expeditious style. Not knowing how to terminate the action, the author makes his hero draw a dagger. But this is really an evasion of the difficulty, and is frequently less tragic in effect, than it would be to make the sufferer live on. There are occasions when suicide is both tragical and grand. In the Ajax of Sophocles, and in the Brutus of Shakspeare, we are deeply moved by the calm resolution which the heroic men display: a solemn earnestness accompanies the act, which for the time enchains our sympathy. Very different is the effect produced by Alfred de Vigny's "Chatterton," which may not unfitly be taken as a type of many modern works that make an appeal to our sympathy through suicide. In the real story of Chatterton we are profoundly affected by

The marvellous boy that perished in his pride,  
because, although there is much in the story which would otherwise chill sympathy; we feel and know that he was insane, and the obvious external causes were but the fuel of that insanity. Quite a different impression results from De Vigny's presentation, which is that of an irritable "neglected genius," driven to self-destruction by

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\* This death of Ajax, be it noted in passing, is a solitary example of positive *action* taking place on the stage, in sight of the audience. Comp. Horace's dictum,

"Ne pueros coram populo Medea trucidet."

† In the "Antigone."



puerile vanity. Because the critics abuse him, because the Lord Mayor of London, instead of honouring his genius, advises him to leave off writing verses, and offers him the situation of *valet de chambre*, this poet curses society, and drinks poison. We do not aver that a wretched "genius" has not before now destroyed himself for motives equally contemptible; but we cannot give such an act the least sympathy; and still more resolutely do we refuse it when M. de Vigny makes it the text for a dithyrambic outburst on the crimes of society against genius. What he has said, others have repeated, and will continue to repeat,—namely, that society is guilty of a serious crime in not honouring and fostering genius—which is a truth,—and that, therefore, whenever a man of genius appears, society should provide for him at once, without leaving him that task—which is an absurdity. The truth contained in this assertion need not be insisted on; it is patent to the dullest comprehension. The absurdity which is tacked on to it deserves exposure. That society does really honour genius whenever it recognises it, is too palpable for any one to gainsay. The genius of a Dickens, a Thackeray, a Tennyson, a Millais, and indeed of every real artist, meets with rapturous praise, and even with not unsubstantial pudding. If there happen to be greater men (we doubt it) whom the public does not recognise, because they are so far in "advance of the age," the fact may be deplored, but society must not be held responsible. Society is but too willing with its homage, when once the genius is confessed; but until it has eyes to see and know the idol, we cannot blame it for a want of worship. How is it to see and know genius? By what sign? Is it because a man is unintelligible that I am to reverence his profundity? Is it because his conceptions exceed my comprehension and sympathy that I am to worship their originality and grandeur? Must I believe him to be a splendid genius on his bare assertion? Must I allow the turbulence of his friends to coerce my judgment, making me call that originality which to my taste is but weak extravagance? Unless by the effect his works produce on me, how am I to distinguish his pretensions from those of overweening vanity and self-ignorance? If the history of literature can be trusted, men of genius have in all times been distinguished by two characteristics strikingly at variance with those exhibited in De Vigny's Chatterton—they have been patient and courageous: patient in toil over their works, courageous and confident in the days of early neglect. The genius which has not patience to produce fine works under all discouragements and social difficulties, is self-condemned; the genius which has no other refuge from temporary neglect than passionate flinging away of life, is clearly so unsuited to this "workday world," that we cannot weep over its exit. Our age is

ready with its honour and award for all who really move it. If you are so far in advance of your age that it cannot be moved by you, why clamour for its encouragement? why curse its ignorant want of appreciation?

The historian of literature will have an interesting chapter to write when he comes to trace the aberrations of modern French fiction and drama, and especially its influence on suicide. Works like the "Chatterton" of De Vigny, and the "Antony" of Dumas, throw a sentimental halo over suicide, false even than the moral mirage of Stoicism, which, at least, wore the aspect of manly strength. The stoic destroyed himself on theory. Seneca makes Œdipus propose to kill himself not merely because he is miserable, but because he has the abstract *right* to do so:

"Jus vitæ ac necis  
Meæ penes me est. Regna deserui liben  
Regnum mei retinco."

This is not the tone of Sophocles, who makes Œdipus await the deliverance of destiny. "Jamais dans la tragédie Grecque," says M. Saint Marc Girardin in his charming "Cours de Littérature Dramatique," "le suicide n'est traité comme une question de philosophie ou de droit naturel."\* The reason is, however, because the Greek dramatists were poets, rather than philosophers; and M. Girardin's ingenious chapter would perhaps have taken another turn had he not overlooked this distinction. For although it is perfectly true that the Greek dramatists, not being stoics, had no theoretical purpose in representing suicide, it is quite clear, from the single example of the "Ajax," that with all the passionate love of life manifested by the Greeks, they *did* conceive man to have perfect right of suicide. Not only does Ajax deliberately destroy himself, without a word escaping from any one which intimates that the act was more than sad, but the very chorus—usually the mouthpiece of common morality,—after Ajax quits the scene, declares that he were better lying in Hades than living thus.† In fact, only in Christian ethics is suicide regarded as a sin.

We know not what our readers will say to M. Saint Marc Girardin's assertion, that "Shakspeare est pour quelque chose dans ce dégoût de la vie, plus fréquent en Angleterre que dans les autres pays." Certainly Shakspeare has strewn his stage with suicides enough, and has made suicide the subject of many a fine reflection; but if any one has lightened our national melancholy, and interfused our spirits with something of his own abounding life and sense of exquisite enjoyment, it is Shakspeare. M.

\* Vol. i. p. 101.

† "Ajax," v. 635: κρείσσων γὰρ Αἴδα κεύθων, ἢ νοσῶν μάταν, κ. τ. λ.

Girardin remarks a certain *goût de la mort* in English literature. We are, indeed, fond of death and its terrors. We make life as lugubrious as we can, and revel among the tombstones. Shakspeare was too much of an Englishman not to have his touch of this malady; and, as M. Girardin notes, Shakspeare's Romeo is intensely English, and intensely unlike a Greek or Italian, in thinking Juliet more lovely in her tomb than when alive:—"ces funèbres lieux conviennent à l'imagination de cet amant, fils du génie de Shakspeare." An interesting essay might be written on Shakspeare's treatment of suicide; what M. Saint Marc Girardin has written cannot, however, pass in England.

We need say little of "Werther" and its imitations. The profound impression produced by "Werther" is in these days scarcely intelligible. It comes, however, less within our subject than almost any other work, simply because it is a close reproduction of the actual reality. The story told in "Werther" had been acted in sad earnest by Goethe's acquaintance, young Jerusalem; and, except in its influence on literature, we can no more consider it among the examples of suicide treated in fiction, than we could so consider the touching story of Chatterton as told by Professor Masson.

We have touched but lightly on the several points of our great subject, for our purpose was not to write a treatise, but to bring together a few general considerations which might pass into the stream of the reader's reflections, mingling with his own serious thoughts. There are few minds that have passed the buoyant epoch of youth to whom the subject of suicide has not at times been awfully present, either as the calamity of some one in whom they have been interested, or as the dread possibility of their own escape. If the act is comparatively rare, still rarer is the freedom from all premeditation of it; and we are not altogether without a hope that the reflections brought forward in this essay, may have some slight influence in preaching resignation to those whose sufferings may be forcing their thoughts into wistful contemplation of suicide.



## ART. IV.—FRENCH POLITICS, PAST AND PRESENT.

1. *De l'Avenir politique de l'Angleterre.* Par le Comte de Montalembert. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1856.
2. *L'Angleterre au dix-huitième siècle.* Par M. Charles de Remusat. 2 vols. Paris: Didier et Cie. 1856.

NEVER has there been a more striking instance of the old proverb, that hard times bring together strange bed-fellows, than that of the conjunction into which Messieurs de Montalembert and Remusat have chanced to be brought. The present censorship in France having forbidden all open discussion of home politics, human ingenuity has been driven to elude its repressive powers by stratagems of allusion, or allegory; and thus those who wish to say anything about the affairs of their own country which is not in accordance with the system of the day, seek for a fitting opportunity to do so, at least by inference, in the history or the picture of other countries. England, the great example of modern nations, and the study of modern statesmen, stands in high relief from the battered and mutilated wall of European history, as the figure whose design and cast pre-eminently attract the eye. All look at it: some with hatred and illwill, others with longing desire—the fewest with any true understanding of its nature; but yet all look at it; for while around everything is more or less bruised and crippled, it alone has grown into an age stalwart with the vigour of health. If, however, the same object has thus at the same time fixed the attention and even admiration of these two French writers, all similarity between them is merely accidental and outward. Between the minds of the two men there is all the difference between fanciful whim and sober reason. M. de Montalembert is a man who stands by himself: a sort of will-o'-the-wisp on the waste of French politics. Endowed with a temper easily fanned into excitement, and with such independence as is the offspring of boundless self-reliance, possessed, moreover, of certain gifts of speech and writing—not without a brilliancy that can dazzle for a moment,—his political life has been woven out of those two most discordant elements, a profession of boundless devotion to ancient authority, and the never-resting prompting of a vain and febrile mind towards a display of its powers. Too restless to bear the drudgery of that political faith which he has loudly proclaimed to be his, he has seized, with the impetuosity of a flighty brain, on the most diverse opinions; and while his vanity has

flattered itself on having found the spell which could blend all these contradictions into harmony, the glaring fancifulness of his views has never once allowed him to win that confidence of any real party without which a statesman can achieve nothing. Thus the upshot of his career is, that if he has earned admission into the gallery of the political men of modern France, it is only as the embodiment of the grotesque. No feat in his whole life, full as it has been of whimsical outbursts, is more utterly eccentric than his recent book on England. To pronounce its history the illustration of Roman Catholic glory; to consider its institutions and all that it possesses in character and worth as legacies from its Roman Catholic period; to express admiration of the independent bearing and public spirit of our aristocracy, while fervently professing attachment to views and opinions the first tenet of which is such absolute abnegation of self in humble obedience to a supreme tribunal, as must do away with the very nature of aristocratic independence; to see in the whole of our present political life but the tendency to absorb our existence in the all-engrossing existence of Roman Catholicism, and to evolve a mystic wedding between our manly freedom and the Guardian Church,—these are sallies which might be applauded in a squib on our institutions, but which we can only expect to meet as serious utterances in the vagaries of a Don Quixote. Yet mankind is so fond of praise, that because there is much sparkling declamation about the excellence of our establishments (which is always referred to an ancient age and Catholic origin), the book has been eagerly read and favourably received on this side the water. The truth is, that M. de Montalembert, putting up unkindly with that gag which has been laid on his eloquence by the present government in France, has poured forth the bitterness of his resentment, with all the flush of momentary impulse, in a high-flown panegyric on a country where his chafing envy beholds no trammel put on that flow of ebullitions in which his prattling nature loves to disport itself. The book is, however, not without pages striking both in diction and ideas; but its true thoughts are all broken and splintered, and are rendered useless by the incoherence of a mind that will not see the connexion between political freedom and religious independence. \* As his life has been spent in trying to twist a rope of sand, so his opinions are a jumble of flashes of truth and sturdy nonsense. Heartily as we hope, and moreover believe, that his trust in his country's future recovery of free institutions will be justified, we cannot say that our opinion is in the least affected by his peculiar reasons. The political foresight of that seer inspires us with small respect whose mere retrospective glance is so bedazed by prejudice as to be altogether unable to discern the mighty prominence of the Reforma-

tion on the canvas of English history; who, dilating on the glories of our great sovereigns, holds up to admiration the examples of the Catholic Alfred, Edward the Confessor, Richard, Edward III., and Henry V., while he barely hints at the existence of Elizabeth, and altogether overlooks the weighty reigns of Henry VIII. and William III.; and who thinks that he portrays the present state of our Church, when, with turgid rhetoric, he pronounces it to have been "decapitated" by the loss of Mr. Newman and his comrades.

If we were to try to elaborate the model of a mind the very counterpart of that of M. de Montalembert, we could present nothing more complete than the image of M. de Remusat, who is especially notable for his soundness of judgment and untiring research. Wanting in that rapid and flashing display which belongs to the hasty temper of the former writer, the slow labour of his painstaking thought even hampers his style: his works, on the other hand, possess the solidity of sense, the consistent tendency of large and rational views, and a conviction which enlightens because it presents itself with the proofs of experience, won by impartial study, instead of being puffed up by the intoxicating fumes of an excited fancy. Bred in that school of political writers whose studies made the last years of the Restoration the nursery-ground of the most distinguished body of historians of modern times, he has through his whole life remained true to the principles which he imbibed in his youth. When the Revolution of 1830 opened the field of statesmanship to his associates, and many of them in the course of political strife laid aside much of the original generosity and broadness of their opinions, and grew narrow-minded through the taint of court and state intrigue, M. de Remusat maintained his convictions unshaken. He may be called, in one word, thoroughly liberal; political and religious freedom are the articles of his creed, and the constitutional government established by the Revolution of 1830 was cherished by him as the means whereby they might be implanted so firmly in France as to become an inalienable property of the nation. He took part in the transactions of that government, in the welfare of which he felt so patriotic an interest; but although he was once for a short time Minister of the Interior, the studious character of his nature leading him into deep historical investigations, disinclined him to a very active share in the debates of the Chambers. Such a man is, by his constitution and tastes, little fitted for the restless warfare of parties; and although M. de Remusat's political experience made him alive to the necessity of their existence, and their solid union in a parliamentary government, yet there is in his writings the dispassionate tone of the thinker, who bases his views on principles of justice



and general good; and not on the more or less personal feelings of party. When the great overthrow of 1848 dashed his hopes to the ground, England became his residence for some time. Having visited it repeatedly before, he had learnt to understand that country whose history had long been one of the chief objects of his study; and it was natural that, under the circumstances of the situation, his studious mind should again be led to revert to it, in the search for a solution of many troubled thoughts. The period of our history which occupied his attention, as especially instructive for his purpose, is the one between the Revolution of 1688 and the beginning of this century, during which our possession of the freedom we had won was confirmed, parliamentary government became defined, and that internal struggle was being mutely but incessantly fought, which resulted in the discharge of our peccant humours, and the constitution of a healthy frame. The conclusions which the history of these events made him draw were cheering: he saw, on examination, that the course of our progress towards freedom had been most uneven, and that, in spite of our boasted political aptitude, we did not attain it without passing through periods of corruption and disorder such as have been pointed at in other nations as convincing proofs of their political imbecility. In a set of biographical sketches of the men whose lives best set forth this period of history, he tried to communicate to his countrymen the encouragement he himself derived from his researches; and as his plain and open temper did not fear to avow its convictions, he prefixed an excellent Introduction, in which he indicated with unequivocating precision the drift of his views, and the inferences to be drawn from his examples.

Where is the man possessed of the least education, whose mind has not felt curiosity as to the destiny of France? It is a question to which an answer can be found only by carefully studying the history of the country, and by observing at the same time the true character of the age. The history of a people is the key to its habits, which are as inveterate as those of the individual; the objects of a people's taste change according to the circumstances of its wants and its growth in enlightenment; but each successive attachment will bear traces of the influence of the former one. To understand the character of the French nation and its causes requires a wider range of view than is generally taken. The glance of those who casually chance to look on the canvas of French history is at once so riveted by the mighty image of Napoleon, in the pageant of his triumphant career, or the wild groups of revolutionary turmoil standing forth in terrific contrast from the gorgeous background of the majesty of

Louis XIV., that they overlook all the rich details of the picture; and even the great figures of Henry IV. and Richelieu are generally caught sight of only dimly, like the faded outlines of an effaced tracing. Yet, if we are to understand the France of that Revolution, which, begun in 1789, is not yet closed, it is not in the reign of Louis XIV. that we have to seek the knowledge of it, but in the great reign of his great-grandfather. It was Henry IV. who, allaying the sufferings of a fearful civil war, and soothing down the rancour of a most envenomed struggle by the spell of his large and generous genius, raised that royal dominion which became the government of France, and the strength of which, burthened by national sympathy, was so great as to last still seventy years after undergoing all the strains of Louis XIV.'s imperious excesses. It was likewise Henry IV. who conceived that noble scheme of foreign policy which, cherished by the mighty mind of Richelieu and the wily intellect of Mazarin, raised France to the first place amongst Continental nations, until the mad ambition of Louis XIV., trampling its traditions under foot, made his country lose that fair renown which it had won from thankful Europe in battles against Spanish supremacy: driving his subjects to become the ministers of his reckless desires, he caused this name to be a byword in the mouths of a justly indignant and outraged people. While France before the time of Henry IV. had been the most limited monarchy of Europe, he built a state edifice, the principle of whose architecture was the right of royal inheritance by birth; yet his government, so far from being regarded as a usurpation, was hailed by his age as the sanctuary of French freedom; and the judgment of history has confirmed that opinion. As the Revolution of 1688 was in our country a great national act, and the birth-hour of a government which grew in strength and health because it was the child of our desire, so was the accession of Henry IV. to royalty the enthronement of the wants of the French people. It therefore deserves study how it came that, on this occasion, the people should have willingly sought a government that professed to disregard rights which had often been claimed and battled for, and had never been so fully acknowledged as in the period immediately preceding. The history of France is the reverse of that of Germany. While in the latter country the feudal independence of nobles and princes defied the centralizing influence of a supreme sovereign, and by the excessive development of their individual might permanently crippled and stunted the vigour of the state, the kings of France, through their ability and that national spirit which is one of the chief characters of the French nation, succeeded in crushing the power of the nobility, which had entrenched itself in its counties and



principalities. In this struggle, royalty sought the alliance of the people. The municipal freedom of certain cities was protected by it against the hostility of the feudal lords of the neighbourhood; and thus a feeling of friendly alliance sprang up between king and people, which runs through French history from the twelfth to the fifteenth century. On all occasions of national importance, the sovereign called together States-general, composed of deputies from the three orders—nobility, clergy, and burghers, which last were called the Third Estate. As the independence of principalities was destroyed, and an order of powerful nobility grew up, the dissidence of class between it and the people began to flare forth; and at times also there was a mighty repining against exactions on the part of royalty, which, however, on no occasion lasted long enough to bring about a permanent estrangement between the two. They were both necessary to each other; and Louis XI., although he never held States-general, courted with affectation the title of “*Le Roi Roturier*.” Thus was generated a spirit of political freedom which inoculated the whole temper of the people; although, owing to the circumstances of repeated wars, both foreign and civil, that endangered the safety of the country, it did not succeed in attaining consolidation by settled institutions. The demands which the Third Estate usually advanced were for alleviation and more regular partition of taxation, and the convocation of the States-general at fixed periods; but most especially it claimed the right of granting subsidies from its own free will. The opinions which were heard in the course of debate partook sometimes of a boldness that seemed like the language of our days. In the States-general of 1484 (which, convoked by Charles VIII., the son and successor of Louis VI., are important as being the last that were held until the outburst of the Reformation, and thus give an insight into the temper in which the nation entered on that period of political commotion, from which it was rescued by Henry IV.) we find a Burgundian gentleman, the Sire de la Roche, indulging in the following language:—“Royalty is a dignity, and not an inheritance. History tells us, and I have received it from my fathers, that in the beginning of governments kings were created by the vote of the people. I wish you to be convinced that the commonwealth is the people’s property, handed by them to kings, and that those who hold it by force, or any other means, without the people’s consent, are to be esteemed tyrants and trespassers on other persons’ property. By people, however, I do not mean only the lower orders, nor any other subjects of the kingdom, but all of every rank; so that I conceive even princes to be embraced in the name of the States-general, nor any one to be excluded



who dwells within the realm."\* If language like this undoubtedly partook of an exaggerated vigour from which the mass recoiled, yet the ideas which impelled it were familiar; and when in the next century began the deadly war with Protestantism, the crafty defenders of the old faith set in motion against it a most monstrous engine, constructed out of the turbulent ambition of a few nobles, and the frenzy of insane demagoguism.

When the Catholics of France became alarmed at the wide spread of the Protestant faith amongst the population to the south of the Loire, and at its espousal by a great proportion of the nobility, and even by the heir-presumptive of the crown—Henry of Navarre, they eagerly entered into a solemn league and covenant for the defence of their faith, at the wily suggestions of some scheming leaders. Foremost amongst these was the Duke of Guise, who, perceiving in the dissensions of the state a chance of attaining even unto the throne, and endowed with all those daring qualities of head and heart which enable a man to go far in troubled times, put himself at the head of the great Catholic party, determined to recoil from no possible means of winning the object of his ambition. The association thus instituted was a perfect organization for attack and defence: each member was bound by a solemn oath unhesitatingly to devote his wealth and person to the common weal, and to obey absolutely and without reservation all commands of the chief, who was no other than the Duke of Guise. The Protestant religion had mainly found favour among the nobles; their castles and manorial residences were its strongholds, and they loved to revive their recollections of lost political independence in the seignorial privilege of having the forbidden service celebrated within the precincts of their lordships. This should be borne in mind; for the reason why Protestantism failed in becoming the national church of France is to be found in that circumstance, which gave it its strength as a mere party—its intimate alliance with the unruly nobility, whereby its triumphs, owing to the turn of political events, would have been tantamount to the victory of a class. For this reason, also, the Duke of Guise, like a crafty politician, courted the friendship of the popular element; and thus was contracted an unnatural coalition between that religious reaction, the embodiment of which is the Order of the Jesuits, and the old political constitution of France, through which the country was led into such discreditable extravagances that it sank in the exhaustion of despised decay. At the States-general of 1588, the temper of the movement was at once revealed. Hand in hand with a

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\* "Journal des États-généraux tenus à Tours en 1484."

violent call on the king to 'avert the existence of but "one Roman Catholic religion" in the realm, it was declared that Henry of Navarre was incapable of succeeding to the throne, and that all decrees of the States should at once have the sanction of the law, without undergoing, as hitherto, registration in the courts of law. The murder of the Duke of Guise and the abortive schemes of Henry III. caused the scene of struggle to be soon removed from the halls of the States-general to the fields of civil war. As the cities had ever been the strongholds of French liberty, so now again it was the cities which in their delusion took up arms; and at their head stood Paris, as the chief of the mighty federation. While Henry of Navarre began, then, those four years of warfare, in which it is difficult to say whether to admire most the military genius which he displayed in fighting, with his small means, his enemies, backed by all the power of Spain, or the statesmanlike humanity he ever maintained amidst the rancour of civil war, all the fury of the maddest revolutionary frenzy was cooped within the walls of Paris. The pulpits of the churches had become political tribunes, where fanatical priests incited the mob to the crimes of murder and national treason, rather than undergo the dominion of a heretic sovereign; regicide was openly preached as a virtue, and Jacques Clement, the assassin of Henry III., was designated from the pulpit "as the blessed son of St. Dominic, a sainted martyr in Christ." Such insane violence gradually inclined the mind of France towards Henry, the greatness of whose character became daily more apparent amidst this frantic virulence; and when, in the despair of extreme danger, the chiefs of the League so entirely forgot their national honour as openly to entertain the design of proclaiming a Spanish sovereign for the sake of their own safety, their power fell from them at once. Henry IV., however, had lived too long amongst the Protestants of France not to be aware of their peculiar political position; the man who of all others had an intuitive appreciation of the true requisites of a King of France was aware that, as things then stood, it behoved him to become a Catholic. On the 25th July, 1593, he went to St. Denis, where he made a profession of the ancient faith, and shortly after he was firmly established within that Paris which had so long defied his captainship.

The accession of Henry IV. was the 'enthronement of the spirit of conciliation. The sceptre which he claimed by birth-right was wielded by him with that national feeling which had been lost sight of by those who, under cover of the popular right of election, had not recoiled from yielding France to the grasp of Phillip II. Aided by the wisdom of Sully, he ardently devoted himself to repair the shattered frame of the kingdom; by healing



its wounds and ministering to its wants, his government became the true expression of the people's desire. When he renounced the Protestant faith, he by no means forswore his old and personal friends, and the statesmanlike motives of his conversion added to his desire to confer on them the benefit of toleration. Through the Edict of Nantes he introduced its principle so firmly into the constitution of the country, that in spite of the rebellious turbulence of the Huguenots under the following reign, it was never attempted to be overthrown, and it remained unscathed until the arbitrary madness of Louis XIV. destroyed it, along with other creations of his great-grandfather. By this edict the unmolested exercise of the Protestant religion was guaranteed, all prohibitions were removed as to holding offices of state or admission for purposes of study to colleges and universities; and as the rancorous feelings of the civil wars were as yet uneffaced, justice was secured by special tribunals composed of an equal number of judges of both faiths. Thus, under Henry IV.'s influence, France alone in that age presented the spectacle of a country in which the great principle of liberty of conscience was recognised. The next labour of the king was to level that animosity of classes which had of necessity been excited during the late troubles, and the dangerous influence of which became apparent in the way in which it thwarted a general administrative reform. If the Protestant nobility numbered among its ranks a great part of the gentlemen of the country, proprietors of privileged lordships, the Catholic party, on the other hand, possessed most of the very highest members of the aristocracy, men of great historical names, who still retained a feudal hold over the population, which their ancestors had once ruled as independent sovereigns, from the custom of the Government to conciliate their good-will by bestowal of provincial governorships on their families, from father to son, until these offices had come to be considered pretty nearly as a hereditary right. Finding himself too weak to wrest this privilege at once out of their possession, Henry designed to supplant their influence by fostering commerce and industrial improvements, which would tend to raise the condition of those classes through whose instrumentality they are carried out. This was a renewal of the old alliance of the French crown with the people against the aristocracy. The efforts of the king and his ministers were indeed indefatigable for the creation of a thoroughly vigorous administration; and the records of his legislation are filled with monuments of his care for improvement. The character of the French aristocracy was military; war was its profession, the knowledge of weapons all its science; its members, as a body, never would accommodate themselves to that drudgery of study which was deemed to be unbecoming their rank. In exact propor-



tion, therefore, to the development of the king's plans, there grew up a class of plebeian ministers. The nursery of these men was the law courts called parliaments, which had grown to partake of an administrative character from the custom of registering all royal edicts previous to publication. Henry IV. introduced a fundamental reform in the tenure of these law offices. In return for a small yearly tax, he bestowed them on the holders as their property for ever, which they could leave to their children, or transmit by sale if they chose. The revolution was an immense one: it raised at once a plebeian aristocracy proud of its privileges, originally derived from merit and learning; but it also had the disadvantage of splitting the people into hereditary castes, and substituting for a large and comprehensive public spirit, the narrower feeling of corporation. The evil consequences of this institution were, however, reserved for the future, and might have been easily avoided had succeeding governments not been blinded by obstinacy; the immediate effect was highly beneficial, and, strengthened by the support of the intelligence and energy of the country, Henry IV. saw fifteen years of assiduous labour suffice not only to recruit an exhausted and heavily-mortgaged treasury, but to open new mines of incalculable richness in the quickened industry of France, while the spirit of the country had been braced to the undertaking of a grand design of European policy. Thus was a system entered upon which led to the political insignificance of the aristocratic element in the real business of French government. The nobility contented itself with its privileges, which, no longer the reward of services, but the vested rights of haughty indolence, grew to be a crying injustice. When the familiar blast of war sounded to arms, its old brave spirit of chivalry would be aroused, and to the last it spilt its blood as gallantly on fields of battle as in the days of the Crusaders; but from the hour when its pride refused to submit to the discipline of that enlightenment which, once brought into the world, was destined to become its ruler, it had abdicated for ever all influence in the daily government of the country, and was henceforth willingly left to seek compensation in the gorgeous liveries and luxurious servitude of court state, for that hard-working life of political power which fell to the lot of the class whence sprang Colbert and Louvois. When Ravallac's knife cut short Henry's days, he was in the act of beginning the execution of an undertaking, the design of which is the greatest monument of his genius. "When one arrives at this sad page of history," says M. Augustin Thierry,\* "when one reads the sudden and violent end of so noble a life and so great a destiny,

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\* "Essai sur l'Histoire du Tiers Etat."

it is impossible not to be arrested with emotion, and feel, at the distance of more than two centuries, somewhat of the anguish of those who lived in his time." Such is the throng of consequences which presents itself to our imagination as springing from the crime of a mad assassin, that the deed grows to the magnitude of one of the most important events of modern history. In the *Memoirs of Sully*, there is a most curious sketch of a system of European polity which floated before the vision of Henry IV. as the ideal aim of his desires. His ambition was to liberate Europe from that Spanish domination which then bestrode it like an oppressor, and to lay the foundations of a lasting and prosperous peace by the establishment of kingdoms strong in their consistent nationalities. "Je veux bien que la langue Espagnole demeure à l'Espagnol, l'Allemande à l'Allemand, mais toute la Française doit être à moi," are the words in which he expressed himself; it is the same system which is now called the balance of European power. France was to be the liberator of the world; it was to be the asserter and defender of the independence of Europe. Towards this end the king combined all his endeavours. Perceiving at once, with his large genius, how artificial was that enmity with England which the personal ambitions of former sovereigns had framed into a passion that had become consecrated by habit, he allied himself with Elizabeth. This English alliance is, in fact, a thing which has been entertained by every sound French statesman since the time of Henry IV.; it was only in the frenzy of blinded ambition, or under the pressure of accidental circumstances, that it was lost sight of. When Richelieu, who so heartily entertained the king's foreign policy, was at enmity with England, he was forced into it of necessity by the alliance which our country formed with the Huguenots of La Rochelle. Mazarin sought the friendship of Cromwell, and English troops fought side by side with French soldiers under Turenne at the battle of the Downs against the Spaniards. The two countries only became really hostile when Louis XIV., forsaking the traditions of hereditary policy, aimed at usurping that very supremacy over the world which it had been the historical glory of France to have wrested from the despotic grasp of Spain. After years of assiduous labour, Henry saw himself at last in a state to begin his great enterprise. With the alliance of England and the Protestant princes of Germany, he meant to attack Spain at once in the Netherlands and the Empire. His army was already gathered in cantonments, the regency of the kingdom during his absence was already instituted; everything was prepared and awaiting the king's arrival, when the arm of a madman dashed to pieces designs as grand as any Napoleon ever conceived.

If we cannot repress a feeling of grief at the incalculable



consequences of this event, we can no less help being amazed at the providential care which seems to have watched over France, endowed as she was with such a statesman as Richelieu in the most critical moment of her career. If it is true that his plans were at bottom but the reproduction of those of Henry IV., the merit of their execution is entirely his own. The fabric which the king had striven to raise had well-nigh been pulled to the ground during the anarchy of a feeble regency. The old institutions had taken advantage of a lull in the repressive vigour of the government to sprout afresh like long-rooted weeds, while those which had been recently planted were as yet too weak to impair the life of the old ones by the vigour of their own growth. Richelieu made it the one object of his life to reduce this confusion to order, and there is something appalling in the implacable energy with which this great man trod down all the strongholds of inequality. No privilege and no family tie could make him swerve for once from that which seemed to him conducive to the good of the state, and the only thing which can absolve his memory, in any degree from the stain of his relentless deeds is the patriotic motive which in truth inspired him. "Je n'ai jamais eu d'autres ennemis que ceux de la France," was the answer he made on his deathbed to the priest who asked him whether he forgave his enemies. The nobility which had raised its head during the disorders of the regency he hurled back into insignificance. The first noble in France, Montmorency, brother of the Princesse de Condé, was ignominiously beheaded in Toulouse, the capital of his governorship, for having allowed himself to be inveigled by the king's brother into one of those abortive plots which the latter's restless spirit of intrigue was for ever weaving. Such severity relentlessly pursued completely cured the turbulent independence of the nobility. When Montmorency's brother-in-law, Condé, received the government of Burgundy, he, a prince of the blood-royal, dwelt in his harangue to the provincial estates on the "favour" shown him by "that great genius of the world" in bestowing on him such an appointment. What gave Richelieu more trouble than the ill-coörced rebellion of some nobles, was that civil war into which the Protestants allowed themselves to be deluded through the ambitious suggestions of some of their aristocratic leaders. Richelieu was doubly incensed against them; for not only was the federative system which they had established amongst themselves most dangerous to that governmental action which he aimed at, but, with a dereliction of principle for which they paid a heavy penalty, they had not scrupled even to become the allies of Catholic Spain, and to knock down powerless the arms of France as it was putting forth all its might for a vital blow at



the national enemy. It is well known with what gigantic energy the siege of La Rochelle was prosecuted—how Richelieu, becoming captain under the inspiration of the crisis, had a causeway built in the sea which was a marvel of resolute perseverance. When victory crowned his efforts, he made such use of it as became the successor of Henry IV. Cardinal of Rome, he was above all guardian of France; it was not the Protestant faith which he had been combating, but the insubordination of subjects which he had been repressing. As he had deprived the Catholic nobility of their strongholds, and had by royal edict commanded all fortresses and castles to be dismantled which were not required for the defence of the country against invasion, so now he took from the Protestants the right to maintain certain fortified towns which had been conceded to them by Henry IV. as a guarantee for their liberties. The same day, however, that saw the political distinctions of the Protestant federation consummated by the capitulation of Alais, saw a royal edict published which confirmed that full and free exercise of the Protestant religion which had been conceded by the Edict of Nantes. The same energy displayed by him in pulling down the two powers which still retained any weight that could actively thwart the action of the government, he also displayed in furthering internal progress and welfare. An enemy to all privileges, in which he saw so many drags laid on that authority which he wished to be the expression of the whole country, he was as little the partisan of corporations as of aristocracy. His keen eye no doubt already perceived the ills which lay embedded in that system of saleable offices before mentioned; but it had already become so extended and ramified as to be beyond abrogation. All that could be done to excite a general public spirit within the limits of a government that will not admit of popular representation was, however, tried by Richelieu's legislation. The middle classes were allowed to attain the highest rank in the army, which hitherto had been an exclusive privilege of the nobility. It was hoped that the new opening for ambition and merit would mitigate that exclusive spirit of legal learning and official routine which was becoming the type of the middle classes, who were growing into sham aristocracies without the dash and enterprise of the reality. The nobility was encouraged to assimilate itself with the people, and to lay aside that isolation which the folly of its lazy haughtiness brought with it. There is a decree of Richelieu which expressly commands that it should not be considered unworthy of a "gentilhomme" to engage in commerce on the sea. In all the branches of administration there are signs of his stimulating influence; he wished to see all the resources of the country

brought into play; he had a soul which was alive to everything great and genuine; he had the intuitive admiration of a mighty mind for the beautiful in art and the splendid in intellect; and every object of his various pursuits he followed with the vehemence of a temper whose nature is to command, and whose resolution, once taken, brooks no opposition and yields to no control, but crushes the obstacles that stand in its way as the wind snaps the twigs it may meet. Hereditary governorships, provincial rights, federative constitutions of the Protestants, independence of the courts of parliament, privilèges of corporations, liberties of the cities,—every one of these were violated by Richelieu when they proved a bar to his desires; and although he must be justly charged with having laid the seeds of much bad political habit, by breaking the people to the discipline of arbitrary power and weaning it from the recollection of its traditions, yet history, considering the noble use he made of the might he had grasped, must justly award him the title of Great. What chiefly aided Richelieu in his internal administrations was the splendour of his foreign policy, which enlisted in its support all the national feeling of France—its strongest and most encouraging sentiment. It was this feeling which made the people, wasted with exactions and sufferings, rally to the call of Louis XIV. appealing in his distress to his country against an invasion; and it was this feeling which made the people heartily wish well to Napoleon during his last campaign. Richelieu made France the empire of the Continent, and five years after his death its influence was acknowledged at the peace of Westphalia. Such was the government which was the inheritance of Louis XIV.; a government that had many failings in its constitution, yet strong in the vigour of youth; and animated with a large spirit. When he died, he left it a body withered and shrivelled, drained of its blood, its organs ossified, its will paralysed; a body of which it could rather be said that it was not yet dead, than that it was still alive.

Leaving aside the disturbances during the minority of Louis XIV., which were entirely without consequences, his reign falls naturally into two parts: the first, while Colbert was his minister, and the traditions of Henry IV. were more or less maintained; the second, when under the influence of the consequences of the king's infatuated self-will, the royal power became a devouring monster. While Richelieu had made himself the despotic organ of the State, Louis XIV. made the State the despotic organ of his individual will. Royalty, instead of remaining the crowning apex of the pyramid of the State, had grown to be its base. Although, on looking at the picture of France in those times, we behold what at first sight seems an infinite variety of distinc-



tions, a labyrinth of partitions within the extent of society, yet, on close inspection, none of them proves of natural growth; we behold privileges upon privileges and liberties upon liberties, but the only freedom to be discovered is the over-grown freedom of royal authority. All those seemingly independent bodies which appear to occupy the soil of France, each entrenched in the stronghold of ancient institutions, are found, on examination, to be but a collection of semblances; the only reality is the one great power of the king. If we look for the cause of this excessive over-growth, it is to be found in the law of nature that every living organism is also a devouring one. We have seen the origin of the royal power, and how circumstances fostered, with the people's sanction, the tendencies of its nature into confirmed habit. There was nothing to curb the appetite of its desires but its own good sense; the baneful effects of isolation and of examples of resignation had made those who were its victims forget all customs of self-defence. There was also an attachment on the part of the country generally to the king. A government which springs from a national feeling can commit many faults before a people resolves to discard it: the thought of divorcing the system of Henry IV. was as little entertained in France by public opinion, as is in England at the present day the idea of upsetting the whole settlement of 1688, and establishing a republican government. The first point on which Louis XIV. innovated was foreign policy. The wars which he madly undertook for the gratification of his ambition brought France into disgrace with Europe, and into embarrassment at home. As the want of money pinched the monarch, he encroached on the established order of things at home. Financial considerations became the only motives of his internal administration; and one of the readiest resources that presented itself was the creation of saleable and hereditary offices. France was filled with corporations of such officials, for every time that the treasury was in need of money it contrived some new dignities; and thus the popular classes, properly so-called in contradistinction to the "noblesse," became split up into numberless bodies, all of them artificial, and entirely animated with a baneful spirit of corporation. The nobility scouting communion with these plebeians, who were as exacting about the privileges of their rank as the old aristocracy about their own, and too little versed in knowledge of business to be able, even if willing, to fill high offices of state, was to be found nowhere except in the army or at court. The pride of royalty loved to enhance that pomp which it believed to be as inherent to its nature as almightiness to that of the Divinity, by a display of aristocratic splendour; all its show was composed of such blazonry; all its work was



done by plebeian hands. Saint Simon, whose shrewdness perceived the hollowness of his order's rank, calls, in the petulance of his displeasure, the rule of Louis XIV. "un règne de vile bourgeoisie en sorte que les choses sont arrivées au point que le plus grand seigneur ne peut être bon à personne, et qu'en mille façons différentes il dépend du plus vil roturier." Thus was there nothing in France endowed with political power but royalty: all institutions were semblances; the aristocracy the chief actors in royal pageants; the people nowhere as people, but everywhere gathered together in small societies, which mostly owed the toleration of their poor existences in the first instance to the government's want of money, and afterwards to their own insignificance. Hence it is intelligible how the great Revolution could be so speedily fulfilled. The day that the Bastille was taken, and the stronghold of royalty stormed, there was nothing more to conquer; when the king was overthrown, there were no classes to continue the war amongst each other; for what had worn the appearance of an established hierarchy had been but degrees in servitude, and the royal establishment broken up, all found themselves at once on a level.

At this point of French history a sight is presented to us which has no parallel in the annals of the world. This society, which shows itself so entranced in its political action, so dead and listless to all practical care of itself, is all the while intellectually the most active in Europe, and even moots ideas which are to become the impulse of the most tremendous revolution which the world has yet seen. It is the most astounding example how power comes tamely to yield up its strength to force of habit and superstitious belief in impossibility. So accustomed had men grown to live in small companies within the compass of narrow enclosures, that they had lost all knowledge of large intercourse; and while their minds would in abstract speculation soar to the extremest regions of dreamland, it never occurred to them actually to overstep the petty bounds within which they allowed themselves to be cooped. They were suffering from that incapacity which befalls a body that from long indolence has lost the free use of its limbs. Nothing reveals the results of the system of the French government more glaringly than the peculiar character stamped on the speculation of the eighteenth century. To understand the measure of the change which had come over the whole constitution of French mind since it had last gathered itself to a great political effort, we must consider how different were the sources of inspiration sought on the two occasions. The language of the States-general in the assemblies just prior to the League is not that of innovation, but of the maintenance of laws which existed, although they might be often

broken. There is no appearance of invoking a new political faith, but the resolution of not forsaking the tradition of historical right. Men had political habits in those times, and all their desires were brought into accordance with them. If we look through the plentiful political literature of those days, we find that the book which then excited as much attention as the "Contrat Social" in the eighteenth century, is the "Franco-Gallia" written by the Protestant Hotman, and purporting to prove how from the earliest times the French nation possessed the acknowledged right to control its sovereign. Its popularity was universal, for in its false show of erudition public opinion found the fancied confirmation of a cherished idea. In the eighteenth century mind lives, on the contrary, in a world of its own creation; like an intellect burning brightly in a palsied frame, it derives none of its suggestions from the quickenings of its body, but seems rather to grow in strength and vigour in proportion as it becomes divorced from the latter. If men were sometimes drawn to reflection by events and institutions, they found these objects on a foreign soil. If Montesquieu and Voltaire startled their contemporaries by accounts of England which it was beyond their practical experience to understand, such books could only arrest attention for a moment, and were quite unable to make people permanently forsake their wild flights of speculation. It was this utter casting aside of all regard for established conditions which was the leading feature of that age, and at once formed the strength and the weakness of the French Revolution. Mind became braced to a degree of self-reliance and trust in itself amounting to folly, but which yet impelled it to such mighty undertakings that their very failures have a lasting worth. It was not the discovery of this or that novelty which endowed the Revolution with its force, but that feeling of consciousness which after-ages of slumber suddenly thrilled through the frame of the nation, and burst forth with the stern conviction of a religion. That in spite of such a power it should have failed in so many of its attempts is not wonderful. When ideas descend upon the stage of the world, they meet many stern realities which require to be overcome. When the French nation attempted to establish liberty, it easily found a space, but no ready materials for its erection. Though moved by the most ardent passion for freedom, it had lived so long under the guardianship of authority, that it brought to the work of reconstruction a habit of thought entirely stamped with the character of its former existence. While wishing to win liberty for individuals, it could not wean itself from the thought of the state, the only tradition preserved, until it lost the former in following the latter. This is not, however, a fault of natural incapacity, it is the consequence of



those laws from which no human mind can emancipate itself. It was the vice of the old system that it had allowed no institutions to survive; when the nation, therefore, by a public-spirited effort, tried to constitute itself, it found nowhere around it any hints that could aid it, and was of necessity forced to have recourse to the suggestions of speculation. One institution alone did it find existing, the all-engrossing *State*, and that institution it cherished to its own detriment; for, hoisting it on that colossal pedestal from which the pride of royalty had been pulled down, it deemed it compatible with liberty to endow the new idol with such despotic authority that all freedom was soon afresh enchained, and nothing but dire despotism existed. In this conduct there is, moreover, something which is not derived from mere political inexperience or the influence of the government immediately preceding the Revolution, but which springs from the very nature of the French. There is this great difference between the characters of the Anglo-Saxon and Gallic mind: the former has the habit of that mature thought which accustoms it to such consideration for the possible worth of divers opinions, that when transferring itself to the business of government, it so organizes the constitution of the commonwealth as to ensure due play to the freedom of individuals; the latter, always impelled by the supreme influence of one dominant idea, doubtlessly puts forth terrific vigour in its actions, but is always despotic in its mood. From this peculiarity of the French mind arises that inequality in exertion which has been proverbially reproached as fickleness; for its efforts, ever partaking of the impetuosity of impulse, of a necessity bring on that exhaustion which exacts from the strained body deep repose. In our hundreds and our shires we learnt those habits of self-government which have taught us to have a commonwealth; but in France the only sanctuary of liberty was the executive administration of the entrenched city, or the vigorous arm of royalty. The countryman fled to the municipality for shelter against the exactions of his lord. The world-wide difference between the whole manner of thought of the two people is at once revealed in the words they make use of to express their existence as a nation. The Englishman, in whose mind is uppermost the thought of those who *constitute* the whole, speaks of the *country*; the Frenchman, whose eye is, on the contrary, at once drawn to the forcible *embodiment* of the whole, speaks of the *State*. Thus, that supremacy of Paris which has often caused so much astonishment, and has been explained as a usurpation on the part of revolutionary violence, was in truth but the result of national tendencies: it coincided with the municipal traditions of France;



the eminence of the capital could not but grow irresistibly on the popular opinions of a nation which willingly merged its whole political existence in the all-engrossing grandeur of its representative.

It was through favour of this feeling that the power of Napoleon was established. There is a moment in all great popular revolutions when, after the violent strain and effort of outburst, a people is ever apt to yield itself up to the guidance of any leader whose presence of mind may supply the wants of the hour, and dissipate, by the vigilance of his care, the dangers arising out of the combination of victory and the fatigue of exertion. The French Revolution proceeded from two principles—the love of freedom and the love of equality; but while the former was the result of an unaided effort of the mind, which had nothing whereon to rely but the strength of its conviction, the latter was a feeling which found much support in circumstances, for, as soon as the factitious privileges of the old government were destroyed, it was found that its levelling authority had crushed all classes into unity. As, however, the whole system of this government, from the constitution of the royal household down to the administration of the poorest parish, had been carried on through institutions embodying the principles of exemptions and privileges, the Revolution found it necessary to discard everything which was in existence, and then to begin the work of reconstructing the State from its very foundation; and as if this gigantic undertaking of thorough reconstitution were not enough to satisfy the daring ambition of an experienced nation, war, in all the possible grandeur of its nature, came furthermore to task the resources of its faculties. But war brings with it that state of things where even the freest nation, possessed of a government that should be organized for all purposes, finds it often necessary, out of consideration for the danger of the commonwealth, to strengthen the vigour of administration, by the temporary suspension of some rights. In a country, therefore, where the whole organization was unhinged, where the entire edifice of government was gutted, and the old stores of administrative experience rendered useless, the difficulty of combating the stern reality of war was crushing. The fire of enthusiasm had inspired a great and glorious devotion; but enthusiasm is a strain which is no more immortal than the body itself which is capable of it. Hunger and destitution reduced the bravest armies, and no spirit can permanently defy a crushing combination of resources. It thus happened that the whole aspect of affairs changed; and that the nation which shortly before had been battling about projects for constitutions, now found its utmost energy tested to save its very existence.

It was in this conjuncture that the genius of Napoleon appeared  
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as a guardian angel to France. ' It was a moment when rapidity of design and energy of execution were the supreme wants of the State; and the question of right was willingly postponed in the hour of danger to that common country, the glory of which is a national sentiment. Napoleon, with the instinctive perception of a great mind, spoke also to the heart of the people in his decrees; and the whole organization of his administration was the embodiment of that principle of equality which was the strongest feeling of the Revolution. Like Richelieu, he made himself the violent organ of the State, and the people willingly submitted to the dictatorship of a man who took the initiative in carrying out measures in accordance with their desires. Indeed, there is such similarity between the manner of proceeding of these two men with regard to the internal administration of the country, that in everything essential the history of the one might stand for that of the other. It must be observed, that when we speak of the internal administration of Napoleon, it is not of the sham constitutions he set up, and which never possessed any life, but of the codes of laws and regulations for courts of justice and fiscal administration, which he caused to be drawn up; in short, the whole of that vigorous system of governmental institutions which he introduced, and which, in its spirit of concentration and utter disregard for exemptions and privileges, coincided with the popular feeling for equality, and the national love for the might of the State. If in the supreme danger of the country's subjection, the people thus willingly accepted the dictatorship of one whose ready genius supplied them in the crisis of anarchy with institutions, while his military talents saved them from defeat, the continuance of war proved also the reason why they consented to bear for so many years the excessive authority of his sway. It has been ingeniously said by the partisans of the first Emperor, that the proof of his government's strength lay in the fact, that it was only overthrown by the alliance of all Europe. The argument is a specious fallacy: the truth is, that as Napoleon, enticed by the charms of success, hurried the nation into wars which were suggested by the most wilful ambition, the minds of men reverted powerfully to those thoughts of political liberty which had inspired them in 1789, but which they had lost sight of in the turmoil of anarchic distress; so that but for a patriotic sense of the dangers to which a revolution exposes a State during times of war, and that attachment to national glory which we have pointed out as a leading trait of French character, the opposition to the Emperor's despotic authority would have burst forth vehemently long before his downfall.

The fact of the Restoration does not lie in the bringing back



of the Bourbons, but in that rehabilitation of the principle of constitutional freedom, of which it was the unconscious instrument in spite of itself. Never was there a more signal instance of the inability of man to measure the span of his own works. The whole pomp and pageantry of the Holy Alliance came to be the inaugural procession of popular right. The Bourbons passed away again without leaving a trace of their personal reappearance on the soil of France; but that principle which, almost without being regarded, thrust itself, as it were, upon them amidst the confusion of the moment, remained, and is still alive in public opinion, however it may seem killed at the present moment. Even that degraded Senate which had so fawningly cringed to the imperial might of Napoleon, sought to varnish its cowardly desertion of his distress by voting forms of popular government. Here begins the history of the France of our days; for the ruins of that government, which the present sway has succeeded, are not yet removed. Thirty-three years form a short space of time in the history of the world, though one long enough to be of importance in that of a nation; it is a period which suffices to have worn out a generation and to have formed a second one, which, now alive and in the vigour of manhood, has acquired in it all its habits and thoughts. These latter, moreover, are things which cannot be cast aside at will; the mind that changes its determination carries with it into its new resolution the stamp of its former state. We have seen this all along in French history. The temper of the French Revolution finds its explanation in the temper of the old system; and the actions of the man are but the result of the youth's experience. Such is yet the manifoldness that resides in human nature, that however clear the course of past history seems to us, our sight at once becomes overcharged by the fulness of the present; and as our understanding loses its precision when directed on ourselves, so our discernment becomes distracted amidst the mass of possibilities which are presented to it. The only guide which our hesitation can thus find is history; though here again we are not free from difficulties, for history is the book of the past, while times never repeat themselves exactly. Nevertheless, it is the record of the deeds of man, and as such the only register of his habits and faculties; in which we may find a clue to the probable course of his behaviour, under circumstances more or less analogous. For this reason, it is natural that every one considering the latter portion of French history, should be led to make comparison with that of England, because avowedly it has been attempted to model the government of France on that of our country; and it is a matter of no small import to living generations to satisfy themselves as to whether the failures they



have undergone in attempting their own government, are owing to such radical defects in their nature, as to deprive them of the hope of attaining their end.

From the very first day of the establishment of the government of the Restoration, it became apparent that there were two parties which, like two nations, divided the country, between whom there could be no peace until the one was completely conquered by the other. On one side there was the mass of the population, which, rebounding from the despotism of the Empire, but tempered by the experience of its own efforts, reverted to the great and fundamental principles of liberty. These, rooted in conviction, had inspired the Revolution, and now sprang up again with a healthier and a steadier growth, after having been vainly tried to be stifled by oppression. On the other side there was that body which, having left France when it was being reconstituted, knew only its old manner of life, and now returned with an unwavering conviction that the victory which had been won was to inaugurate its recommencement. Between convictions there is no mediation possible; the history of France for sixteen years was a tissue of attacks and encroachments. The constitution which Louis XVIII. had given, contained in it that vital error inherent to all the actions of men whose trimming nature makes them incapable of large decisions; it tried to have a regard to so many interests that it satisfied none. It consecrated the principle of popular government by the very fact of its existence, and the recognition of an elected parliament, from which, endowed with the right of public debate, the acts of the government alone could derive a legal sanction. But at the same time it established an hereditary aristocracy, which, having no virtual existence in the country, was never anything but a semblance and a sham. This hollow creation would, however, have been of small consequence in hampering the free course of the government, if the elective chamber had, indeed, in its constitution been the representative of the country at large. But this never was the case; the electoral law was so restricted and so complicated that the executive, possessed of all the administrative prerogative which the Empire had created, never had the least reason to fear popular opposition in the elections. The only opposition which the government of Louis XVIII. had to encounter in the Chambers, was the immoderate passion of the aristocratic party; for this was the only party which ever introduced itself in a body within its walls. It thus happened, that although a few well-known and distinguished men succeeded in gaining admission, and session after session protested against the reactionary violence which animated the government, the country at large ceased

to regard the parliament as its representative, and sought another stage whereon to proclaim that opinion which could not make itself heard in the Chambers. The literature of the day became the battle-field of popular desires, and even the lecture-halls of the University were converted into high-schools of political teaching. Thus was brought about a state of things where it might be said that there existed two representations—the one possessed of all the forms of such a body, but little regarded and of no importance, unless when at times animated by a reactionary fury harmful to that very king it meant to serve; the other unrecognised, yet constituted, strong in the support of the intelligence of the country, and existing in all the vigour of that spirit whose dangerous strength it had been thought to fetter in the trammels of an entangled constitution, but which had, instead, betaken itself to a freer and less hampered scene. In England, we have always found an antidote to the influence of Court and ministers, and to the narrow temper of former Houses of Commons, whose members were elected according to a vicious system, in the action of that public feeling which they encountered in their daily lives as magistrates, country gentlemen, or men of business. Habits of common government and common interests had become virtually established amongst us long before they had been recognised by the Reform Bill in the constitution of Parliament, and therefore by the force of circumstances they always succeeded in tempering it to some degree. Our public meetings, and that self-government which pervades our institutions, have brought with them that interchange of opinion, and introduced that practical connexion between interests throughout the country, that for a long time past it could not happen otherwise amongst us but that the majority of the House of Commons, through its relations and duties in private life, must in the long run be influenced in its appreciations of measures rather by considerations of common weal than of personal advantage. In France, there was no such field as in England for the practical reinforcement of popular opinions by public life in the country, for the whole administration was entirely in the hands of the executive. Besides, as we have before shown, the political thought of the country had sprung from reflection, not from custom. It was an effort of intelligence, the chief promoters of which had been the men of letters; so that the whole language and nature of French liberalism are stamped with the type of a speculative origin. It was therefore natural, that, in a society the sentiments of which sprang from such a source, and in which there was as yet no room given to practical and business-like expositions of its wants, the resource of literary freedom should have been cherished, both as the



cradle of its ideas of liberty and as the only refuge from present oppression. It was from these circumstances that, during the Restoration, literature attained such political importance that the men of letters came to be the political leaders of the country, while amongst themselves they were strong in a spirit of association which was fostered by the guild-like constitution of the Academy,—the only institution of the ancient monarchy which seemed to have gained splendour from the Revolution, and which assumed the pretension of being the chartered representative of thought and literature. The privileges of its charter endowed this body with an independence which removed it from government control, but also was the cause of inoculating it with those jealous feelings common to guilds, and which show themselves in a literary one by a pedantic susceptibility and a supercilious spirit of dogmatic authority. Its members thought themselves the guardians of the intelligence of the country, and the only persons who had the right to educate it. Such a body, if little likely to be liberal in its inclinations, was, however, sure to be most tenacious of its independent privileges against all aggressors, and it was, moreover, possessed of a standing which gave it weight in the eyes of the public. Being at bottom an authority of most despotic inclinations, it was yet an authority of popular power, at whose service it involuntarily placed the aid of an organization entirely impressed with the spirit of the old system of privilege. The government soon offended the sensitiveness of its members, first by the little attention it paid to their recommendations in matters supposed to be within their official domains, and then by the daily increasing severity of the censorship. The Academy, grave and pedantic as it was in temper, was yet animated with the feeling that it was its duty to assert the right of free thought, and to keep alive a veneration for French literature, and therefore, just as the government manifested an alliance with that which was most hostile to its traditions—the fanatical party amongst the clergy,—it allowed itself to be swept along by the current of discontent, until it found itself involuntarily driven to timid manifestations of hostility, which were equally caught up and made much of by the opposition out of doors, glad to establish the fact that it was acting in concert with so reputed a body. Nor was the union a false pretence; for at this time all opposition was still entirely general. Political opinion was directed to protest unitedly against the violence of usurpation, and had not yet become distracted by differences. Between the Academy and the University there had always been so close an intimacy that they might be considered twin institutions, and now, also, several of its professors, while treating subjects of general history, held lectures which were



understood to be direct protests against the spirit of the government. Thus was there a perfect organization of the whole intelligence of the country in opposition to the ruling powers—an opposition which was marked by strict legality but great activity; and which daily waxed in esteem and consideration as the government more and more outraged public feeling by its persecution of the press and fanatical subserviency to the clergy. The situation had much resemblance with that just before the first Revolution; for, although a constitution was acknowledged to be in existence, yet public opinion found its only resort in the world of letters, which through the corporation of the Academy was recognised as a constituted body. Nor was this the only element hostile to the government. It had likewise offended all that middle class which during the Revolution had been aroused to consciousness, as well as all those whose great wealth earned in industry and commerce had won for them a leading place in the complicated society of a capital like Paris, while they daily received slights at the hands of the overbearing nobility of the court. In this manner the government had become completely isolated. It is no wonder therefore, that when the Court in its blind folly went so far at last as to tear the very record of any pledge of right, it fell to the ground at once like a broken image. Supported only by a few nobles and priests, it awoke one morning to find itself in the destitution of utter abandonment. The rapidity of the popular victory was such that its merit was undisputedly ascribed to those who, on its eve, had figured as leaders of opinion. The struggle was so short that it was still supposed to have been fought by those men whose timid opposition, shrinking from danger, had only derived significance from the meaning which the enthusiasm of the audience applied to their words. If their hearts, however, had failed them in the hours of the crisis, ambition and interest made them quick to snatch the prize which public opinion believed to belong to them by right. Thus it was the trembling haste of a few men, aghast at the situation they found themselves in, that put the crown of France on the brow of Louis Philippe.

The monarchy of July was meant to be the empire of the middle classes and of the intelligence of the country,—it became the empire of an academic oligarchy, puffed up with pedantic pride, while, under much show of dogmatic arrogance, it crouched subserviently to the enterprising ambition of the sovereign. The king was possessed of a desire for such greatness as aims solely at personal and family aggrandizement; and without one atom of that daring boldness in his character which startles and astonishes men, his great talent was adroitness in cunning, as the great quality of his best years had been a noiseless and persevering

prudence. A Liberal, according to the standard of the Restoration, when it sufficed to miss a Church ceremony to be considered such, he was raised to the throne by those who unexpectedly found themselves the arbiters of France, with not more reason than that which placed in this position men whose utter want of independent character and resolution became at once apparent as soon as the dexterous influence of royal flattery was brought to bear on them. The electoral franchise had indeed been enlarged, but with such jealous caution, that although public opinion was not absolutely excluded, yet as the executive was left in possession of the exorbitant power acquired by former governments, it ever had to struggle hard to obtain a hearing. The state of parties in the Chambers was, therefore, not only no true reflection of that in the country, but, what was infinitely worse, there arose the habits of personal parties, which always must arise in any parliament, the narrowness of whose constitution makes it to be rather a corporate than a national body; and while the government, contracting the horizon of its views to that of the parliamentary world, thought itself secure as long as it adroitly shielded itself from any combination of parties within it, it remained blind to the truth that public opinion was gathering its strength without. The years of representative government had taught people the habit of political discussion and conduct; there was no longer the same hesitating and uncertain opposition as during the Restoration, but that abler and more resolute one which is the result of political experience. Yet the government, trusting to the unmeaning support of fictitious parties, took no notice whatever thereof, and looked contemptuously on the rising tide of public opinion with the haughty superciliousness of dogmatism. The king, grown grey in successful intrigue, had arrived at believing implicitly in the infallibility of his skill, while age coming on him with its palsy, had stiffened the suppleness of his once pliant wit into rigid obstinacy. While the only aim of his endeavours was to maintain and preserve for his race the dignity he had been lucky enough to procure, his avidity made him devise schemes of family aggrandizement, the deceitfulness of which lost him the confidence of foreign governments, at the same time that his fear of internal excitement, and cautious dislike of all daring measures, caused him to recoil from the resolution of carrying out his designs by recourse to war. The same spirit of covert plotting animated his conduct abroad and at home; corrupt influences, which already had been brought to bear on the elections, were universally sought as means of defeating the growing strength of opposition; the whole administration became an action of patronage and bribery, and the scandalous revelations brought to light in the last years of the monarchy,



opened to view the most appalling picture of a government reposing on the support of bribery and corruption, as the means of enabling it to rule its people. Thus was France vitiated, at home and crouching abroad, systematically disorganized in the healthy action of its body, while its weak and humiliating behaviour reduced it to be looked down upon by the world at large. Nevertheless, the period of this government had been one of great consequence for the education of the public mind. If the Chambers had been prevented by their constitution from becoming the full expression of the feeling of the country, they had yet been sufficiently comprehensive to be a school where mind became initiated to practical habits of government, and was acquiring a knowledge of businesslike readiness in the labour of parliamentary struggles. Also, the whole character of the opposition showed how much progress had been made by the nation since the Restoration; while then it had been entirely restricted to literary efforts, it was now thoroughly political in its manifestations; and if the press was vigorously plied, it was only, as it should be, an auxiliary engine to assist the determined and practical attempts of public opinion at asserting its rightful mastery in that which was properly its own house. So was there also a statesmanlike moderation in the conduct and demands of the opposition, which showed how it was not at all animated by crude inexperience and reckless frenzy. The two principal measures called for were, indeed, so temperate, that the obstinacy of the government in refusing to entertain them, amounts to positive infatuation. The electoral franchise, which did not qualify quite 400,000 voters, was to be so far enlarged as to increase this number to about 1,200,000; and as the influence of the executive, by its excessive patronage, was overpowering, there was to be a restriction as to the eligibility of officials as deputies. This last measure was especially advocated by M. de Remusat, who, laying aside the studies he had of late been engaged in, reappeared on the scene of parliamentary debate with that assiduity which is prompted by earnest zeal, and that weight which is always attached to enlightened conviction. The conduct of the opposition was, indeed, admirable; all the differences of personal inclinations were merged in that large and public-spirited feeling which constitutes true party, and without which a popular assembly becomes the stage of faction. It is not the recklessness of the opposition leaders which is to be blamed that a useful reform became a barren revolution; the fault lies with the irritating and supercilious headstrongness of a government, which, blind to the existence of public opinion, drove a people to revolt, while it believed that it only had to coerce a batch of parliamentary mutineers. When in the twelfth hour it sought to



soothe by concessions that popular indignation which, by a successful revolt, had at last asserted its recognition, it found to its cost that all confidence had passed away from it, and so suspicious had public opinion become of all those men to whom it had willingly submitted in 1830, that it would absolutely have nothing to say to them any more, and under the excitement of the moment yielded itself to the thought of a republic, in the absence of an arrangement that immediately presented itself as an acceptable solution of the situation, as had been the case in 1830 with the candidacy of Louis Philippe.

It is, however, a common practice to quote that monarch's reign as a proof that the French are unfit for a free government, and unable to enjoy it like ourselves. The opinion appears to us to be one of those hasty judgments formed on a superficial glance at events which it is the common lot of contemporaries to pronounce on their age. Let us read the opinions of the greatest men about their own times, and how few had any just appreciation of their true worth and the value of their own efforts. The English and the French nations, marked by diverse characters, have gone two wholly different ways, not from choice but from the force of circumstances. Since the Norman Conquest, England has been constituted as one country—we have had nobles who have been at times unruly, but they have never been anything else than nobles of the realm. The unity of the country has never been in danger, and thus has there been no period in our history when the people, trembling for their national existence, could be tempted to lose sight of their individual rights in voluntary submission to the guardianship of a dictator. France, on the contrary, was only constituted through a long war waged by the people, under the supremacy of royalty, against the independence of the princes; and therefore, while in our country the two classes of nobles and yeomen grew up side by side as fellows of one commonwealth, in France there existed only a royal power and a people cemented in a war alliance against men who, instead of being the peers, were the enemies of the realm. When, consequently, the two people came to determine their respective methods of government, the action of each was modified by the peculiar circumstances of its experience. We occupied ourselves with tempering what we had long possessed in the block, and became reformers; but the French were forced to have recourse to a revolution, from the very fact that they were impelled by the feeling that this ancient dictatorship had become quite unbearable by permanently usurping every independent power and absorbing all pre-existing institutions, not any more for the purpose of warding off danger, but for the selfish aggrandizement of its own despotism. The distance between these two starting points is

the distance between two poles of a globe. When we enacted our Revolution we never thought of beginning a new order of things, but of defending our possession of that which was our own: but the French, in 1789, were in the temper of conquest; they were animated by the desire of throwing off a yoke and acquiring something new: When people, moreover, only consider the regularity of our proceedings at the present day, or the public morality which pervades the conduct of the home government of our time, and then, looking at the corruption presented by the late French monarchy, and the personal character of parties in its Chambers, pronounce at once an opinion that there can be no comparison between the carriage of the two nations, they speak with the blindness of ignorance. It is not with us of the present day and with our reformed parliament that the French should be compared, but with our forefathers of the eighteenth century and the parliaments that sat between 1688 and the time of that great reform movement which transformed factions into great and consistent parties. During that period we also were endowed with a representative assembly the members of which were so chosen that they were in most cases the nominees of patronage, and the consequence is that our parliamentary history of the whole of last century is a time of personal intrigues, selfish coalitions or factions, combinations, with a recognised system of wholesale bribery; and it is only as publicity becomes more and more established, that the influence of occult and personal means is put to flight by the invasion of public spirit and a regard for common weal. Let us consider the spectacle of the House of Commons of Walpole's day, and ask ourselves what prognostics an intelligent inquirer might have been reasonably led to draw as to the future of a country avowedly based on self-government, when its very legislative assembly presented such a picture of venality, unless he possessed rare circumspection enough to take notice not only of that which met the eye, but also to measure the most hidden workings of the people's mind. If there is one lesson which history teaches it is this—that we can never be too careful about pronouncing the worthlessness of a nation on account of its apparent bad habits, just as we can never reckon with a certainty on a body's immediate dissolution, however alarmingly it may be affected by disease. There is an ease in custom and a contagion in example which makes nations, as individuals, often adopt evil manners, although they may be nowise naturally inclined to them, and may only require the shock of a generous impulse to be aroused to a consciousness of their errors. As soon as Burke and the great Whig party flung large and national measures upon the floor of the House of Commons, and by the example of their high-minded and disinterested public spirit



startled the drowsiness of its corrupt lethargy, so soon did the honest and patriotic feeling of the country awake again, and prove that it had only allowed itself to be momentarily stifled by the seduction of evil models and facile habits. No feeling is so delicate as shame, but its very keenness makes it to be easily blunted, as the edge of a razor is spoilt by one notch. Under no mask does corruption stalk more successfully on the conscience than under that of routine, and to that which a man recoils from as a private action he will often accommodate himself, without reluctance, when it meets him in the guise of custom sanctioned by official habit. The mass of men does not consist of heroes; they are not willing to risk the venture of their fortunes in combating that which they find is done by most, however objectionable it may seem; and thus the prevalence of bounties and gifts amongst a class of officials is no sufficient evidence for their worthlessness at heart and utter want of civic qualities. That venality did exist to a frightful extent in France has been already said, but by whom was it denounced but by the nation itself, and by whom was it abetted but by the government, which wilfully refused to take any notice whatsoever of public opinion. There is an ugly feature in French society which has often been noticed, and does, indeed, deserve consideration in this place, as being the consequence of an easy adoption of accidental habit: it is an unfortunate consequence of repeated changes of rule that the officials, living mostly by the salaries of their places, accustom themselves to deem it compatible with principle to transfer their allegiance with a facility highly detrimental to public morality. Unsettled government has inevitably the evil effect of shaking conviction in the idea of permanency, and of accustoming men's minds to ideas of compromise and accommodation, the demoralizing effect of which becomes soon apparent in all actions. The question is not, however, as to the absolute excellence or worthlessness of French political society, but whether, under given circumstances, it could be reasonably expected to be otherwise, and whether the inferences to be drawn from its temper are hopeless for its future prosperity. To us, then, it seems that the evils with which it is affected are natural to its situation, nor by any means irreparable, and that, consequently, it is far from being in a state of hopeless exhaustion or helpless dissolution.

There is yet one other argument which has been frequently employed to prove the inaptitude of the French for liberty: it is said that the mobility of their temper never allows them to remain satisfied with anything for a length of time, and keeps hurrying them into unnecessary revolutions out of mere instability and fickleness. Now it is very true that since 1688 we have never seen the succession disturbed in England, while the last sixty years have



seen five systems of government follow each other in France. But before we lay these changes to the charge of a mad love of novelty, let us examine whether the French were ever placed in the circumstances which have insured our tranquillity? First, we may safely say that if Queen Anne had lived a few weeks longer, our history would have to recount at least an attempt at a change of the succession by treacherous plottings on the part of the first ministers and peers of the kingdom, which would have certainly brought on us much civil disorder of the worst sort. But leaving aside all suppositions, we must bear in mind the undeniable fact that, when all Europe was suffering under the sway of sovereigns able to carry out the arbitrary notions with which they were imbued, we happened to be left to ourselves by the chance luck of possessing successively two foreign kings who, being complete strangers in this country, found themselves utterly unable to interfere in its government. It was not until George III. came to the throne that, being an Englishman, and having formed alliances amongst his countrymen, an attempt was made to assert the power of the crown, which, however, signally failed in presence of an opposition, presenting on the occasion a consistency derived from the traditions and habits of two generations. In France, on the contrary, no constitutional government has yet been of one piece; there has always been division between the constitution and the sovereign, who either was imposed on the people, as the Bourbons, or ever covertly plotted against those institutions of which he was chosen the guardian, as was the case with Louis Philippe. Therefore, here again the fault which has been charged to the French nation is one not of their own making, but the result of circumstances; and the only occasion where the accusation of flightiness can be justly maintained is that in 1848 they allowed themselves to be prematurely hurried into the Republic, when it would have been better to rest satisfied with the king's concessions and abdication. Nevertheless, one fact is patent: four years after the French nation had proclaimed the Republic, it submitted without any serious opposition to the dictatorship of one man. Is not this the act of a people that is at a loss what to do with liberty when it has it, and is not thus a dictatorial government as at present established the one most permanently suitable to its wants? As to the former question, we might point, in answer, to the trite example of our own country submitting quietly to the omnipotence of Cromwell after its violent republican outburst; but there are still other reasons which seem to us a more satisfactory apology for the event. One must never forget the fact that the Republic in 1848 was as premature in its arrival as the birth of a child before its time. France was steadily growing in political development when the

stiffnecked obstinacy of the government repressed its youthful vigour with such a strain that a reaction of equal excess was necessarily brought on. The burthen of the task which was thus suddenly undertaken by the French nation was one that could suffice for the labours of generations, instead of a few months. There were, moreover, several special reasons which rendered a satisfactory solution of the proposed problem almost impossible at the time, and powerfully aided the accession to power of the present Emperor. First, there was a national attachment to his name—the only one that from amidst the ruins of the past retained the charms of fascination for the people of the present day. The influence of such an attachment is immense; it commands all the involuntary sympathies of the lower classes; it dominates with the irresistible spell of romantic associations all the suggestions of cold reason, and it acts on popular imagination with that spirit of poetry which more than anything else excites the masses. Besides this spell of his name, Louis Napoleon had likewise the support of a general panic in which men always cling to the first banner that promises safety. Socialism and the Red Republic frightened the wits of all those men of slender wealth and hoarded earnings whose number is legion in France; and in the terror of alarm the security of any vigorous government was hailed, as had been the case with the first Napoleon during the former revolution. Such were the powerful auxiliaries that offered themselves to the ambition of Louis Napoleon. The romantic attachment of popular imagination, and the claims of those fearful of being robbed, literally beseeched him to occupy the throne. Whether, however, they will be ready to maintain him on it is another question. We have seen that it is not only not contrary to the traditions of the French nation to accept the aid of a dictator ready to take the initiative in furthering, however despotically, its desires; but that such a measure is even in accordance with the whole course of its history. If the present autocracy be therefore of this sort—if it embodies that after which the nation has been struggling for the last sixty years, and which, being the result of a conviction on its part, has never been lost sight of amidst all its mischances, then we may expect to see it flourish and continue. It is, however, not to be denied that the object at which all the nation's endeavours have aimed, however unsuccessfully, is liberty; and that there is that in the nature of this idea which can as little accommodate itself with despotism as fire with water. A mind may be inexperienced enough not to know how to make a good use of liberty, and will thus be unruly and fitful in its mood; but until it have entirely thrown off the essence of its old nature, it never will resign itself permanently to a slavish temper. A mind



wanting in self-control will most certainly, after vital sallies, be so weary as to become for a time the easy prey of any daring spirit; but until its energy be completely exhausted it will never be lastingly submissive. It was the frenzy of the Reign of Terror which brought on such a trance, and allowed the mighty authority of Napoleon I. to spring up only to tumble down as suddenly as it arose; and it was the fear of a similar fit of madness that called into existence the second Empire. We must not, however, be blind to the ability and public spirit which the present Government has shown in many instances, or the real services it has rendered. That national glory which is the heirloom of a Bonaparte, and has such attractions for the French, has been again upraised from its humiliation. France, which in the timid hands of Louis Philippe had sunk to be slighted by all Europe, has lifted her head afresh and maintained the ancient renown of her bravery. Still the intrinsic merit of this is not sufficient for the permanent maintenance of a government, military splendour is costly, and if the Emperor should seek in conquest the means of continuing it, he will as assuredly enter on the path of his destruction as his uncle before him. If a government is to contain within it elements of life, the well of their replenishment must be in its institutions; for all support from without must by its nature be only temporary and accidental. The governments of Henry IV., Richelieu, and Napoleon I. are examples of this; all that proved permanent in the creations of these men was not derived from the fact of their despotism, but from the intrinsic merit of the use which they made of their power. The present Empire has tried to give itself the benefit of similar support by attempting to identify itself with popular desires. Thus while its daily conduct is in every way most arbitrary, it has yet affected much regard for universal suffrage, and made a blustering show of democratic profession.

Not to dwell, however, on the hollowness of this language, which partakes of an effrontery which is most detrimental to public morality, there is moreover a grave political fault in this behaviour; for it is not the extension of democratic sentiment which France seeks, but those habits of composure and orderly action which are necessary to the enjoyment of liberty, and can only be acquired in a course of intimacy with it. Democracy has long ago taken entire possession of French society, which is as destitute of aristocratic elements as that of the United States. Not only do we find a mere mistake in this profession of the government, but we find it fraught with harm to the country's future; for all its late disorders have arisen from an ill assortment between its practical acquaintance with the habits of liberty, and its excessive education in democracy; and as the latter, therefore,



has acted like a surfeit on the weak experience of the nation, a wise government would rather repress than foster this tendency, until it saw the people more advanced in practical knowledge and self-command. If we now look at the main spirit of the administration, we find that it reposes entirely on an excessive effort of that centralizing strain, which is the most dangerous hitch in the political body of France. Supported by the tendency of the nation to allow its individual liberties to be absorbed for the enlargement of the State, the government has contrived to set up an administrative machine that surpasses all former ones in the extent and power of its range, but the mechanism of which is exposed to this most serious danger, that the whole of its complicated organization depends on the vigour of one spring. France may at present be likened to a body solely dependent on the spinal cord for movement: let that be injured, and all its limbs become powerless. This spirit of centralization has been the source of all the difficulties which have embarrassed her in her attempts at reconstitution, as of the facility with which her revolutions have been effected. The action of the present government, instead of trying to amend this failing, has only tended to confirm a vicious habit to which it owes the possibility of its own existence; and thus, so far from proving in any sense a corrective discipline, it takes the appearance of a state of things which is the result of an excessive indulgence in harmful habits. A similar spectacle meets our eye if we look at the feverish efforts made to stimulate the industry and commerce of the country. There is notoriously no nation in the world which, arrived at the same pitch of development as France, remains so entrammelled in fetters of protection and prohibition. Its whole commercial and industrial system is the result of artificial productions, while all possibility of independent growth has been rendered impracticable by the complications of a fiscal administration detrimental to all free interchange and expansion, and which has been retained with the inveteracy of habit by all successive revolutions. Of late, sounder views of political economy have been springing up; but it was in the nature of so defective a Chamber and so time-serving a government as existed under Louis Philippe, to be a nursery for all special interests, and so every measure of sound reform was foiled by a coalition of monopolists. Here, therefore, there was a fine field of practical usefulness open to the unlimited authority of a dictator. The government did accordingly, with much bustle, set about what it professed would be the regeneration of French industry, and the result has been the fostering of a crop of stock-jobbing associations, whose unscrupulous boldness in speculation, concentrated in the sensitive market of so feverish a society as that of Paris, has conjured up, with the

logerdomain of dishonesty and dupery, the most gorgeous semblances of wealth, hereafter to dissolve into the hideous vacancy of misery. The present government seems to us, in short, to have its only support in the courage and ability of one man; it is simply a personal government, which can inspire confidence if we have trust in the qualities of its chief, but the stability of which must, by its nature, be circumscribed within the limits of his life. France is at this moment occupied in a military manner by Bonapartism; such military occupation can, however, become a permanent government only under two conditions, neither of which exist in France. It can be a lasting state of things in the event of the subjection of one people to another by power of conquest: such was the rule of the Franks over the Gauls, and with us of the Normans over the Saxons. It can also become established in the period of a nation's decay, when its vigour and life have sunk into decrepitude, and political activity is willingly abandoned to a chief and the turbulent troops of a prætorian guard. Neither of these cases apply to France; the French army is of the same flesh and blood as the people, and should it be tempted to aim at an independent position of its own, and for a time be even able to acquire it, it would yet be unable to maintain it. A prætorian guard requires a foreign element to constitute it. No really national army can keep up its warlike spirit, and at the same time prove treacherous to its country. That a nation of habits so military as the French has such fondness for the army as to allow the latter often to interfere directly and harmfully in political events is undoubted, but between such an influence and the permanent one of a constituted military guild, usurping every other power and spurning communion with the mass of citizens, there is an immense difference. In France one may always expect to see the army play a prominent part in a political crisis; but its action is restricted to the vehement expression of a popular desire, and not to the reckless fulfilment of wanton whims of its own. It seems to us that when there are such vices, as above pointed out, in the constitution of a government, their evil effects cannot fail to tell fatally sooner or later, however resolutely it may be attempted to counteract their accumulation by an even excessive activity. The actual existence of the present Empire seems to us easily intelligible under the circumstances of its origin, but viewed in itself, with regard to its chances of permanency, we deem it an impossibility; it amounts to nothing less than a bold attempt to force back the current of the age by the influence of resolute courage, much zeal, and even public-spirited enterprise, and a still greater stock of transparent pretence, which is becoming every day more threadbare. Its very starting-point is against its chances of permanent success;



for it is not 'only a restoration', but the very worst of restorations, since it designedly sets up afresh that which lives in the recollection of all classes as the most thorough delusion and sham. "Napoleon I.'s administrative system has outlived all succeeding revolutions, and is cherished by the nation as embodying the essence of its wishes; but his political constitution has never been remembered as anything else than the hollowest semblance and mockery. Yet this is the constitution which the second Empire has re-established, and affected seriously to present as the means of the pacification and welfare of France. The effect of such a measure on the public mind is evident; the government that perpetrates it sinks at once in general esteem, although it may still be supported from other considerations. The constitution it gives is a gift for which no one is thankful: its worth is already known to consist in being a handy mark for despotism. Better, therefore, would it have been for the government to proclaim openly its intentions, than to adopt a disguise to the very name of which a ridicule is attached. All other governments, however vain and futile in their natures, possessed, at all events in their commencement, that passing strength which springs from the enthusiasm of the moment; they proceeded, probably, from a fanciful whim, but it was one which for the hour had taken hold of the nation's mind, and therefore was for the time supported by its excited efforts; whereas the present constitution was worse than still-born—it was a professed resuscitation of that which was universally known and believed never to have been anything but a counterfeit.

It is a hazardous thing to pretend to read the future. The examples are too many how the wisest have been blinded, by their wishes, to the truth of things, not to make one hesitate before venturing on prophesy. What will be the course of France we do not pretend to say; the events of a nation are subject in their details to circumstances beyond the range of forethought; and in France there is such a complication of possibilities, that the success of any depends on circumstances of the moment. But what we believe can be fearlessly stated is this, that France is not exhausted—has not yet reached the age of its decline—and will not continue for ever as it is at present. The principles of the Revolution have become a conviction, which is so far from being worn out, that, on the contrary, it has gained in vital strength under the pressure of present times. However much the government may seem surrounded by adherents, we find on examination that its trusty followers are both few and without much consideration: the thought and intelligence of the country stand aloof from it. It is true, that the splendid name of Bonaparte has an immense attraction with the mass, which is the



stronger that it is without a rival ; but the attachment being one of imagination and ignorant fancy, partakes of that character of exaggeration which is put to flight by the necessary disappointment which excessive expectations always incur on contact with reality. It would, however, be wrong to consider the downfall of the Empire to be imminent, on the authority of that opposition which is the one most apparent. This opposition mainly proceeds from the ruffled vanity of that academic and dogmatic class which has lost all influence with the nation by its narrow-minded and illiberal conduct when in power, and which now only talks freedom, because it winces itself under the curb of a master. This generation has had its day, and is past ; its only importance is this, that, being possessed of that standing and eminence which are always attached to reasoners, as well as of a ready mastery of exposition from long habit, it helps in its present humour to give expression to that vaguer sentiment of discontent which is prevalent, and thus unwittingly tends to blow up a fire which will be beyond its power to quench. What is infinitely more serious is, that none of those men have rallied round the Empire, who, now in the vigour of manhood and intelligence, are looked to by the country as its chief ornaments. The loss of these is not to be compensated by the adhesion of hackneyed politicians, or the throng of starving officials whose shivering poverty makes them now as compliant to the Empire as it would to-morrow to any other government. The action of a vigorous man at the head of the state, in a country of so peculiar a temper as France, is greater and easier than in any other enlightened country, and its visible effect is therefore not to be taken as a proof of the lasting strength of such authority.

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## ART. V.—THE SONNETS OF SHAKSPEARE.

1. *On the Sonnets of Shakespear identifying the Person to whom they are addressed, and elucidating several Points in the Poet's History.* By James Boaden, Esq. London: Thomas Rodd. 1837.
2. *Shakspear's Autobiographical Poems: being his Sonnets clearly developed.* By C. A. Brown. London: Bohn. 1838.
3. *The Poems of Shakspeare.* Edited by Robert Bell. London: John W. Parker and Son. 1855.
4. *Les Sonnets de William Shakspear: traduits pour la première fois en entier.* Par François Victor Hugo. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1857.
5. *A Lithograph Fac-simile of a Copy of Shakspear's Sonnets, discovered by Professor Tycho Mommsen in the Bentinck Library at Varel, near Oldenburg.* 1857.

THE interest felt concerning the sonnets of Shakspeare centres itself more or less according to different readers round three different points. 1, The mere antiquarian and critical opinion as to whom they were addressed. 2, and most important of all, The manner in which they illustrate Shakspeare's life and character. 3, The beauty of their poetry:—and into these three divisions do we propose to divide our subject; so that readers indifferent upon one point may easily refer to another.

I. The first edition of the sonnets of Shakspeare, together with a poem called "A Lover's Complaint," was entered on the books of the Stationers' Company May 20th, 1609, and was published in the same year "by G. Eld, for T. T., to be sold by William Aspley." Very recently Professor Tycho Mommsen has discovered in the Bentinck Library at Varel, another copy of this edition, which states they "are to be sold by John Wright, dwelling at Christ Church gate, 1609;" the date in the only other extant copy in the Bodleian Library being unfortunately cut off by the binder—thus showing, as Mr. Collier observes, that two other stationers besides Thomas Thorpe were concerned in their publication, and that hence we may infer their great popularity. There are in all 154 sonnets, two of them (numbered 138, 144) having been published before in "The Passionate Pilgrim," a volume fraudulently put forth in 1590 and 1612, by William Jaggard, as Shakspeare's, though containing, amongst

some genuine pieces, poems by other writers, and against which, we know by Heywood's testimony, Shakspeare warmly protested; though, it would seem, with his 'usual indifference' on such points, he took no further notice, for the volume was republished as his in 1640. Out of these 154 sonnets, 124 are addressed to a man evidently holding a high position, and the remainder to a woman who was on terms of the closest intimacy both with the poet and his friend. No doubts, as far as we are aware, have ever been raised upon any good grounds, against their genuineness. Prefixed to them is the following enigmatic inscription by the publisher, Thomas Thorpe:—

“ To . The . onlie . begetter . of .  
 These . insuing . Sonnets .  
 Mr. W. H . all . Happinesse .  
 And . that . eternitie .  
 Promised .  
 By .  
 Our . ever-living Poet .  
 Wisheth .  
 The . well-wishing .  
 Adventurer . in .  
 Setting .  
 Forth. T. T.”

Singular, indeed, has been the fate of W. H., to whom poet and publisher promised immortality. To us do these sonnets appear like the pyramids of Egypt, baffling the traveller's skill to question them. Nearer he approaches; he enters the threshold, and scans the characters carved on the stones, but they are a mystery to him. He passes into the chambers of the dead; they too are a mystery. He sees the cere-cloth and papyrus-scroll, and mummy-coffin, and the vaulted roof over head; they were all meant to immortalize the dead clay, but are now only a wonder and a mystery. Let us see what we can do towards making out who this W. H. was, but first let us briefly examine the theories of others.

1. Mr. William Hart, the poet's nephew, is the first claimant, but he was unfortunately not born, as the register of his baptism at Stratford shows, till 1600, and two of these sonnets were printed in 1599, a year before his birth; so that we may safely dismiss him.

2. That Mr. W. H. was no other than Queen Elizabeth. We can only say that had Shakspeare really written these sonnets to her Majesty, he has used such an effectual blind, that when it is explained we cannot see through it. Mr. Chalmers was led into this hypothesis by supposing that the “Amoretti” of Spenser were addressed to the Queen; but every one who has read the 74th



and 80th sonnets in that collection knows that they were not addressed to the Queen at all, but to the lady Spenser married.

3. We think we may also pass by with a smile the other equally humorous conjecture of Tyrwhitt's, that the initials W. H. stood for a Mr. W. Hughes, arguing from the line,

"A man in *hue* all Hews in his controlling."—Sonnet 20.

Such playing upon words is more like the catches in children's riddles, than historical inquiry.

4. That it was Henry Wriothesly, Earl of Southampton, to whom the poet had previously dedicated his "Venus and Adonis," and the "Rape of Lucrece." We will say nothing to the transposition of the letters of his name to make them fit, or to the circumstance that the Earl of Southampton succeeded to his title at eight years old, so that he could never have been Mr. Wriothesly when Shakspeare knew him, but simply look to the facts of his life. In 1596-7 we find him serving in the fleet off Cadiz and the Azores. In the following year he accompanies Essex to Ireland, and is more or less implicated in his designs; and early in 1601 he is tried for high treason and committed to the Tower, from which he is not released till the Queen's death in 1603. Now, is it possible that Shakspeare could have addressed his "dear friend," his "all-the-world" (sonnets 111 and 112), without one allusion to his exploits—without one comforting word in his misfortunes—without one congratulation on his release, but simply praising him for a personal beauty which the Earl of Southampton never possessed? It is impossible. One sonnet, and one sonnet only, which has been most curiously overlooked both by M. Francois Hugo and other supporters of this theory, can alone be construed as having any reference to this ill-starred nobleman:—

"Not mine own fears, nor the prophetic soul  
Of the wide world dreaming on things to come,  
Can yet the lease of my true love control.  
*Suppos'd as forfeit to a confin'd doom,*  
*The mortal moon hath her eclipse endured,*  
And the sad augurs mock their own presage;  
*Incertainties now crown themselves assured,*  
*And peace proclaims olives of endless age.*  
Now with the drops of this most balmy time  
My love looks fresh, and Death to me subscribes,  
Since spite of him I'll live in this poor rhyme,  
While he insults o'er dull and speechless tribes.  
And thou in this shalt find thy monument,  
When tyrants' crests and tombs of brass are spent."

—Sonnet 107.

Here, undoubtedly, the reference in the fifth line is to the death of the Queen, and the seventh and eighth point to the accession of King James I.; thus fixing the date of the sonnet. The meaning, then, of the fourth, in allusion to the release of Southampton, is plain; and we can form, too, a pretty correct guess as to who is meant as the "tyrant," in the last line. How this one sonnet crept in amongst the rest, with which it has no possible connection, we cannot undertake to say.

5. That the words "only begetter," in the dedication, do not mean the person to whom they were addressed, but simply some one who collected them. But unfortunately, neither Shakspeare nor any of the Elizabethan writers, ever use the term in that sense. It is quite true, as the supporters of this theory urge, that Mr. W. H. could not, without changing his sex, be "the *only* begetter" of these sonnets, for some of them are addressed to a female; but they must remember that there was such a very close intimacy between the parties that they were, as Shakspeare says, in fact one.—Sonnet 42.

None of these theories will, therefore, we should suppose, satisfy the reader. Before we fix upon any candidate ourselves, let us first look at the sonnets attentively, and see what sort of a claimant is wanted. He must be of high rank (sonnet 125); remarkable for his personal beauty (sonnets *passim*); one who is both able and willing to help the poet (sonnet 36, the 11th line); one who was in the youth of life when the poet had reached its meridian (sonnet 22); one whom other poets were courting (sonnets 79, 80); and one, too, who with all his virtues was not without his faults—faults, too of a certain class (sonnet 95). Such qualities do we find united in the person of William Herbert, afterwards third Earl of Pembroke, who, in 1599, was nineteen when Shakspeare was thirty-five. Others besides ourselves, we know, have fixed upon this William Herbert. It would be odd, indeed, and strongly militate against the truth of our theory, had no one else been of the same opinion. Mr. Boaden, in his able pamphlet, was the first who with any real criticism urged William Herbert's claim; and we have no wish to take away his right to the discovery. "An two men ride the same horse, one must ride first." But since Mr. Boaden's pamphlet has appeared, various objections have been taken to his theory; so that the ground is still open. Let us, therefore, necessarily going over some of Mr. Boaden's arguments, strengthen and support them with our own. We, luckily, have the character of this William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke—and a fine piece of historical painting it is,—drawn by the great Lord Clarendon; and the reader shall judge from our ex-

tracts how it corresponds with the requirements we have just given.

“William Earl of Pembroke, was a man very well bred, and of excellent parts; and a graceful speaker upon any subject, having a good proportion of learning; and a ready wit to apply it, and enlarge upon it. Of a pleasant and facetious humour, and a disposition affable, generous, and magnificent. . . . He was exceedingly beloved in the Court, because he never desired to get that for himself which others laboured for; but he was still readie to promote the pretences of worthy men. . . . His conversation was most with men of the most pregnant parts and understanding; so towards any such who needed support or encouragement, though unknown, if fairly recommended to him, he was very liberal. . . . He was not without some alloy of vice, nor without being clouded with great infirmities, which he had in too exorbitant a proportion. He indulged to himself the pleasures of all kinds, almost in all excesses. To women he was immoderately given up. To these he sacrificed himself, his precious time, and his fortune. *And some who were nearest his trust and friendship, were not without apprehension, that his natural vivacity and vigour of mind began to lessen and decline by those excessive indulgences.*”

Now in this character we find ‘the very points we wanted, but most especially in this last sentence. Mark now what Shakspeare, writing on the same subject, says to his friend,—

“O what a mansion have those vices got,  
Which for their habitation close out thee!  
Where beauty’s veil doth cover every blot,  
And all things turn to fair that eyes can see!  
Take heed, dear heart, of this large privilege;  
*The hardest knife ill-used doth lose his edge.*”—Sonnet 95.

There is no need to strain the argument. On matters of mere opinion, each reader must judge for himself. We proceed to evidence more certain. When the first folio edition of Shakspeare is brought out in 1623, to whom do his “fellows,” Heminge and Condell, dedicate it? to this very William Herbert, now Earl of Pembroke, and his brother Philip, Earl of Montgomery; and thus the dedication runs: “But since your Lordships have beene pleas’d to think these trifles some-thing heereto-fore; *and have prosecuted both them, and their authour living, with so much favour; we hope that you will use the like indulgence towards them, you have done unto their parent.*” Not one word mark to the Earl of Southampton, to whom, according to M. François Hugo, these sonnets were written; not one syllable to the man whom Shakspeare, if we adopt that theory, loved above all others. Surely Heminge and Condell, his “fellows” and associates, must have known whom Shakspeare loved; surely Ben Jonson, who wrote the dedication, must have known who was



Shakspeare's true friend; and not have studiously offered a double insult to the memory of the dead poet and his living patron. We cannot believe it. They dedicated it to him whom they thought Shakspeare, had he himself been alive, would have dedicated it, and that was William Herbert, "the only begetter of the sonnets."

And now that we have so far shown that the Earl of Pembroke was probably the person concealed by the letters W.H., will this unlock any difficulties in the sonnets themselves, thus confirming our conjecture? There is the 80th sonnet, which begins—

"O, how I faint when I of you do write,  
Knowing a *better spirit* doth use your name."

Melone supposes "the better spirit" to have been Spenser, and all modern editions have followed him. Let us, however, proceed to the next sonnet but one:—

"I grant, thou wert not married to my muse,  
And therefore may'st without attaint o'erlook  
The *dedicated* words which writers use."

Now Spenser never did dedicate anything to William Herbert, so that the allusion is not to him, but to the poet Daniel,\* who in 1601 inserted his "Defence of Ryme" to William Herbert, and thus writes: "I was first encouraged or fram'd thereunto by your most worthy and honourable mother; receiving the first notion for the formall ordering of those compositions at Wilton, which I must ever acknowledge to have been my best schoole, and thereof alwayes am to hold a feeling and grateful memory. Afterward drawne further on by the well-liking and approbation of my worthy lord (your father), the fosterer of me and my muse." And it is to Daniel, in the 78th sonnet, Shakspeare alludes:—

"In *other's* works thou dost but mend the style."

Again in the 79th—

"My sick muse doth give *another* place."

In the 83rd—

"There lives more life in your fair eyes,  
Than *both* your poets can in praise devise."

In the 85th—

"I, like an unlettered clerk, still cry Amen,  
To every hymn *that able spirit* affords."

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\* It must be borne in mind that Daniel was held at a far higher estimation at that time than now. In Ben Jonson's "Epicene; or, the Silent Woman" we find Truewit speak of a lady, "who delights to censure the poets, and authors and styles, and compare them, Daniel with Spenser."

In the same sonnet—

“Then *ethers* for the breath of words respect,  
Me for my dumb thoughts, speaking in effect.”

And again in the 86th sonnet—

“Was it the proud full sail of his great verse,  
Bound for the prize of all too precious you,  
That did my ripe thoughts in my brain inhearse,  
Making their tomb the womb wherein they grew?  
*Was it his spirit, by spirits taught to write,*  
Above a mortal pitch that struck me dead?  
No, neither he nor his compeers by night  
Giving him aid, my verse astonished.  
He, nor that affable familiar ghost,  
Which nightly gulls him with intelligence,  
As victors of my silence can I boast,  
I was not sick of any fear from thence.”

This brings us to the point, who were these spirits? who was this “affable familiar ghost?” Mr. Boaden, following Stevens, thinks the famous Dr. Dee to be meant, but for reasons which we give in the note,\* we cannot agree with him. Let us for a minute turn to the life of our Earl of Pembroke, by Antony à Wood, and we find that he “died suddenly in his house called Baynard’s Castle, in London, on the 10th of April, in 1630, according to the calculation of his nativity by Mr. Tho. Allen, of Gloucester Hall;” and again, to Lord Clarendon’s account, “a short story about his death may not be unfitly inserted, it being very frequently mentioned by a person of known integrity, who at that time being on his way to London, met at Maidenhead some persons of quality of relation or dependance upon the Earl of Pembroke. At supper one of them drank a health to the Lord Steward, upon which another of them said, ‘that he believed his lord was at that time very merry, for he had now outlived the day which his tutor, Sandford, had prog-

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\* It is quite true that Dr. Dee was on terms of friendship with the Herbert family, especially with William, the first Earl of Pembroke, as may be seen in the recently published “Autobiographical Tracts of Dr. John Dee: edited by James Crossley, Esq., F.S.A.,” but it is not true, as Mr. Boaden says, that they were his chief patrons, they being the two Dadloys, Robert Earl of Leicester, and Ambrose Earl of Warwick. With the Earl of Pembroke in the text Dr. Dee could have known but little, for he was born in 1527 and William Herbert in 1570, a difference of fifty-three years in age. Now Dee resided abroad from 1583 to (about) 1592 or 1593. In 1595 he went to reside at Manchester, where he remained till 1604. He then returned to Mortlake, and remained there until his death, in 1608. Thus the only two periods during which the intimacy could have existed were between 1592 and 1595, when Herbert was a boy of from twelve to fifteen, or during the last four years of Dee’s life, when he was an infirm old man of seventy-eight.

*nosticated upon his nativity, he would not outline."* Here, then, we distinctly find that the Earl of Pembroke was mixed up with astrologers; and it is undoubtedly to these the reference is made in the sonnet.

And now let us look at the objections urged against our theory. The first is, that William Herbert succeeded to his father's title in January, 1600-1, and the sonnets were not published till 1609; and that, consequently, the publisher would never have addressed him as *Mr. W. H.* But does not the dedication bear on the face of it a wish to conceal the person indicated, whoever he was,—plain commoner or peer of the realm? Why give only the initials, unless concealment was aimed at? The publisher had no other method than the one he adopted. *Mr. W. H.* was vague enough for the world generally, but not too vague for those who knew the Earl. Had the dedication ran, "*To the Earl of P., the only begetter,*" &c., there would have been no secrecy, and the publisher might as well have given the title at full, for the choice is so limited among noblemen whose initial letter is *P.*, whereas the letters *W. H.* told just sufficient, and no more. The publisher was like the watchman in the "*Agamemnon*:"—

*Μαθοῦσιν αὐδῶ, κόν μαθοῦσι λήθομαι;*

and the reason is obvious: the sonnets related purely to private and personal matters, and were, in the first place, never meant to meet any one's eye but to whom they were addressed.

Secondly, the objection urged by M. François Hugo, in his Introduction, pages 51 and 52, "*William Herbert était, né en 1580: or, les sonnets, quoique publiés en 1609, étaient déjà célèbres en Angleterre en 1598, quand Meres en fit l'éloge dans son "Trésor de l'Esprit."* En supposant qu'ils aient été tous composés dans la seule année 1597, William n'aurait eu encore que dix-sept ans, ce qui rend déjà l'hypothèse assez invraisemblable. Mais les sonnets n'ont pas été tous écrits dans la même année; ils ont été composés à diverses époques de la vie du poète. Shakspeare mentionne lui-même un intervalle de plusieurs années entre ses premiers sonnets et ses derniers. C'est ainsi qu'il dit au CXIII<sup>e</sup>\* sonnet: '*Notre amour était tout nouveau quand j'avais coutume de le fêter de mes chants,*' et qu'il ajoute au CXX<sup>e</sup>\*: '*Le parfum de trois avrils a été brûlé à la flamme de trois juins depuis que je vous ai vu pour la première fois.*' Le CXI<sup>e</sup>\* sonnet\* commence par ce vers: '*Où es-tu, Muse, pour avoir oublié si longtemps de parler de celui qui te donne toute la puissance?*'

\* Numbered respectively in the English editions 102, 104, 100.



Ainsi, en admettant seulement un espace de trois ans entre le premier sonnet et le dernier, c'est en 1594 que Shakspeare aurait commencé à célébrer sa liaison avec William Herbert. Or, en 1594, William Herbert avait treize ou quatorze ans." But does not M. François Hugo see that he is assuming the fact that Meres's reference is to these particular sonnets? There is no evidence whatever on the point, although, we are well aware commentators have universally assumed the connexion. To us it appears quite the reverse. Meres speaks, in his "Wit's Treasury," of Shakspeare's "sugared sonnets among his private friends," &c., whereas the publisher of these sonnets speaks of "the *only* begetter of them," marking by special emphasis that these are distinct from all others. Again, M. François Hugo entirely assumes the fact that the 120th sonnet\* was written in 1597, which we can by no means concede. The sonnet is one of the most beautiful in the series, bearing the impress of a mind arrived at its full powers, and so far from being one of the first, was probably one of the last written. If it be asked, what has become of the sonnets Meres alludes to? we answer plainly, that they must—for these assuredly are not they—be lost. Shakspeare seems never in any way to have cared for his writings. His grand indifference to fame is one of the striking traits in his character. The few editions of his plays that were published in his lifetime were, as we know by Heminge and Condell, not corrected by him, nor does he appear to have taken any steps for their publication after his death. And here in this case of these sonnets we find not Shakspeare, as we should have expected, but the publisher writing the dedication; to him, therefore, and not to Shakspeare, do we evidently owe their publication: what wonder, then, if other sonnets to his private friends were lost, especially when there was such indifference even as to his plays. We know not, it is true, at what time the intimacy sprang up between Shakspeare and William Herbert, but this we know, that two of these sonnets (138 and 144) were published by Jaggard, in the "Passionate Pilgrim," in 1609, when William Herbert would be nineteen, and Shakspeare thirty-five; and that the poet universally speaks of his friend as very young (as he would be), compared with himself; that the one is "the sweet boy," and "lovely boy" (sonnet 126), "the world's first ornament;" whilst the other is—

"Beet and chopped with tanned antiquity"—(sonnet 62);  
and—

"When time's injurious hand crushed and o'erworn"—(sonnet 63);  
which would be true when relatively spoken of Shakspeare and

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\* 104, English editions.

William Herbert, between whom there was sixteen years difference of age, but could never be true of Shakspeare and the Earl of Southampton (whom M. François Hugo supposes to be indicated by W. H.), between whom there was only nine years difference of age, and by no possible straining and torturing of words could the one, therefore, be said to be in "the sere and yellow leaf." (sonnet 73) and the other in the "May of life" (sonnets *passim*), which is so appropriate when applied to Shakspeare and William Herbert.

We sum up, then, by saying that we find these sonnets celebrating a love for one who was very young, as William Herbert was, remarkable for his beauty, such as William Herbert had, "the picture and *viva effigies* of nobility," according to Antony à Wood, and so represented in his picture by Vandyke,—for one who was learned, such as William Herbert the Chancellor of the University of Oxford was,—the patron of poets, such as William Herbert, who kept Daniel at Wilton—who too had his vices and excesses, such very vices as William Herbert,—for one who was a friend of astrologers, who are clearly alluded to more than once, such as William Herbert was, whose death was prognosticated by Allen and Sandford; and that all these facts conspire in a most circumstantial manner to point to William Herbert, third Earl of Pembroke, as the owner of the initials W. H., to whom also were inscribed Shakspeare's plays in terms of affectionate regard.

II. But the question as to who W. H. was sinks into quite minor importance when we look at the sonnets in relation to Shakspeare himself. "So little is known of Shakspeare," we often say with a sigh, but in truth we know more of him from his plays and from these very sonnets than of any other man that ever lived; not perhaps what sort of a coat he wore, or how he ate, or what he drank, but how he lived in his own world of thought,—how he moved in that inward life of joy and sorrow, through which we all must pass. Here was it that Augustus Schlegel erred when he thought that the sonnets would afford material for a fresh biography of Shakspeare. They do not contain a number of mere facts which can be printed in so many columns of letter-press, and which generally pass under the name of biography, but relate to what is far more important—Shakspeare's own thoughts, his communings with his own soul, his records upon the "whips and scorns of time," which he himself endured within his own breast. They are not so much biography, as, if we may be allowed to coin a word, pathography.

For to regard them as some would do, as mere creations of the fancy, "the coinage of the brain," is to deprive them of all their

real value. Nor do we see what can possibly be gained by considering them as such. It is argued they can't be real or refer to real personal facts, because, if so, they reflect upon Shakspeare's moral character; and therefore it is better to regard them as ideal effusions of the poet's mind. But this solution in no way helps us. Is it not far more immoral to be complaining about misfortunes which never existed, and fondly dwelling over them,—to be gratuitously mourning over imaginary ills, and, if we adopt this theory, most objectlessly and aimlessly? Those who maintain this view must prove that the sonnets of Spenser, Drayton, and Daniel, and others, were also merely exercises of the imagination. If only pieces of fancy, what means the dedication of the publisher to "Mr. W. H., their only begetter?" if purely imaginary, why does Shakspeare refer to a well-known event in his life (sonnets 110 and 111)? and again to a temporary accident\* (89, 37), if merely feigned, why mention such circumstantial, and in that case unintelligible, evidence of love, as presents of books and tablets (77, 122)? That some of his sonnets were founded on real events we know from Meres's statement of "sugared sonnets to his private friends," for friends write to one another on something in which they have a common interest, and not vague fancies both in prose and poetry: why, then, should these be any exception? Nor can we allow the supposition, which would compromise the matter, that some of them refer to real, and others to imaginary events. Who is to be the judge? what line of distinction is to be laid down? If

\* The following are the lines in question:—

"Speak of my lameness and I straight will halt."—Sonnet 89.

And again:

"So I, made lame by fortune's dearest spite."—Sonnet 37.

Most commentators take the words in a metaphorical sense, as relating to Shakspeare's humiliating position. But they obviously have a more definite meaning from the following in the sonnet last quoted, where he says, if he but possesses his friend's affection, he is—

"Not lame, poor nor despised:"

and where the lameness is evidently distinct from the poverty and abasement. We take it to refer to some temporary accident, just exactly as we know the poverty and the disgrace mentioned were only for a time; and this interpretation only strengthens our belief that the sonnets do relate personally to Shakspeare. Had he been a cripple from birth he would have been unable to have performed royal parts, as we know he did from a poem by Sir John Davies, written in 1611:—

"Some say good Will, which I in sport do sing,  
Hadst thou not played some kingly parts in sport  
Thou hadst been a companion for a king."

Nor would Greene and Nash have forgotten to have sneered at his misfortune.



this one refers to a real event, why not the next, or the next, and so on to the end?

(On the other hand, we must guard against the theory that they are continuous poems in the sonnet-stanza. Such an interpretation is equally forced, and is at once condemned by the fact that two of them were published separately. That some of them form themselves into groups, and that there is a certain order observed in others bearing upon one subject, as in 71, 72, 73, 74, and in many more, is apparent; but to divide them into a given number of poems is purely arbitrary; and still more objectionable, because more arbitrary, is the plan of rearranging them, as M. François Hugo\* has done; every critic and every reader being thus perfectly justified in having a separate ideal arrangement of his own. We must let them stand as they are; the thread breaks off, and we are unable to join it except by very clumsy knots. We must be content with the present *status quo*, referring them to real events, though without any precise order, and written at different periods of the poet's life. It appears to us that we might as well alter the order of the speeches in the plays, or the lines in the speeches, merely because we ourselves fancied such an arrangement, as to reconstruct all these sonnets according to our peculiar views.

Here, then, we are reading Shakspeare's private diary of his thoughts. Did any one ever look into the study of some painter friend who is now no more, and take up his stray papers? Here a sketch of some home scene; here on the same piece a copy of verses; there a study from nature, and close to it a half-finished letter to a dear friend; there some divine face, and near it the blisters which the writer's tears have raised on the page; there, perhaps, one word—one short name, how dear we can only guess,—all filling the beholder with awe and love;—such seem to us Shakspeare's sonnets.

It is a common remark that if a man will but faithfully detail the incidents of his own life, he will write one striking book. But did ever man venture on this task? did he ever obey its own requirement of strict truth. He were a bold man, indeed, who sat down, pen in hand, to make the confession of his own faults, to shrieve them before the world, to stand in the witness-box of print and to inculpate himself; yet this is what Shakspeare has here done. The inevitable fault of most autobiographies is that

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\* Let us here notice the edition of the sonnets by M. François Hugo, who now, since all freedom of thought and original opinion is stifled in France, has nobly employed himself in giving his countrymen a translation of our great poet, and heartily express—although differing with him on many points—our admiration of its execution, and the thorough acquaintance he shows with Shakspeare in the notes and preface.

they gloss over their own defects; their vices and not their virtues they “write in water;” their good manners and not their evil ones “live in brass.” Try it, reader, for one half hour; write your own history, and you shall have to tell, if you write but the truth, of broken vows, of obligations ill-acquitted, duties badly performed;—write on, for you are already stopping: that secretary conscience shall whisper to you, perhaps, of your avarice, your meanness, your vanity, your pride, till the catalogue is swollen so fearfully that you shall rise terror-stricken and burn your manuscript. Yet this is what Shakspeare has done, and not burned the manuscript. These sonnets, therefore, must be looked upon as no common autobiographical poem. They are rather confessions;—confessions, such only as a great heart dare reveal;—confessions such as men make on bended knee in the privacy of their thoughts;—confessions, such as they think but One besides themselves can hear. Let us therefore approach this shrine of the poet’s conscience with all reverence. Let us not trample down these sacred musings with vulgar impertinence.

We know of nothing like them, save the Psalms of David: light and shade alternate in them as in that grand old Hebrew poetry. Close beside one another are pæan and dirge, love-songs and prayers for death itself to relieve the weary soul. Ah! sad and strange is this conflict of the soul and flesh. A brave man struggling against fate was thought by the Greek of old to be a sight worthy of the gods; and here we may see the struggles that the greatest man who ever lived went through—struggles against doubt—struggles against temptation—struggles against himself.

The dramas alone would have told us how deeply their author must have thought on all the great questions of life and death; but they are, after all, but mere windows and loopholes through which we can catch a glimpse of him. Here, in these sonnets, we see him face to face. We see how the man who portrayed the loves of Romeo and Juliet himself really loved,—how he, who drew the scepticism of Hamlet, himself also doubted,—how he, who could paint the trials of friend deserted by friend, of Helena forgotten by Hermia, and Lear cast off by his daughters, felt when also deserted and forgotten. In the dramas we can take no dimensions of him; though he is never “distant in humanity,” yet he is still far above all our powers of gauging him; but in the sonnets he is close to us,—the man tried by the same trials as ourselves, passing through the same ordeal of pain as ourselves, experiencing the same joys. The dramas are as it were his monument which we gaze at from afar: these sonnets the miniature which we can hang around our necks, and wear close to our bosom.

It is these considerations which so much endear the sonnets



to us, and, in one sense, make them of higher value than the plays themselves. Those show us Shakspeare as the poet, these Shakspeare as the man. Mr. Hallam, and others, have regretted their publication. We cannot share that regret with him. We could no more lose any one of them than we could any of those Psalms of David. Are we for ever to be measuring men by the petty standard of mere passive good? Temptations and faults are as it were a pruning-knife. The wild bramble remains untouched, whilst the vine bleeds at all her veins. And when we read these sonnets, and see the trials that Shakspeare passed through, and know his struggles and his repentance, our idea of him as a man is unquestionably raised. Little praise is there in merely walking through this world well shod, but in marching on with bleeding feet over the burning lava-beds of temptations and trials. And as to faults, why, what are faults? Is not everything that we do or say more or less a fault? Is not life itself in all of us an aggregate of faults? And yet there is a virtue in faults. The broken arm in time grows the strongest. The charred timber bides firm and water-tight where the sound would rot. As Shakspeare himself says, "the best men are moulded out of faults." Let us carefully guard ourselves against misconstruction. God forbid that we should recommend the vulgar proverb of "the greater sinner, the greater saint;" or say that a course of profligacy was a necessary preparation for the high calling of a poet, or for anything else; but this we do say, that there is nothing in this world we may not turn to use. Adversity is like the cold March wind which shakes the trees, bending them to the dust, breaking oftentimes their groaning boughs, but which loosens the earth at the roots, so that the sap ascends, and the green buds blossom forth. Even vice itself, like a stinking stagnant cesspool, breathing out pollution, breeding plague, and pestilence, and death, if put to proper account, may turn, by divine alchemy, into sweet flowers and fruits. We say, too, of Shakspeare as Goethe said of himself—"Some god gave him the power to paint what he suffered." Ah! little do we ever think when we read the scenes in "Timon," what tortures, what pains the poet had himself to undergo before he could draw that terrible misanthropy. For the secret of his success, after all, is that he was himself each of his own characters. Genius we talk about, as if genius could accomplish anything without trials and without hardships. Παθήματα μαθήματα. Some people there are who always wish to regard Shakspeare as living exempt from ordinary trials, immaculate upon all occasions,—life being to him but a long midsummer's day, where he basked in the flowers and the golden sunshine. Much pains has been taken, much, very much unfruitful ingenuity, has been shown, to disprove any statement



or any fact which might be thought prejudicial to the poet's character. Such people thoroughly misunderstand life, and the purpose of life. Had Shakspeare lived such a life, never could he have produced his dramas. His is the old story, and these sonnets tell it, which we are all so unwilling to believe, and when believers still so very unwilling to practise. What is it Shelley says, but that poets

“Learn in suffering what they teach in song”?

What does the oft-quoted line say, but—

“He best can paint them, who has felt them most”?

What does Shakspeare himself say, but—

“They breathe truth, who breathe their words in pain”?

Yes, so it is, the leaf smells sweetest when it is bruised; the warmest and the softest nest is that lined with the down plucked from the poor bird's bosom; and the earth herself, when her breast is rudely torn with share and mattock, then yields her most plenteous crops; so, all things here, poetry or great work whatsoever, are alone accomplished by noble pain and labour.

Again, let us remind those who think that Shakspeare's character is lowered by taking the sonnets in a literal sense, that the jewel lying in the mud is still a jewel; that the mud will wipe off, and the jewel shine as bright as before. And as to those stern Shylock moralists who are for ever demanding the pound of flesh for their brother's offences, let them not be alarmed. Never is there an offence committed with impunity against the moral laws:—

“Our pleasant vices are made  
The whips to scourge us;”

and the wine of vice, however sweet, is sure to turn to vinegar in the mouth of the drinker. Hear how Shakspeare laments the bitter past:—

“Alas! 'tis true, I have gone here and there,  
And made myself a motley to the view,  
Gored mine own thoughts, sold cheap what is most dear,  
Made old offences of affections new.  
Most true is it, that I have looked on truth  
Askance and strangely.”—Sonnet 110.

Verily Meres could not have read these when he spoke of Shakspeare's “sugared sonnets to his friends;” for assuredly we know no such bitter records of a great soul struggling amidst trials and sorrows. They contain a greater tragedy, if properly considered, than any he ever wrote—the tragedy of real life—the tragedy of the greatest mind the world ever beheld, overwhelmed

with a sense of its own sin and guilt. This is it that shows his real greatness. The great soul alone is conscious of its own defects, and that in proportion to its own greatness. "Your little mind is self-pleased, self-satisfied, ever fancying itself in the right, sleeping too sound to be ever disturbed by dreams or fears. Read the 90th and that 29th sonnet, and mark upon what a sea of passion he was tempest-tost,—

"In thoughts himself almost despising."

Read also the 74th, perhaps the most melancholy of them all, where thoughts of suicide vex that great spirit.

"But griefs are of our making," some one says. Yes, undoubtedly the majority of them; and though as physical, and more especially as the moral laws become more and more understood, they will cease, even then there will be enough to freight man's earthen vessel to the water's edge. "But here in these sonnets some of the sorrow was evidently of his own seeking and making," we hear it still further objected. Alas! 'tis true. But before we pigmies venture to cast our tiny pebbles at him, let us for a moment glance at the condition of the times and the lives of some of his contemporaries. We do not think we could exaggerate the depravity of social life as led by many an author and actor. Poor Greene's confessions are enough! Peele, dying etiolated from debauchery! Marlowe killed in a brothel!—but we will cease. These strong intellectual Samsons one and all overcome by their passions. It was a pitiable sight. Shakspeare did not escape the plague-spot of the day; and the last twenty-five sonnets—with some others—tell us of his intimacy with a mistress who was "twice forsworn." If ever there was an instance that sin is its own punishment, these sonnets show it. Let the reader turn especially to the 147th and 152nd. We have but room to quote one, and that shall be expressive of his deep repentance:—

"Poor soul, the centre of my sinful earth,  
Fool'd by those rebel powers that thee array,  
Why dost thou pine within, and suffer dearth,  
Painting thy outward walls so costly gay?  
Why so large cost, having so short a lease,  
Dost thou upon thy fading mansion spend?  
Shall worms, inheritor of this excess,  
Eat up thy charge? Is this thy body's end?  
Then soul live thou upon thy servant's loss,  
And let that pine to aggravate thy store;  
Buy terms divine in selling hours of dross;  
Within be fed, without be rich no more.  
So shalt thou feed on death, that feeds on men,  
And, death once dead, there's no more dying then."—146.

This, to us, is a finer sacred poem than any in the language. No; we cannot regret that these sonnets were written. A fierce wild fermentation is there in the life of every great soul; fiercer according to that soul's strength, which at last clears itself away, leaving the lees and dregs to settle down, whilst the wine of life is purer and finer for the process. A space is there in every river; longer, too, in proportion to the size of that river, especially as you near its fountain-head, where the course is over rapids: where stumbling amidst huge boulder-stones, frothing and foaming, the stream scarcely knows its way, until at last it settles down into the still, calm, broad river. It is well that they were written, if only for our instruction. They seem to us like some beach—when a fearful storm has passed over the sea, plunging down to its very depths,—on which we find sad pieces of wreck and drift-wood, marking how far the tide and the surge actually advanced; telling, too, a bitter tale of human suffering and human woe; but with them we also find the rarest shells and gems, which never but by such a storm could have been obtained from the bottom of the ocean.

We know, too, from other sources, that Shakspeare fell into temptation. Warton has shown that the “*Venus and Adonis*” gave offence at its publication by its voluptuousness and warmth; and the author of “*The Return from Parnassus*,” acted about 1602, thus sums up his contemporary's powers:—

“Shakspeare,  
Who loves Adonis love, or Lucrece rape;  
His sweeter muse contains heart-robbing life,  
Could but a graver subject him content  
Without love's lazy foolish languishment.”

What other struggles he went through before he escaped from the trammels that bound him, we know not; for the deepest sufferings are the unwritten ones; and sin is like the Nessus-coat of Hercules, which, unless thrown off, will poison its wearer to death, and cannot be flung off unless it tear the quivering flesh away with it. And just as it is easy to haul a boat off that has been stranded, but a vessel once upon the rocks is immovable, so must we make allowance for the struggles which it must have cost him to have got free. We can never measure them. But he did escape; he once more floated off, upon the pure ocean of life. He found out that sweets from poisonous flowers, however beautiful, are poisonous. “The weak, wanton Cupid,” he flung away “like a dew-drop from a lion's mane.” He brushed aside the chains of vice as mere cobweb-threads: no pitiful puling and whining. He discovered that the only real pleasure in this world lies in the performance of duty—in the triumph of principles;



—that, as his fellow-dramatist Fletcher said, “our valours are our best gods;” that there is a sublime truth in the proverb, “*Labore est orare.*” In a word, he found his place and mission in due time upon the world. He found it, as we all must, in having a set purpose, a fixed aim, a something to do, or else life is not worth living. How well he performed his task his dramas are the best and only true monument.

But if this has been in parts a painful picture, there is a brighter and a happier side of it. The woodbine often clings to the poisonous yew-tree and to the prickly holly, with its fair blossoms: they seem at first to belong to the tree itself, but are distinct, having a different root. So in these sonnets, the better side is divisible from the worse: the pure, disinterested love for his friend is separable from the rest. It is deep, pure, and fervent;

“It fears not policy, that heretic  
Which works on leases of short-numbered hours,  
But all alone stands hugely politic”—(Sonnet 124);

such a love as only a great soul can feel, and which is thus described:—

“Let me not to the marriage of true minds  
Admit impediment. Love is not love  
Which alters when it alteration finds,  
Or tends with the remover to remove. .  
O no! it is an ever-fixed mark,  
That looks on tempests, and is never-shaken;  
It is the star to ev’ry wandering bark,  
Whose worth’s unknown, although his height be taken.  
Love’s not Time’s fool, though rosy lips and cheeks,  
Within his bending sickle’s compass come;  
Love alters not with his brief hours and weeks,  
But bears it out even to the edge of doom.”—Sonnet 116.

All other love compared to this is poor and finite. This one short sonnet is, perhaps, the finest essay upon friendship ever written. The picture that he gives of himself in his happiest moments is that of a deeply contemplative mind, full of affection (see especially sonnets 30 and 31); somewhat melancholy, perhaps, yet this is only the obverse side of his gaiety, dwelling apart in the mighty solitariness of its own thoughts, living far above the superstitions and narrow-mindedness of its age. Such a character cannot be drawn from mere passages: it is rather the impression conveyed by the whole,—a character rather to be felt than to be expressed by so many phrases and words set down upon paper; and whoever would personally know Shakspeare, must deeply and reverently study these sonnets.

III. We have left ourselves but little room to speak of their poetic 'beauties.' Compared with his tragedies, as far as poetry is concerned, the one is as the fall of some mighty cataract—sublime and full of terror and beauty; the other is as the gentle silver spray which rises from the whirlpool beneath, and lies thick upon the flowers on the banks hard by, forming itself into dew-drops beautifully rounded, sparkling in the sunlight. By the majority of critics, by the Malones and Steevenses, they have certainly never been fairly estimated. "Nothing short of an Act of Parliament could ever compel the English people to read them," wrote George Steevens, once a great critic and editor of Shakspeare. Verily, Acts of Parliament have little to do in all such matters. But in the hearts of a few chosen poetic souls have they always lingered in affectionate remembrance. Wordsworth wrote of them, "There is not a part of Shakspeare's writings where is found in an equal compass, a greater number of exquisite feelings felicitously expressed;" nor is the statement exaggerated. Charles Lamb had his favourite passage—

"When in the chronicle of wasted time,  
I see description of the fairest wights,  
And beauty making beautiful old rhyme"—(Sonnet 106);

and poor Keats took for the motto of his "Endymion" this line—

"The stretch'd metre of an antique song"—(Sonnet 17);

not without a deep meaning, which those only who know the sonnet can understand. We wonder what Steevens's idea of an Act of Parliament was—that it perhaps could give a feeling heart and a poetic mind, and the seeing eye. Alas! no recipe for these can be found.

The sonnets have the first pre-requisite of all true poetry—feeling; without which all poetry is as specimens of dried flowers upon paper—beautiful and interesting, but quite colourless and scentless, when compared with the living breathing forms which perfume every passing breeze, and from which the bee and the butterfly suck their sweet honey-dew. They deal with our deepest sympathies; they are, in fact, *καρδιαφώναι*, 'solemn heart-utterances, speaking to the heart, and can no more be compared with other sonnets than Shakspeare's plays to other plays. There are the same beauties, too, the same graces, on a smaller scale and of a gentler order, in them, as in the plays. Everything is in miniature. It is no longer the great big world which we are in, with its rough and shaggy mountains, and its huge trees and roaring rivers, but a poet's garden, filled with the choicest flowers, where the brook runs merrily through the lush-green

grass, and the nightingale sings at eventide. Take this picture of early Spring:—

“Proud-pied April, dress’d in all his trim,  
Hath put a spirit of youth in everything;  
That heavy Saturn leap’d and laughed with him.”—Sonnet 98.

That last line how classical! how full of the antique! And here, again, are some lines of which we may truly say:—

Πάντ’ ὥσδε γέρεος μάλα πiónος:—

“Philomel in summer’s front doth sing,  
And stops his pipe in growth of riper days;  
Not that the summer is less pleasant now  
Than when his mournful hymns did hush the night,  
But that wild music burdens every bough.”—Sonnet 102.

How very sweet, how pregnant with observation! for the nightingale ceases early in summer, as though it would not contend with the common herd of birds any longer. And now to complete the line—

ᾠσδε δ’ ὀπώρης,

here is the other picture:—

“Summer’s green all girded up in sheaves  
Borne on the bier with white and bristly beard.”—Sonnet 12.

And be it remembered that all these scenes are not bits of mere description, but are made, as all truest and highest poetry ought, to interpret and illustrate the feelings, to become commentaries on and living emblems of life itself; and we do them great injustice, therefore, in cutting them out like formal squares to show the beauty of the pattern.

There is the same sweetness of versification, that same delicate sense of rhythm which distinguishes Shakspeare from all other poets in these “Sonnets,” as in the plays. Here are some lines addressed to his mistress:—

“How oft when thou, my music, music play’st  
Upon that blessed wood whose motion sounds  
With thy sweet fingers, when thou swayest  
The wiry concords which mine ear confounds”—(Sonnet 128),

which almost seem to us to have stolen the very melody which their poet heard. Do they not tell us something more of the author of the fifth act of “The Merchant of Venice,”—how he, as dearly as his own Lorenzo, loved the “sweet power of music”? And here, again, speaking of himself—

“That time of year thou may’st in me behold,  
When yellow leaves, or none, or few, do hang  
Upon those boughs which shake against the cold,  
Bare-ruined choirs, where late the sweet birds sang”—(Sonnet 73),



we can almost hear the dead leaves rustling on the ground, and the winds singing their melancholy dirges to the boughs for the summer's death, in solemn harmony with the spirit of man mourning for the past summer of his life, which, unlike the other, will never again come back.

The same felicities of language are in them as in the plays—lines in them before which we stop, arrested by their sudden beauty, even as before some flower in our silent walks. The same richness of metaphors, too, is in them, in degree, as in the plays. Take this description of his mistress, whose eyes are so beautiful,

“That not the morning sun of heaven  
Better becomes the grey cheeks of the East,  
Nor that full star that ushers in the even,  
Doth half that glory to the sober West.”—Sonnet 132.

Note also, in passing, the epithet “full,” as conveying the complete lustrous brilliancy of Venus. The same deep philosophic spirit, too, may be observed: thus—

“When I consider everything that grows,  
Holds in perfection but a little moment,  
*That this huge state\* presenteth nought but shows*”—(Sonnet 15)

—is the same philosophy that Prospero utters in the fourth act of “The Tempest.” And all these things are said—and perhaps this is the most wonderful part of the sonnets—upon one subject only, astonishing us by the variety of treatment, showing Shakspeare's inexhaustible resources, the fertility of his invention.

The *vis tragica*, however, is wanting, except in a few pieces which we have quoted earlier; nor does the sonnet well admit of it. The beauties, we repeat, are of the gentler order. Once more, perhaps for mere beauty the most beautiful of them all—

“To me, fair friend, you never can grow old,  
For as you were, when first your eye I ey'd,  
Such seems your beauty still. Three winters cold  
Have from the forest shook three summers' pride;  
Three beauteous springs to yellow autumn turn'd;  
In process of the seasons have I seen  
Three April perfumes in three hot Junes burn'd,  
“Since first I saw you fresh which yet art green:  
Ah! yet doth beauty, like a dial-hand,  
Steal from his figure, and no pace perceived;  
So your sweet hue, which methinks still doth stand,  
Hath motion, and mine eye may be deceived.  
For fear of which, hear this, the age unbred,  
Ere you were born was beauty's summer dead.”—Sonnet 104.

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\* i. e. the world.

And here we must stop quoting. Briefly we may say, that whatever we find in the plays we find in, a less degree here. They are, in fact, each of them little dramas, not of action, but of thought and loveliness; and whatever may be our opinion of them in a moral point of view, there can be but one concerning their beauty, for they will ever be prized

"With earth's and sea's rich gems,  
With April's first-born flowers, and all things rare."

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#### ART. VI.—"MANIFEST DESTINY" OF THE AMERICAN UNION.

1. *American Slavery and Colour*. By William Chambers, author of "Things as they are in America." London: W. and R. Chambers. 1857.
2. *A Journey in the Seaboard Slave States; with Remarks on their Economy*. By Fred. Law Olmsted. London: Sampson Low and Co. New York: Dix and Edwards. 1856.
3. *A Journey through Texas; or, a Saddle-trip on the South-western Frontier: with a Statistical Appendix*. By Fred. Law Olmsted. 1857.
4. *A History of the American Compromises*. Reprinted, with additions, from *The Daily News*. By Harriet Martineau. London: John Chapman. 1856.

THE Empress of the French amused herself a few months since with pretending to represent the alarms of the ladies of Europe about the comet which was to strike the earth in the course of June, 1857. She played off a man of science at one of her evening receptions, by an affectation of panic about the comet, trying to make him ridiculous between his eagerness to show how absurd her idea was and his deference for the personage to whom he was speaking. What he endeavoured to convey was the same comfort that has been administered to timid Englishwomen—that, in the first place, the comet would not come near us; and, in the next, that if it did "strike the earth," we should not find it out, but simply complain of misty weather. The Americans and their revolutions are illustrated by such cometary facts and fancies. An American, like an Englishman or a German, starts at the word revolution, depre-

cates it, prays to Heaven against it, disavows and denies it when it begins to envelop him, and, while he is in the very midst of it, insists that, however gloomy the political times are, he sees nothing like chaos and destruction, and cannot therefore be passing through a revolution.

In 1760, the accession of young King George was loyally celebrated in the colonies, and New England could not enough congratulate itself on belonging to Old England, with its train of great names and its treasures of liberty. The year after, the townsmen of those colonies were vexed and irritated by the new grievance of Custom-house officers entering their abodes, by force of law, at all times of the day or night, in order to search for smuggled goods. This was done in virtue of Writs of Assistance, invented and issued for the purpose; and they were the first-fruits of the determination of the British Government to tax the colonies without their consent. They brought out an able lawyer on the platform of public affairs, whose voice of resistance echoed through the whole of the colonies. James Otis thus made proclamation of the war of ideas which issued in the independence of the United States. It was the impinging of the comet upon the regular old orb: but nobody was aware of the moment of collision. Revolution! O dear no! Nothing was further from people's thoughts than revolution. James Otis declared himself ready to sacrifice his very life in defence of colonial rights; but the Americans were the most devoted subjects that the English monarchy could boast. Four years later, when the Stamp Act was to be enforced, the ominous step was taken, of convening delegates from all the colonies, to consider how their liberties were to be sustained; and in the meantime the Boston people hanged their enemies in effigy, saw their courts closed, rather than use the obnoxious stamps; and sent back ships laden with merchandize—resolved to endure the inconveniences of a scarcity of such commodities, rather than to pay arbitrary import duties. They wore old clothes; abolished the wearing of mourning at funerals; killed no more lambs till there was wool enough, and brought other colonies into a non-importation compact. But nobody dreamed that this was revolution. Why, it was later than that—as late as September, 1768—that the convention of delegates from a hundred towns assembled in Boston, humbly petitioned the King, and professed their loyalty in the strongest possible terms.

"We hold that the sovereignty of his Majesty, King George III., is entire in all parts of the British Empire! God forbid that we should ever act or wish anything in reprobation of the same! We appear as plain, honest men, humbly desiring peace and order; and while the people observe a medium between abject submission and a



slavish stupidity under grievous oppressions on one hand, and illegal attempts to obtain relief on the other, and steadily persevere in constitutional applications to recover their just rights and liberties, they think they may promise themselves success."

What could be less like revolution than this? Yet there stands a significant entry in the diary of John Adams, when he had been listening to James Otis—"At home with my family, thinking." Even after the Boston Massacre, as it was called, when five lives were lost in a collision between British soldiers and American citizens, the avowal of a desire to continue subject to British government, is found in records of all public meetings; though the growing particularity may perhaps suggest that the idea of separation was becoming more familiar. In 1771, Dr. Franklin said, that the seeds of disunion were being sown: but even he did not perceive that it was nearer harvest than seed-time. Even when the people were incited to emulate the courage and faith of their fathers, who "made a settlement on bare creation," being not afraid of poverty, but disdaining slavery, all resistance was to be conducted "under the shield of the British constitution, and in strict adherence to their charter." Towards the close of 1773, when night fell on a day of trouble and vague portents, a mother and her young children, in the neighbourhood of Boston, listened for the return of the head of the household, who was later than usual. His wife helped him off with his coat and brought his slippers; and when the children were gone to bed, she showed her husband how well it was that it was none but herself who took charge of his shoes. They were full of tea! But for this, even she would never have known so much as one of the fifty men who, with coats wrong side out, and covered faces, threw the tea into the dock. But this couple were as far as everybody else from dreaming that they were helping to enact a revolution, though they were within three years of the Declaration of Independence. It now began to be agreed, it is true, "that if they would maintain their rights and liberties, they must fight for them:" and they did fight for them so soon as the spring of 1775; but it is on record that the citizens who rallied and marched the militia after the skirmishes of Lexington and Concord, and the women who nursed the wounded, had, even then, no notion that they were in the middle of a revolution. They were as ready as ever to start back from the word; and they went on supposing, as they had done for fifteen years, that matters would be accommodated, and that they and their children should live and die under their charters, as their fathers had done before them. They were then actually the nucleus of the dreaded comet, while they declared that their atmosphere was too gloomy, for them to see far, but

that such a thing as a comet was certainly nowhere within ken.

Our readers are by this time making comparisons, no doubt, between the incidents and feelings belonging to the first American revolution and those which have for some time past, and with perpetually increasing force and clearness, indicated a second. We believe we have the means of showing that a second great revolution is not only approaching, but actually far advanced, and that some of the wisest and best of American citizens have so far profited by the lessons of their fathers as to be fully aware of their real position, though a vast majority still insist, as the new President did in his inauguration address, that "all is calm" because his party has carried the election. During the fifteen years preceding the separation of the American colonies, almost everybody supposed, as often as there was a lull, that matters were settled; and in like manner, the President, and all commonplace people among the millions whom he addressed in March last, are satisfied that the declaration of the poll was sufficient to annul all the controversies and collisions which had lately caused the Union to ring with threats and promises of dissolution on either hand. When observers stroke their chins, and remark that the state of things looks very like revolution, the old reply comes up, "Revolution! O dear no! nothing of the sort! The Union is so dear to the American people that no lapse of ages will dissolve it." And the laugh raised against such observers is at least as contemptuous as any ridicule directed against trembling inquirers after the comet of June, 1857.

We are glad to see, by Mr. Chambers's latest work, that he has awakened from the state of unconsciousness of the crisis with which, like most Europeans, he was infected by the Americans while on their territory. His first impressions were of the brilliant features of the destiny of the great Republic. Retrospect and reflection at home have had the happy effect of revealing to him the awful peril which underlies the apparent prosperity, and the extent of the fatal barbarism which threatens the whole structure of American civilization. With a candour highly honourable to him, Mr. Chambers puts the public in immediate possession of his latest convictions; and the work which heads this article is just the compilation that was wanted for use in England, as far as the historical and statistical particulars go. We still observe the defect which was so striking in Mr. Chambers's former work—his insensibility to the character and function of the American abolitionists; and this is to be regretted, not only for the sake of justice, but because the character and function of that body are indisputably the leading element in the question, What is to become of a republic laden

with the curse of slavery in an age too advanced for it? Mr. Chambers despairs of the result: he sees none but a calamitous issue from the crisis. No other conclusion is possible to him; but his conclusion would be different, and his views infinitely more cheerful, if he were but aware of the history, quality, and actual influence of a body, with whom it is clear he had not only no intercourse when in the United States, but whom he has yet to learn to estimate. To state the problem with a curt dismissal of the Abolitionists because they are few, is like the account which might have been given of the disturbances of the Church, three centuries ago—Luther and his disciples being passed over because they were only a handful of men. This is an omission which largely affects Mr. Chambers's conclusions, of course; but, this caution being given, the book may be used with confidence, and will, we trust, be extensively and thankfully read, for the sake of the mass of facts which he has brought together into a statement almost as alarming to the English public who can say what they feel about American destinies, as to Americans, who cannot, under their present circumstances, employ equal freedom of speech.

A few lines will indicate something of the importance of the element omitted by Mr. Chambers; and if they should suggest to him the one remaining duty which would complete his good work—that of studying the history and function of the Abolitionists,—we have no doubt that the same candour which admitted of such progress as he has already made, will lead him on to conclusions more consolatory and animating than he can at present form in regard to the issue of the American struggle.

To the Abolitionists proper belongs the honour of all the ameliorations in the condition of the slaves of the South, and of the free blacks of the North for the last quarter of a century. They fixed the attention of the world on the treatment of the slaves, and thereby improved that treatment,—the slaveholders being at least as sensitive to the world's opinion as other classes of their countrymen. In the North, so far from deserving the reproach which Mr. Chambers directs against them, of inhuman and practical aversion to the coloured race, they have earned the opprobrious title of “amalgamationists” from the South by their success in opening to the free blacks the colleges, the pulpits, and the common schools of their communities, as well as the steamboat and the omnibus, the concert-room and church-sittings, with collateral benefits in proportion. By their stout warfare with the prejudice of colour, they have brought on themselves a long series of fearful persecutions. Their houses have been laid in ruins, their public halls burnt, their children excommunicated, their lives threatened and embittered with insult. They have



watched with increasing vigilance over such liberties as were provided by the constitution, and have so analysed that constitution as to prove to all minds that it must be amended before the Republic can ever again be tranquillized. By this small band of devoted and enlightened men and women the conscience of the nation has been kept alive, and the country has been revolutionized, thus far without violence and bloodshed, and by the force of reason and conscience. The revolutionary crisis being (as is agreed on all hands) inevitable, its being accomplished by other means than a servile war will be due to the Abolitionists, if that fearful catastrophe should be indeed escaped. Superficial observers, and strangers indoctrinated by the slaveholders and their creatures, the Colonization Society, have been apt till lately to despise the Abolitionists on account of the smallness of their numbers, and their severance from all political parties; but a deeper sagacity and the most ordinary impartiality will discern that these two particulars are the very secret of their influence. It is because they know that political factions can never regenerate the public that they keep aloof from parties, and thus maintain their ground and their power through all political changes; and it is through their abstinence from intrigue on the one hand, and violence on the other, that their numbers must ever be small. To obtain any great accession of numbers they must lower their standard, which they are not likely to do after a quarter of a century of severer temptation than can beset them again, and after achieving an amount of success which renders their principle and procedure unquestionable by all rational persons who understand the case." The range of their services has been wide and various. The condition of the slaves, in regard to material treatment, has been greatly equalized and improved by the attention of the world being fixed upon their case: the false pretences of all dishonest parties have been continuously exposed: the Church, the judiciary, the legislatures, and all leading men in each department, have been tested, and their true quality exhibited. The worldliness of the commercial North has been rebuked as effectually as the despotism of the slaveholding South: the whole country has been roused to a sense of the approaching crisis; and, while the field has been cleared for the conflict, the slave population has been deterred from insurrection. Before 1832, when the first Abolitionist spoke his first word, the slave insurrections averaged twelve in a year; whereas, from 1832 to 1856, there was no insurrection whatever. The slaves were aware that their cause was in better hands than their own, and they waited patiently, till, in the course of the election of last year, Southern men themselves imprudently identified the success of Fremont with the abolition of slavery, and thus, according to their own

confession, made themselves answerable for a partial rising. Even so bare a recapitulation as we have given of the services of the Abolitionists may be welcome to the readers of Mr. Chambers's latest work, as opening some prospect of a good and happy issue where to him all appears perplexing and desperate. The ten righteous men, having wrought for so long, may save the city yet.

Before we survey the recent transactions of the respective sections and States of the Union, it may be well to denote the various parties concerned in the existing struggle and its issue. We do not mean to waste any space in describing the political parties whose very denominations are a ludicrous puzzle to strangers. Such parties rise and disappear like bubbles on a turbulent stream; so that they are hardly worth a stranger's attention in ordinary times. But, at present, scarcely any of them appear to exist. The current of events is too strong for them; the times are too grave for political skirmishing; and the whole people are massed in sections characterized by distinctions which cannot be admitted and discussed in a day.

The leading sections are the North and the South, of course: but it is a mistake to suppose that the division of the men is as clear as the distinction of the policy. The South has a policy; and, as it is a slave-holding policy, the very small body of slaveholders usurps the title of the Southern section. Of the 27,000,000 of inhabitants of the United States, less than 350,000 are slaveholders in any sense; and it is computed that of these not more than 1000 are indoctrinated and zealous slaveholders. Of whom, then, does the so-called "South" really consist? There are, as we have said, 350,000 slaveholders; and if their connexions of every sort are included, the entire oligarchy cannot consist of more than 2,000,000. Then there are at least 4,000,000 slaves. The slaves being double the number of the ruling class is a formidable circumstance in itself; and it becomes of proportionate importance to learn what the remaining element is. That element it has been the policy of the South to keep out of view; and till lately it has succeeded: but the last census revealed the fact that the "mean-white" population of the South—the non-slaveholding whites—constitute no less than seven-tenths of the whole free population of the Slave States. In the "*History of American Compromises*," this class of inhabitants is thus described.

"Wherever slavery exists, labour becomes, of course, a badge of degradation. In America, no class—not even the slaves—are so utterly degraded as the whites, who, in Slave States, have no property, and must live by work or theft. The planters are always trying to get rid of them, as dangerous and vexatious neighbours; and these poor



wretches—the descendants, for the most part, of the proud colonists of two centuries ago—are reduced to sell their last foot of land, and be driven forth to live where they can. They are receivers of stolen goods from plantations, and traffickers in bad whisky, doing no honest work that they can avoid, and being employed by nobody who can get work done by any other hands. Few of them can read; most of them drink; and the missionaries report of them as savage to an unparalleled degree,—many having never heard of God or of Jesus Christ. Of this class are the ‘Sandhillers,’ the ‘Clay-eaters,’ and other fearful abnormal classes of residents in the Slave States. Strangers hear, in visits to plantations, of these ‘mean-whites’ as the supreme nuisance of the South, but are led to suppose that they are a mere handful of people, able to do a good deal of mischief by tampering with and corrupting the slaves. The last census, however, reveals the tremendous fact that these ‘mean-whites’ are seven-tenths of the whole white population of the Slave States.”—p. 29.

The readers of Mrs. Stowe’s “Dred” need no further representation of the mode of life of these people; and the facts of their position,—their numbers, possessions, occupations, and social standing, are exhibited with fulness and precision in Mr. Olmsted’s work on “The Seaboard States.”

Here, then, we have the three classes which constitute the population of the South:—1st. The owners of property and their families, composed of a small caste of 2,000,000 of persons; 2nd. Their slaves, now more than double the number of the oligarchy; and, 3rd., The poor whites, who have neither property nor power to labour, and who outnumber the other two classes together. Till very recently these were literally all: for free negroes are excluded from Slave States by law and usage, and in fact; and white labour cannot coexist with black. But the eagerness of the Southern oligarchy to extend the area of slave States has led to the unexpected issue of slavery being stopped in its spread to the south-west by the intervention of a substantial industrial body of immigrants. Mr. Olmsted’s volume on “Texas” informs us that the number of Germans in that State at the beginning of the present year is computed at 35,000, “of whom about 25,000 are settled in the German and half-German counties of Western Texas.”

“Among the Germans of the West (of Texas) we met not one slave-owner; and there are not probably thirty among them all who have purchased slaves. The whole capital of most of them lies in their hands; and with these every black hand comes into tangible and irritating competition. With the approach of the slave, too, comes an implied degradation, attaching itself to all labour of the hands.—The planter is by no means satisfied to find himself in the neighbourhood of the German. He is not only by education uncongenial, as well as suspicious of danger to his property, already somewhat precariously near



the frontier, but finds, in his turn, a direct competition of interests, which can be readily comprehended in figures. The ordinary Texan wages for an able field-hand are 200 dollars. The German labourer hires at 150 dollars, and clothes and insures himself. The planter for one hand must have paid 1000 dollars. The German with this sum can hire six hands. It is here the contact galls."—*A Journey through Texas*, p. 432.

The reader of Mr. Olmsted's charming narrative of his experience among the German settlers, will need no arguments to convince him that any conflict between free and slave labour on that fair field must issue in the defeat of the latter. Mr. Olmsted says—

"I have been thus particular in describing the condition and attitude of the Germans, as the position in which a fortune has placed them, in the very line of advance of slavery, is peculiar; and, so far as it bears upon the questions of the continued extension of cotton limits, the capacity of whites for independent agriculture at the South, and the relative profit and vigour of free and slave labour, is of national interest."—p. 440.

Here, then, is a fourth element of Southern population, small at present, but steadily increasing, and admirably placed for driving back slavery from the south-western frontier. The planters fear and hate this element; the negroes love it, as far as they recognise it; and the "mean-whites" hardly know what to make of it. The Germans, meantime, have no liking for any of the three classes of neighbours.

How are the 17,000,000 of the North massed in regard to political questions? Their numbers alone would seem to give them power to carry any point in which they believed the welfare of the Republic to be involved; and when it is considered that the suffrage is *bonâ fide* in the Northern States, while in the South three-fifths of the slaves count as voters by a constitutional fiction, strangers may well wonder how it is that the freemen of the North, being much more than double the number of those of the other section, permit any conflict which can endanger their country. Hitherto, it seems to have been the business of the slave-holding aristocracy to govern the Republic for their own purposes, in virtue of their compact organization, their strong and united will, and their accomplishments as men of letters and leisure; whereas the freemen of the North have had only a negative policy with regard to the great subject on which the South has a positive one; and the next great question, that of protection and free-trade, is one which is supposed to render the commercial and manufacturing portion of the Republic dependent on the producing section,—the merchants and manufacturers on the cotton-growers. Hence, mainly, it is, that the vast body of free,

industrious, and prosperous inhabitants of the Union are regarded only as a party, and a subordinate party, in the political history of the country. It is obvious that whenever the *prestige* of the governing party is shaken, and the bulk of the free population is fairly roused to honest political exertion, the constitution of the United States may become whatever they choose to make it, by means peaceable in proportion to the preponderant force of numbers. But they are not roused to honest political exertion; and hence it is that, though the Southern oligarchy are deteriorated in ability, degraded in morals, and brutalized in manners, as a necessary consequence of a protraction of slave institutions into an age too advanced for them, their abler and more civilized fellow-countrymen of the North are involved in a revolutionary struggle, instead of carrying their Government up to the head of the free governments of the world. This immense population, which lives in subservience to half a million of fellow-citizens, consists of hundreds of thousands of merchants, millions of land-owners, innumerable clergy of all denominations, multitudes of other professional men, large corporate bodies of manufacturers, and crowds of individual producers in all crafts. The only part of the 17,000,000 of the North not included in this mass of freemen are the two classes of immigrants and free coloured people. The latter are few, though more numerous than the slaveholders. They are somewhat under half a million, and they have no political weight at present, except in an indirect way, by their political competency and rights being one of the questions of the controversy. Till quite recently, the full importance of the immigrant element of the population was not recognised, though the Slave States have manifested a growing jealousy of the labour-power by which the superiority of the North in wealth and prosperity has been created. The formation of the Know-Nothing party—a southern device—was the first great recognition of the vital importance of the foreign industrial element,—being neither more nor less than an admission that slavery and immigration could not co-exist in the Republic. A similar testimony was afforded when, on the disappearance of the Know-Nothing party, some Southern governors and legislatures opened the fresh project of a renewal of the African slave-trade. The Northern States have borne the same testimony by the formation of their Emigrant Aid Societies; the object of which is not so much the keeping up of the supply of labourers in the old States, as the settlement of fresh territory,—at once preventing the extension of slavery over new soil, and giving the benefit of the increase of production to the commercial North instead of the agricultural South. This important body of citizens—the European element—consists chiefly at present of Germans, whom we have just seen actually

turning back the tide of slavery on its remotest frontier, and who afford a good rampart on the northern frontier,—in Illinois, Indiana, and the back of Pennsylvania and New York. The distinctive and highly useful characteristic of the Germans is, that they are commonly capitalists and labourers in one. So are the Hungarians, Belgians, Dutch and Swedes, while the Irish afford an element more resembling the slave labour of the South than any other that can be found in the free States. The whole body is, in combination, one of vast and growing consequence.

Lastly, there is the very small body of Abolitionists, properly so called. In number probably much under one in a thousand of the citizens, standing outside of political life and action altogether, and combined by no other bond than that of hostility to an institution which everybody about them ostensibly condemns, they make no show to account for their importance. We do not include under the term any political party which assumes any convenient portion of their doctrine; because it is clear to all impartial persons that the great problem now harassing the Republic cannot be solved by the ascendancy of any political party. We are therefore classing the free-soil party, and every other transient embodiment of the great difficulty, with the general mass of the Northern population; and when we speak of the Abolitionists, we mean the permanent, small, active, agitating anti-slavery body to which the South attributes all its woes, and which really is answerable for the critical condition of the question at this day. There is no truth in the Southern accusations that the Abolitionists tamper with the slaves, or countenance violence in any form, or under any pretence. The great majority of them are non-resistants, and moral means are their only weapons; but they are, as the slave-power says, the antagonistic power by which the destinies of the Republic have been pledged to a principle, as in the days of their fathers, and at whose instigation the conflict must be carried through, and the fate of the nation decided. They are the actual revolutionizers of the Republic, while, for the most part, peacemen in the doctrinal sense of the term. The difference between them and the amateur peacemen of some European societies is, that they do not consider the shedding of blood the greatest of evils, but simply an inexpedient method of prosecuting their aim; and thus they are not bound to "cry peace where there is no peace," but will not cease to agitate while the wrong is unrectified; and, at the same time, their mode of procedure is of incalculable value where the solution to be apprehended is that of servile war on the one hand, and a military despotism on the other.

These, then, are the sections of the population, North and South, among and by whom the second great American revolution



is to be wrought out. What has been done, up to this time? What is doing now? By what phenomena are we justified in speaking of American affairs as in a revolutionary state at this moment? We will cast a glance round that great circle of grouped sovereignties, and see what social symptoms are exhibited from point to point within the frontier. For the history of the question on which the fate of the Union hangs, we have no room; and we cannot do better than refer our readers to the sketches offered in the works of Mr. Chambers and Mrs. Harriet Martineau. The economical condition, and much of the social character of the Slave States is fully and most ably exhibited in Mr. Olmsted's two volumes. The very high quality of both these books of Mr. Olmsted's sustains the eminent reputation of American travels,—a branch of literature in which our cousins of the Northern States excel most other men; and we should enjoy the task of justifying our admiration in this case by a full review of Mr. Olmsted's works; but our immediate object is to mark the revolutionary indications of the country and time. A brief and cursory survey of existing affairs will, we think, convince all observers that to deny that the American Republic is, and has long been, passing through a revolution is to be very like the inexperienced generation who heard the firing at Lexington and Concord, and saw the tea shot into the harbour without any notion that the colonies had cut themselves adrift from the mother-country.

The survivors of the founders of the Republic believed—we now see how wisely—that the first move in the second revolution was made in 1820. Thoughtless persons wondered at the solemnity of their language; but time is fully justifying it. In 1787, when there was a distribution of lands belonging to Virginia, the establishment of slavery on new territory was prohibited; and nobody called in question the power of the National Congress of that day to impose such a prohibition. During the thirty following years there was no dispute on the point; and it was with dread and surprise that in 1819 the venerable statesmen of the Revolution began to apprehend the course which the South is following out at this moment. It was on occasion of the Missouri Compromise that the doubt was insinuated whether Congress could impose conditions on the admission of new States into the Union. In the *"History of American Compromises,"* we find an account of the emotions excited by an anticipation of what we are seeing now.

"The prohibition of slavery on the distribution of the Virginia lands in 1787 proves that the power was no matter of doubt at that time; yet it was now contested, in the teeth of as many as survived of the very men who had made the Constitution and distributed the

lands. The conflict was fierce, and it embittered the latter days of the patriots who yet survived—Jefferson, Jay, Adams, Marshall, and indeed all the old political heroes. ‘From the Battle of Bunker Hill,’ to the ‘Treaty of Paris,’ says Jefferson to Adams, ‘we never had so ominous a question. I thank God I shall not live to witness its issue.’ Again, after the compromise—‘This momentous question, like a fire-bell in the night, awakened and filled me with terror. I considered it at once as the knell of the Union. It is hushed, indeed, for the moment. But this is a reprieve only—not a final sentence. A geographical line, coinciding with a marked principle, moral or political, once conceived and held up to the angry passions of men, will never be obliterated; and every new irritation will mark it deeper and deeper.’ Jay wrote—‘I concur in the opinion that slavery ought not to be introduced nor permitted in any new States; and that it ought to be gradually diminished, and finally abolished in all of them.’ The most cautious of politicians, Judge Story, never threw himself into any great public question but once; and this was the occasion. He spoke in public on behalf of the absolute prohibition of slavery, by express Act of Congress, in all the Territories, and against the admission of any new slave-holding State, except on the unalterable condition of the abolition of slavery. He grounded his argument on the Declaration of Independence and on the Constitution of the United States, as well as on the radical principle of Republicanism. When the result was trembling in the balance, and the issue seemed to depend on the votes of six waverers, Judge Story predicted a settlement by compromise—a present yielding to the South on condition that it should be for the last time; this ‘last time,’ however, involving the admission of the two waiting States, whose climate and productions afforded an excuse for slavery to which Missouri could not pretend. A short and pregnant sentence, in a letter of Judge Story’s, shows that a new light had begun to break in upon him at Washington, which might make him glad of such a compromise, as a means of gaining time for the preservation of the Union. After relating the extraordinary pretensions of the South, he concludes thus—‘But of this I say but little; I will talk about it on my return: but our friends in general are not ripe for a disclosure of the great truths respecting Virginia policy.’”

For thirty-seven years the great constitutional question has come up again on all marked occasions, and under many phases, till the present year, when all the conditions of revolution are fulfilled, and there appears to be no escape from the alternative of an overthrow of the original constitution of the Republic, or its preservation by means of a separation of the States. To this issue the recent decision of the Supreme Court in the case of Dred Scott seems to have brought the great controversy, which may be briefly thus described.

In the original draft of the Declaration of Independence, there is a paragraph which was struck out as unnecessary. It charged George III. with the crime of the slave trade, among the other



offences there set forth in solemn order. Mr. Chambers saw this document in the rooms of the American Philosophical Society at Philadelphia; and he naturally considers it "the greatest archæological curiosity" that he saw in the country. When that paper was drawn up, slavery existed in all the States; but its abolition was so near and certain in many of them, and the universal dislike of it appeared to be so strong, that even the far-sighted Franklin believed that it would soon be got rid of, with other mischiefs imposed by the connexion with England. We have Lafayette's testimony (given in grief at the bad spirit which had grown up between 1776 and 1830), that during the revolutionary war there was no distinction between the blacks and the whites as soldiers and citizens. Soldiers of the two races bivouacked together, eating out of the same dish, as well as fighting side by side: and in the towns, the free coloured men were citizens, in every sense as good as the whites. Even so late as 1814, nearly the same position was held by the black soldiers, as is proved by General Jackson's address to them a few weeks before the battle of New Orleans. "As sons of freedom," the general wrote, "you are called upon to defend our most inestimable blessing. As Americans, your country looks with confidence for a valorous support," &c. In a subsequent address, the recognition of the citizenship of the negroes was as ample as possible. "When on the banks of the Mobile," he says, "I called you to take up arms, inviting you to partake the perils and glories of your white fellow-citizens, I expected much from you," &c. When the Americans began to govern themselves, therefore, and for long after, the condition of the negro race was this: Those who were slaves were rapidly obtaining freedom by the abolition of slavery in State after State; all importation of negroes was forbidden after 1808; and the emancipated slaves became citizens in the fullest sense of the term. While the eradication of slavery was supposed to be thus proceeding in the settled States, the institution was excluded from new territory by express provision, as in the case of the distribution of the Virginian lands, under the compact of 1787. The mischief and disgrace of the institution were charged upon Great Britain, fairly and sincerely; and there was more or less reason for the excuse of inherited crime up to 1820, when the Missouri Compromise destroyed it, by unnecessarily introducing slavery into the new State of Missouri, where it was not justified by circumstances of climate, or any overpowering expediency whatever. Still, it was the practice to speak of slavery as an evil and a disgrace, and to cast the blame of it on England which introduced it, till the repeal of the Missouri Compromise in 1850, by which the institution was adopted as the substantial policy of the Republic, to the support



of which every State of the Union should be pledged.. American ambassadors in Europe, and the entertainers of European travellers in the United States, were wont to speak plaintively and deprecatingly of the misfortune they had inherited from the mother-country. But for seven years past—we may say for thirty-seven years past,—the excuse has been invalid; and now the nation, if judged by the action of the federal government, proclaims to the world that “slavery is the corner-stone of the Republic,” as Governor M’Duffie of South Carolina declared it to be when few had courage to make such an avowal.

It was in a continental or national Congress—the last—that the prohibition to introduce slavery into new territory was passed in 1787; but the acts of that Congress were sanctioned and adopted by the federal Congress, without dispute or demur, for a long course of years. We have seen how great was the shock to the surviving statesmen of the revolution when the right of that Congress to rule the conditions of new States was brought into question in 1820. The controversy was suspended by a compromise which, by excluding slavery from all territory north of a certain line, licensed it in all territory south of that line. Ten years after that compromise, the Abolitionists began to see how fearful were the condition and prospects of their country, if slavery should continue to impoverish the soil of half the States, and to undermine the liberties and corrupt the morals of the whole; and they have worked devotedly, and made the most magnanimous sacrifices, during the intervening quarter of a century, to revolutionize their country by moral agitation, with a steady avoidance of political movement, in order to intercept the last fatal result of a servile war, bringing on a total national overthrow.

Though there were more signs of political disturbance prior to 1850 than we have space to detail—such as the suppression of the right of petition to Congress, the violences inflicted with impunity on the Abolitionists, and the prostitution of the mail service,—there was a sufficient external quiet and decorum preserved to cover up the wounds of the Republic from foreign observation, and to excuse timid or indifferent citizens from appearing to see that anything was wrong. The warnings of the Abolitionists were troublesome and vexatious; the rebukes of Dr. Channing were smiled at as coming from a mere divine, who could be no judge of practical affairs. The legislation of 1850 was a thunderclap to many who had been apathetic before; but its portentous character was not estimated till the broad tokens of revolution were displayed in the leading State of the Union. They might not be recognised as revolution, any more than the pouring out of tea and of blood on a former occasion.

but they were something so serious as to rouse and prepare the general mind for the yet more critical manifestations of the present day.

When the Fugitive Slave Bill passed, there were about 9000 persons of colour in Massachusetts. Within three days after its passage was known, forty of them were in flight for Canada, though legally protected by the constitution of the sovereign State in which they were living. One day in May, 1854, the old Faneuil Hall in Boston rang with speeches which were as revolutionary as any which had ever been uttered there before, on occasion of the arrest of Burns, a fugitive slave, whose liberty was guaranteed by the laws of the State while annihilated by the new federal law. Nothing can be more revolutionary than a direct collision between a law of the Union and a law of any State; and nothing can be more absolutely opposed than those laws in the present case. The Court-house at Boston was surrounded by a chain; and soldiers were marched through the streets, under the apprehension of a rescue of the kidnapped slave. The free coloured people plied a battering-ram against the door of the Court-house, and obtained entrance. The alarm-bell of the city conveyed news of the tumult to the shipping in the harbour, and the villages around. The affrighted claimant of the negro would have gladly backed out of his enterprise, and taken the price of the man which was offered by the authorities; but orders from Washington forbade him to withdraw, as the President was resolved to bring the dispute to an issue on this case. During the interval of two days before the trial, all interest in other business was suspended. From every pulpit on the Sunday prayers were requested "on behalf of a brother in sore distress." In the remotest parts of the State handbills were circulating, imploring the yeomanry to repair to Boston and see the issue. "Come, but *this time* with only such arms as God gave you." Multitudes came; and those who remained at home organized township meetings, where resolutions of the strongest character were passed. As the pleadings in the Court-house were drawing to a close, cannon were planted in the square, the military lined the way to the harbour, and a small steamer skulked about there, trying to find a place at some wharf. This showed what the result was to be. The citizens were not prepared to resist it; and their want of concert and preparation has been bitterly mourned by them ever since. What they could do at the moment they did. Twenty thousand of them lined the foot-pavement, to give their greeting to the fettered black as he was marched down to the harbour. The shops were shut; the balconies were filled by women in mourning; and at the moment when the doom was pronounced, the flags of the Union and of the State were lowered, hung with black. There were three sounds



strangely mingled during that march.\* The bells were tolling; and there was one carriage—the gun which the artillery drew. Another sound completely overpowered both,—an ear-piercing hiss from the entire population, and loudest from the merchants assembled on the steps of the Exchange. Burns was carried off by means of the unconstitutional submission of the authorities. While we write, we find that one of them, Commissioner Loring, has at length undergone retribution for his conduct on the occasion. He braved public opinion, at the time and afterwards, in reliance on the support of the President and the Cabinet; he ignored all demands that he should resign; he strove to appear unmoved by gifts of purses, containing “thirty pieces of silver;” and he, no doubt, trusted to wear out his enemies by passive endurance of their scorn. But they had all his perseverance, and a better cause. They did not choose that a man should hold office after having decided against the laws of his State, when those laws were in collision with new enactments of Congress declared unconstitutional by the best lawyers in the country; and they have never ceased to work at the deposition of Loring from his office of Judge of Probate. He was displaced in May last.\* As far as the man Burns himself was concerned, it mattered little; for he had become too dangerous, by means of his extraordinary experience. He could not be allowed to converse with slaves, or even with their owners in the South: he was presently released, for a small sum, and he is now happily employed in selling books in the lobbies of the Senate House in Ohio. As for the State in which such things were done, no rational observer would suppose that any community could settle down into acquiescence after such a demonstration, without a removal of grievances; and Massachusetts is, in fact, outside the pale of the Union at this moment, in company with several other States, as we shall presently see.

It is not possible for us to give a continuous narrative of the events, the successive steps, by which the results of the Acts of 1850 have deepened into the present revolutionary crisis. We have exhibited one instance of the working of the laws which repealed the Missouri Compromise; repealed it, not for the sake of restoring the old faith in the powers of Congress, and the old restrictions on slavery, but in order to subject the whole Union to the control of the Southern section, and to throw down the remaining barriers by which free labour was protected. The picture of Boston, in wrath and mourning, on the day of the rendition of Burns, is a fitting frontispiece for the disclosure of the actual condition of all the States.

President Buchanan said, in his Inaugural Address on the

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\* So it was understood in Boston as elsewhere; but Governor Gardner has a second time undone the work of the legislature, and refused to remove Judge Loring.



4th of last March, that the question of the power of Congress to fix the conditions of admission to the Union was before the Supreme Court, and would presently be decided there. Meantime, the President plainly intimated his own opinion that Congress had no such power. Within forty-eight hours the decision was given,—five Judges of the Supreme Court delivering the conclusion anticipated by the President, and two dissenting from it. Chief-Justice Taney was a Maryland lawyer, once eloquent at the bar on the guilt and misery of slave institutions, and on the indignation due to Great Britain for subjecting his country to the curse. He obtained his great rise in life by services rendered to President Jackson in the Bank crisis. He was appointed Secretary of the Treasury, and then introduced into the Supreme Court as Associate Judge. On the death of Chief-Justice Marshall, all the world looked for the succession of Judge Story to the office, entitled as he was to it on every possible ground. The catholic slaveholder, Taney, was, however, appointed; and from that time (nearly a quarter of a century since) the Southern politicians have used their opportunities well in obtaining a hold over the great instrument of the federal judiciary. The founders of the Republic stretched a point, for the sake of steadiness and security, in the case of the judiciary as well as of the senate. They decreed that the judges should not be elected, but appointed for life, under the safeguard of impeachment. But perseverance in improving vacancies may serve almost as well as the elective method when party purposes are to be served; and the South now holds as secure a majority in the Supreme Court as if it had beaten the North in the election of judges. Its pet judge, Taney, has now precipitated the conflict which the new President hoped to defer for four years. No one will undertake to say that the appointment of Judge Story would have saved the State from collisions, or materially altered the case. It is not every man who is born a hero; and Joseph Story never advanced pretensions to a valour which he did not feel. On the contrary, he eased his mind by avowing, in private intercourse, that his apprehensions of the consequences of action on any side in the sectional question sealed his mouth and paralysed his hands. After the crisis of the Missouri Compromise, he never (as his son informs us in vol. i. p. 360 of his *"Life and Letters"*) came forward in public on political matters; and, if such was his course of silence and non-commitment in his own State, it is not likely that he would have stemmed a stronger current of opinion at Washington. He never did as Associate Judge, and we have no reason to suppose that he would in the more conspicuous seat from which he was injuriously thrust aside. After this long term of office, Chief-Justice Taney has immortalized his old age by the judgment in the case of Dred Scott, which, whether recalled or allowed to

stand, will, in all probability, be renowned hereafter as the occasion, though not specifically the cause, of the outbreak of the second great American Revolution.

Dred Scott is a negro, who supposes himself to be about fifty-five years of age. He was born in Virginia, and taken by his master to St. Louis when he was a young man. Being purchased by an army surgeon, named Emerson, he accompanied this new master in his professional removals; and in one instance lived for two years in that north-western territory which was made exempt from slavery for ever by the Act of 1787. Unaware of having thus acquired his liberty, he offered to buy himself and his family of the widow of Dr. Emerson. The lady refused: he was advised to claim his liberty; and the proceedings have dragged on for ten years, during which interval Mrs. Emerson has married again, her present husband being a citizen of Massachusetts, and heartily disposed to establish the liberty of Dred Scott, for which he has spared no effort and no cost. The trustee of his wife has, however, had the complete control of the suit. During the uncertainty of the case, and while he was left to do pretty much as he pleased, Dred Scott's two daughters escaped—probably into Canada. There can be little doubt that he will be released, as Burns was, on account of his dangerous antecedents; and he is, at all events, sure of good usage, from the eyes of the world being fixed on his case.\* He himself says, with the complacency belonging to slavery, that he could make thousands of dollars by travelling through the country, and merely saying who he is. The judges (five out of seven present) went so much further than was necessary in the judgment they pronounced, that it is evident that they seized the occasion for establishing the supremacy of the Southern policy, at the outset of a new presidential term. The decision embraced five points; whereas the first was enough for the case before them. The points are these:—

1st. That negroes and people of colour are not citizens; and that, as a consequence, Dred Scott could not come into court. This, if true, settled Dred Scott's business, and that of four millions of his race, natives of the United States.

2nd. That slaves are property, in the same sense as any kind of chattel: so that a slave-owner may carry his negroes into any State of the Union, and settle them there, as slaves, notwithstanding any State laws to the contrary. If this is true, the whole Union is slave territory, and the sovereign States have no

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\* Since the above was written, intelligence has reached England that Dred Scott and his wife and two daughters were emancipated at St. Louis on the 26th of May. The husband of his owner effected his release by making him over to a slaveholder of St. Louis who had power to emancipate him, and lost no time in doing so.



power to deliver themselves from it. It needs no showing that this cuts up by the roots the fundamental liberties of every republic in the Union; and enslaves the Federal Union itself under an assumed ordinance of a long-dead generation.

3rd. That Congress has no power over the institutions of the Territories: in other words, that all the provisions of the Settlement of 1787, all the enactments at the time of the Missouri Compromise, all the reversals of those enactments in 1850, all the proceedings of seventy years which suppose the citizenship of the coloured people, the limitations of slavery, and an antagonistic policy between North and South, are mere waste paper.

4th. That Congress cannot delegate a power which it does not possess; and that, therefore, the Territories themselves have no power to exclude slavery from their own borders.

5th (included in the second). That the slaveholder has a right to settle his slaves on any soil within the Union, as a Northern man may establish his cattle and horses wherever he pleases to live.

We need not waste our space in any discussion of this judgment. On the face of it, it makes slavery as perpetually and everywhere present as the atmosphere, over the whole area of the United States; and it overthrows the entire legislation of the Federal Union and of most of the States, for above seventy years, in all that concerns inter-state relations, and the rights of the sovereign States. Thus the rights of the negroes are only one portion, and not the chief portion, of the interests involved. The judgment is of the strongest revolutionary character,—subversive as it is of the whole mass of legislation, and the whole policy of the founders of the Republic and their successors to this day. If it could be acted out, *that* would be revolution. If it is resisted, *that* is also revolution, because the entire organization of the federal government stands or falls with the Supreme Court. Some people talk of the judges being compelled to reverse their own judgment. If that were possible, the authority of the judiciary is virtually destroyed; and the question which caused its destruction remains pressing for settlement, while more than ever incumbered with hopeless embarrassment.

The immediate effects of the decision are very striking. As far as we have been able to discover, no one has publicly avowed approbation of the judgment. The most that we see attempted on behalf of the South is the assumption that, the judgment having been passed, it must be made the best of. The newspapers in the interest of the South and its cabinet at Washington, take for granted that the only remedy is a majority the other way in the Supreme Court. In illustration of this, those journals point out the habit of the judges to live to a good old age; so



that it is likely to be fifteen years before the scale can be turned. This is a cool way of degrading the judiciary into an object of party contest; but then, persons who talk of this judgment being the law of the land must be well aware that long before that term has expired, the Union may be under a military despotism, or have fallen to pieces.

The President, in the first place, assumes that the matter is settled, and all right: though his Secretary of State, Mr. Cass, with all his Southern leanings, could not sit through the delivery of the judgment. After manifesting many signs of agitation, he snatched his hat, and left the court while the Chief Justice was still speaking. As soon as it was possible for reports to arrive from various parts of the country, the central newspapers began to teem with rebukes of the disorderly spirit of communities and their leaders, which would not sit down quietly under the doom of their constitutional liberties. The Republican party, which so nearly brought in Fremont, and which expects to bring him in next time, was informed that its "platform" was "shivered to atoms." "That is settled. What was in doubt (the power of Congress in the Territories) is in doubt no longer. The supreme law is expounded by the supreme authority; and disobedience is rebellion, treason, and revolution. The Republican party henceforth must choose between submission and revolution." Such was the language of government organs. But so loud was the outcry, of not only the Republican party, but a good many more of the citizens, that feelers were put out to try whether the judgment could not be got rid of. The political talkers affected to consider the decision an opinion which left the case unsettled: and we have seen some newspapers in which tentative paragraphs to that effect were put forth. But it appears to have been too late for that mode of escape, when the two dissentient judges, Curtis and McLean, had published their protest against the judgment, and the grounds of it. When the minority of the court treated it as a decision, nobody out of the court could declare it to be only an opinion.

While this was going forward, what was the general aspect of society at Washington? For many years past, the imperious temper and bullying manners of the untravelled Southern members of Congress had so encroached on conventional usages, in regard to the Northern members, that it was clear that some explosion must take place, showing whether or not the two kinds and degrees of civilization could combine for political action. The outrage on Mr. Sumner was the explosion which so many were looking for: and the world in general seems to think that the question is pretty nearly settled. The South at large supported and rewarded the ruffian who assailed an unarmed man at

a defenceless moment; and it is not easy to see how two sets of legislators, who are of directly opposite opinions as to which was the hero and which the coward of the occasion, can legislate together on matters which involve the very principles of liberty and the civilization which belongs to it. The one set of members are living under a retrogradé military régime, in a period of despotism and physical force; and the other is living under the advanced period of the commercial régime, which supposes and guarantees personal liberty, and sanctions intelligence and self-interest superseding physical force. Emerson was roused by the occasion of the assault on Mr. Sumner to utter words which were caught up throughout the free States; and public opinion in the world generally seems to corroborate his conclusion. "I do not see," said Emerson, in his address to the citizens of Concord, "how a barbarous community and a civilized community can constitute one State." This is the question in which the continuance of the Union is involved; and it was proposed in its most critical form by Preston Brooks when he half murdered the Massachusetts senator on the floor of Congress. The South, by recognising the deed as an act of patriotism, has sealed the doom of the Union, if the more civilized portion of the States choose to exact the legitimate consequences. About the same time, another member of Congress took occasion to exemplify the Southern view of industrial relations. He shot through the heart an Irish waiter at an hotel, and escaped all punishment but a small fine, imposed by the District Court, as if for the purpose of endorsing the murderer's opinion that "a menial" is not a man,—white labourers reducing themselves, by the very act of labour, to the social position of slaves. The *Charleston Standard* observed on the occasion—"If white men accept the office of menials, it should be expected that they will do so with an apprehension of their relation to society, and the disposition quietly to encounter both the responsibilities and the liabilities which the relation implies." An Alabama paper hoped that "waiters at the North" would take a lesson in prudence, and not expect the security of gentlemen while they did the work of gentlemen's live chattels. Can those who work, and those who thus regard work, "constitute one State?" Meantime, a clergyman, the Rev. Moncure Conway, much followed and respected, preached some of the commonest doctrines of Christian liberty and love, and was advised to resign his pulpit at Washington. He did so; and there was an intention of building a church for him where he might preach the whole gospel; but he seems to be now permanently settled at Cincinnati; and one of the recent tokens of revolutionary tendencies in Ohio, is an invitation from a body of senators and representatives to Mr. Conway to come and lecture to them. Accord-



ing to Mr. Olmsted's statements, slavery must be rapidly melting away in the District of Columbia; and accounts from Virginia, of a yet more recent date, plainly fix the time, within a few years, when scarcely a slave will be left in Washington. The number of European and free negro labourers and servants is perpetually on the increase; the facilities for escape are very great; and the owners of slaves prefer letting them out to hirers beyond the limits of the District. Yet there are frequent evidences of the slaves being, even now, too many for their masters. The accident, whatever it was, which killed so many of the boarders at the National Hotel, last winter, and which has prostrated the health and strength of so many more (including the President), was at first hushed up as much as possible: but whatever the truth may be, the fatality at the National Hotel has led to the disclosure of a good many elsewhere.\* First, there was talk of arsenic; and this occasioned the temporary "solution," as it was called, of the rat story. It was said that a multitude of rats, suffering under the pains of poison, had rushed into the cistern, and were found close-packed in layers in the water drunk in the house. This story being anxiously disproved by the proprietors, and hushing-up being impossible, an ostentatious examination and superficial report on the drains and cesspools was sent forth, some essential facts of which are denied by competent persons, while subsequent deaths are believed to point unmistakeably to arsenic as their cause. There is a tacit understanding among many,—probably among most of the observers of the circumstances, that the catastrophe is doubtless the work of slaves; and no one who has so visited the Slave States as to be in the confidence of the planters, could be much surprised at such an incident. There is scarcely a long-settled neighbourhood in the Southern States, where there are not bereaved parents, widows, and widowers, whose homes have been rendered desolate by "the propensity" of slaves to poison whites.

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\* At the end of April, the number of ascertained deaths from the fatality at the National Hotel was between twenty and thirty; and there were still many cases lingering between death or recovery. The number of persons taken ill was seven hundred; and there is probably no other country in the civilized world where such an incident could have made so little noise. When deaths were still occurring, after an interval of many weeks, the merchants of Washington subscribed ten thousand dollars for a reward, on information being given which should afford a solution of the mystery. At a still later date, two physicians of the highest reputation were commissioned to examine and report on the character of the disease; and a set of questions was sent by them to every invalid about the symptoms and course of the illness. As the seven hundred victims are dispersed over the whole country, the medical world has everywhere become interested in the inquiry; and, by the latest accounts, the conviction that arsenic was the agent is becoming universal.



At Washington, we thus see one-half of the senate is in direct hostility with the other; while the leading men of the great Northern majority, in both houses, live under threats of assault, and carry arms in fear of murder by "southern chivalry," if caught defenceless. The Supreme Court has descended into the dirt of political partisanship, and adventured the overthrow of the principles and policy of the Republic, directly provoking a revolution. No man in the capital of this democratic Republic can safely speak his mind; and even the clergy cannot freely preach the gospel from their own pulpits. As murder skulks in the street, so poison is hidden at the board. The President tells the world in his public addresses, that nothing can be better than the state of the country; and that, in regard to political agitation, in particular, "all is calm:" while aware that treason reigns in the courts, violence in the legislative chambers, assassination in the streets and public vehicles, and a most potent spirit of vengeance in the kitchen; while he is himself feeble and suffering from "an accident," which he can perhaps account for better than we can. He is understood to promise "a totally new policy, domestic and foreign," about which he is to explain himself in the summer. Meanwhile, it is for our readers to judge whether Washington is prepared, by a spirit of union, loyalty, and mutual confidence among its residents, to be the citadel of the federal government, in case of revolutionary action among the States.

What is the aspect of the respective States? The two leading sovereignties, according to tradition and *prestige*, are Virginia and Massachusetts; the first leading the "gallant South" and its "peculiar institution;" and the other heading the puritan-descended populations and governments of New England. According to the statements of the leading journal of its capital city, Richmond, less than five years ago; Virginia once contained more wealth and a larger population than any other State of the Union; whereas it was in 1852 the fifth in point of wealth, and the fourth in population. The city of New York then contained more free persons than the whole of Virginia east of the Alleghanies; and of this population, it was computed, that no less than 166,000 young persons, between seven and sixteen years of age, were brought up in total ignorance. These are "mean whites"—an element which we have shown to be all-important in considering the political prospects of any State where they exist. There is a better chance for them in Virginia than in any other Southern State, because there is less slave labour. The land has lapsed into barrenness, through the failure of capital and the high cost of labour; and the revenue of the slaveholders is mainly derived from slave-breeding. Not one-fourth of the cultivable area is under tillage; and two-thirds of what was once

highly productive is now mere waste. Farms are offered for sale "by thousands," the journals say; but nobody will buy. Even the wolves have reappeared in Eastern Virginia; and the newspapers declare that they are as numerous, and inhabit lands as wild, as in the days of Captain Smith and Pocahontas. The soil lies open for tillage; yet the poor whites are so destitute and discontented, that there is a growing dread of "rebellion" on their part, by means of a vigorous use of the suffrage, which would presently place the legislation of the State in their hands. In the midst of the vigilance caused by this apprehension, Governor Wise ventured upon the most extraordinary incitements to revolution, in case of the election of any President acceptable to the Northern States, which he described as peopled by "greasy mechanics," who live among foul circumstances and foul thoughts, and bring down all the gentry to their own level. He was prepared for a dissolution of the Union, and declared the State to be so, too, in preference to living under the rule of Fremont. A greater revolution than he proposed is going forward under Buchanan. So many slaves have escaped, and the abasement of agriculture is so complete, that the party of west-country farmers, long desirous to abolish slavery, is receiving accessions of force which seem likely to render it dominant. For some time past, land has been offered to settlers from the North and from Europe so cheap, as to intercept some of the migration to the West. The land so offered is chiefly lapsed estates which, once exhausted and left wild, have returned to their original condition, and await the process of clearing, as they did two or three centuries ago. So good is the prospect, that the Hon. Eli Thayer, of Massachusetts, has set on foot a project for settling Virginia lands from New York by means of a company, just as Kansas is dealt with by the Emigrant Aid Societies. The proposal has been like a bomb-shell cast into the midst of the State of Virginia. Some leading newspapers go all lengths in denouncing such an interference with the staple business of slave-breeding; while other journals hope that it may regenerate the State, by introducing a good quality of labour, which must bring after it the capital which is so much needed. The scheme is not a sound one; for no citizens of any free country, American or European, could endure to live under the laws of Virginia, as they now are; and there can be no reason why emigrants should sit down in a region where industry is disgrace. But there is no doubt of a radical change being in progress, which cannot go on long without bringing Virginia over into the Northern section, in virtue of its free labour. The black population is carried out of the State in such numbers, that the newspapers propose a term of "ten or twenty years" for "clearing Virginia completely of



that part of her population. Any considerable immigration from the free States, and the creation of a new landed and free-labour interest, would bring after it a speedy change in the laws, and complete conversion in politics. But the decision in Dred Scott's case leaves no time for a peaceable conversion; and there is no doubt whatever that Virginia is at present divided against itself, and ready to come to blows on the first incitement. The new search-law of March, 1856, by which all vessels not wholly Virginian are made subject to search, if bound for any place north of the ports of the State, and not allowed to sail without a certificate, which has to be paid for, is declared unconstitutional by several of the States; and Massachusetts has, by its senate, resolved to contest the point. It has appropriated a sufficient amount of money to enable a sea-captain of their State to abide the penalties of refusal: and this collision, involving all the feelings connected with the subject of fugitive slaves, may very possibly have grave consequences. Meantime, the ruling and talking party in Virginia are pledged to slavery, and to sustain the Supreme Court, and brave a dissolution of the Union, rather than admit a President of the Republican party; while an immense majority of the citizens are bent on a policy which requires the whole area of the State for its action. What the hatred is like which the Virginian slave-breeder entertains towards his fellow-republicans of the free States is shown, in some degree, by a very recent fact. When the capital of the State was ravaged by pestilence in 1855, physicians and surgeons were summoned from a distance, or went voluntarily to Norfolk, to render aid. Of these devoted men, fourteen died and were buried on the spot. Newspapers of a later date, and the *Norfolk Argus* for one, inform us that the state of Southern feeling towards the free North "requires the removal" of the bodies of these benefactors of the city. Such a thing seems incredible; but the disinterment of the bodies, for removal to Philadelphia, is announced as actually decreed. If this degree of sectional hatred is insanity, it is also revolution.

Massachusetts, the intellectual and moral leader of the States of the federation, is at this moment actually not in the Union. Its Personal Liberty law is in direct contradiction to the federal law regarding fugitive slaves; and the position of antagonism seems likely to be maintained by the spirit of the people. A fugitive family now in Boston affords an occasion for bringing the discrepancy to a decision; but the slave-power does not seem disposed to try. The slave-mother in this case is as white as any lady in Boston; and this practical testimony to the "amalgamation" prevalent in the South gives force to the case, and makes it a good one for a test. The alternative was fairly placed



before the fugitive—whether she would proceed to Canada with her children, or remain under the guardianship of the laws of Massachusetts and of its vigilant citizens. She decided to remain; and visitors have gone from house to house to engage the citizens in a pledge to defend their guests against all hostile comers, at all risks.

The pledge is as solemn as that of "lives, fortunes, and sacred honour" on the former great occasion. The rendition of Sims first, and then of Burns, was a mournful piece of training for Massachusetts, which has evidently "bettered the instruction," and is duly prepared for the consequences of refusing any further rendition of fugitives. The Governor of the State, Gardner, in his proclamation of a general fast in April, went out of his way to recommend the clergy and citizens to avoid mixing up political subjects with the devotions of the day. The response is very striking. The citizens have spoken out in their various ways to the effect that to omit political sin, sorrow, peril, and fear from their prayers would be to mock Heaven with hypocrisy; and even the clergy, for the most part so backward in recognising the worst sins and troubles of their day, made the churches ring with their denunciations of the Government's interference, and with their reprobation of the decision of the Supreme Court. The old spirit is fairly up, as it was on the first reception of the news of the treatment inflicted on their senator last year. No doubt it takes some time, and requires a few failures, to bring the community into the true plight for a revolutionary struggle; and there is much truth in the allegations we hear of the mercenary character of much of the support given to the Kansas Emigrant Aid Society, and of the reluctance of the wealthy, the indolent, and the timid to affront the South and the great men at Washington. Still, there have now been so many overt acts of committal and reform, and the great body of citizens who are not involved with the South, commercially or otherwise, have always shown themselves so sound when fairly tested, that there can be no reasonable doubt of Massachusetts leading the North in any resistance to unconstitutional claims from the South. The common schools in Boston have recently been thrown open to the children of the people of colour, who were formerly educated in separate schools. None but the best results have ensued; and this step is to be sustained in defiance of all legal decisions that negroes are not citizens, and can have no rights or claims.\* Again, Massachusetts was, we believe, the first State which

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\* A more recent act of great courage is announced. The Senate has decreed that the Secretary of State of Massachusetts shall supply passports to citizens of colour desirous of travelling abroad.

organized Disunion Associations,—societies formed to spread such information, and afford such centres of opinion and action as would prepare and bring about a dissolution of the Union; and the recent action of the Supreme Court has remarkably increased the number of these societies in the North. The Free-soil party is of course demolished by the judgment in Dred Scott's case; and it would have perished nearly as soon without such a blow. Its aim was "to render freedom national and slavery sectional," instead of the existing converse. It needs no showing how that aim was impracticable, and how great a mistake it has been to call the Free-soil leaders Abolitionists; and the present fortunes of the Free-soilers have brought over multitudes to the conviction that no aim short of the abolition of slavery can succeed, politically or otherwise. Thus, while the Abolitionists are duly grateful to Mr. Sumner and other Free-soil leaders, they do not endorse their doctrine, nor approve of going into Congress by swearing to support the Constitution which it is their very object to subvert in some of its essential provisions. Their method is certainly more direct and honest; and every turn of events seems to prove it more rational and hopeful. They have long openly declared that nothing could be done for the liberties of the Republic while it had a pro-slavery constitution; and that the only practicable remedy was an amendment of the Constitution. As the slaveholding interest have chosen to bind up the Union with the Constitution and their own additions to it, they have shaped the aim of the Abolitionists into the form of Disunion. Citizens of the highest character, ability, zeal, and disinterestedness have devoted themselves to the work of preaching the Disunion doctrine; and they certainly seem to be leading public conviction more and more effectually in that direction. An incident which occurred a few months ago reveals a prodigious change in the sentiment of Boston itself, which is about as timid, and aristocratic, and dull-hearted a city, in regard to matters of reality, as any in the Union. Twenty-one years before the date of Mr. Sumner's reception in Boston on his partial recovery, Mr. Garrison had been flogged in the streets, and in imminent danger of being destroyed as an incendiary; and for many long years he endured ill-usage from almost every class of his neighbours. He was considered a revolutionary agitator of the most dangerous character. When Mr. Sumner returned to his constituents, half-murdered, he was received with the highest honours by as vast a multitude as could find standing room along the route. He was enjoined by his physicians to make no exertion whatever, and, above all things, to keep his head covered. He must not remove his hat on any consideration. In the doorway of a corner house, (a well-known Abolitionist house) stood Garrison, on the top step, as it happened. Mr. Sumner saw him, and, for the only time



that day, removed his hat. The crowd cheered the act, and, turning to Garrison, cheered him long and loudly. The incident disclosed what seems to be the mind of Massachusetts in the present crisis. Mr. Sumner is re-elected, as the nearest to an Abolitionist who will go to Congress.

Several other States have assumed the same attitude towards the decision of the Supreme Court that Massachusetts did before in regard to the Fugitive Slave act by her Personal Liberty law. The action of the Legislatures of New York and Pennsylvania has been open and decided. That of New York, reported as early as the 9th of April, denouncing the Washington judgment as unconstitutional and altogether intolerable, and recommending certain resolutions which were passed by large majorities. It will be enough to cite the first:—

*“Resolved—That this State will not allow slavery within its borders, in any form, or under any pretence, for any time, however short, LET THE CONSEQUENCES BE WHAT THEY MAY.”*

On the 1st of May, the Pennsylvania Legislature pronounced on the decision of the Supreme Court that it was null in law because it was gratuitously offered, wholly uncalled for, and to no purpose, if the judges themselves were right in declaring that Dred Scott was not, because he could not be, before the Court. The judgment was further declared to be “a wanton attack on the sovereignty of the free States, and an impotent attempt to nullify the established laws of the country.” The Legislature of Maine passed two acts, which received the Governor’s approval in April, protecting the liberty of all coloured persons touching the soil of the State, and providing them with all possible aid, legal and executive, in case of their being arrested as slaves; and the New England States have all, we believe, declared in one form or another, that they do not intend to yield up their laws and liberties; and there seems to be no doubt of their following the lead of Massachusetts in regard to sound Personal Liberty laws, as in other matters. In Connecticut, twenty years ago, there was no justice to be had on behalf of the teachers of children of colour, or of the pupils; as was shown in the case of Miss Crandall, who could obtain no protection from the mob. On that occasion, the courts declined to decide the question whether negroes were citizens; but now there is no document to which the present crisis has given rise that exceeds in condemnation the Report of the Connecticut Union State Committee on the Dred Scott decision. In pious old Rhode Island, the clergy have constantly endeavoured to exclude social subjects, under the name of political, from the discussions of the “Young Men’s Christian Associations;” and all mention of the coloured race was therefore tabooed. But the “young men” have no mind to be tongue-tied at such a time; and they have consulted Professor Wayland, the model moral-



philosopher (in their opinion) of their country, and he has replied that no topics seem to him more fit for Christian discussion than the duties of different races of men to each other, the obligations of social and domestic relations, and the individual trust of personal freedom, and the duties which belong to it. Such a piece of counsel will be like the sound of a trumpet throughout the old Puritan group of States. While we write, we learn that the fervour has spread beyond the Puritan States. The "Christian Young Men's Association" of New York has sustained the loss of a dozen "evangelical clergymen" in one evening, in consequence of the declaration that the duties of justice, peace, and goodwill, which they assemble to discuss and promote, must be considered as owing to persons of all complexions. The clergy cannot stand this doctrine; and they accordingly withdraw, leaving the "Christian Young Men" to get on in their studies under the light of the spirit of the time, as that of the Church is withdrawn.

Ohio takes the lead of the Western States; and as a part of the territory dedicated to perpetual freedom by the Ordinance of 1787, she has the strongest interest in the decision of 1857. No time was lost by the Legislature in enacting "that it shall be unlawful to confine in the Penitentiary of this State, or in the jails of any county of this State, any person or persons charged with simply being a fugitive from slavery." Our readers need not be informed that Ohio knows more about fugitive slaves than perhaps any other equal area of civilization. Kidnappers are the local horror there, as Indians are in Oregon, and discontented slaves in Louisiana. It is in Cincinnati that negro mothers slay their own infants with virtuous intentions, to save them from the hell of female slavery. It is there that, on the river frontier, fugitives cross by scores and by hundreds when the ice affords a passage ever so perilous; while on the opposite lake-frontier on the north the bright side of the picture is seen—that of the sailing away of the wanderers for the free soil of Canada. In Ohio, the "Underground Railway" is busiest; unless, indeed, the activity of the other great branch, through Pennsylvania, New York and New England, now rivals the western one. We observe, also, that Maryland is fiercely denounced by Southern newspapers as rapidly going over to the free States, and especially as affording the safest path for fugitives to the north. It is through Ohio, however, that the greatest number of successful escapes is supposed to be made; and the noble list of ruined hosts is remarkably long in that State—the list of good men and women who have suffered loss for the sake of speeding the fugitives on their way. It was in Ohio that a constant influx of facts, visible incidents, and strong emotions filled the large heart of Harriet Beecher Stowe, and made it overflow into the general heart of the world. Year by year, petitions are sent up to the

Legislature of Ohio, demanding the dissolution of its union with the Slave States; and at length some notice is granted to these petitions,—enough to proceed upon if the demand becomes prevalent. Meanwhile, the State is in fact outside the pale of the Union, like Massachusetts, from the incompatibility of its laws relating to personal liberty with those recently enacted at Washington. The only recognition of the new Supreme Court law in any of that group of States seems to be in the way of joke. Some fugitive slaves being brought to the bar at Chicago for stealing fowls, their counsel pleaded that they were not amenable to law, a recent judgment of the Supreme Court having decided that negroes were not citizens, and had no business before the tribunals, on any pretence whatever. He carried the court with him. Some jocose railway travellers of dark complexion have refused, on the authority of the Supreme Court, to pay more than freight for their journey. Being simply *things*, they contend they should be charged cents by the foot, and not dollars by the head. Ohio has much discredit to overcome from her former hardness to the coloured race; and a pro-slavery clergy seems to exercise a most unwarrantable influence throughout the western region: but it is not to be imagined that, in such a crisis as the present, the lovers of freedom, and citizens pledged to republican self-government, should not be strong and determined enough to defend their rights against encroachments which they are especially called on to defy. The commerce “down stream” is no doubt a powerful consideration with the merchant class at Cincinnati: but there is a northern shore, with a practicable world of traffic beyond the lake: and there are Western States whose freedom is of the utmost importance to Ohio. The establishment of free labour in Nebraska and Kansas, and the whole north-west territory, would compensate to the Cincinnati merchants for any loss of custom from the lower Mississippi: but there is no danger of such loss; for Ohio is of more importance to the Slave States than they can ever be of to her. Ohio, being already in collision with the federal laws, may be confidently reckoned on as one of the revolutionary group, if the slave-power compels such an issue.\* As for the most westerly States, all

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\* Our anticipations are already confirmed. The following is extracted from *The Times* of June 12th:—

“A despatch from Cincinnati, of the 29th of May, says:—‘Deputy United States Marshal Churchill and eleven assistants left this city last Tuesday to arrest four persons in Mechanicsburg, Champagne County, Ohio, charged with harbouring fugitive slaves nine months ago. The arrests were made on Wednesday, when a writ of *Habeas Corpus* was taken out; but before it could be served the United States’ officers, with their prisoners, were beyond the bounds of the county. Another writ was taken out in Greene County and served by the Sheriff, assisted by a large crowd of citizens. The United States’ officers resisted, and several shots were exchanged; but finally the



north of Missouri have acted decisively in favour of the establishment of free labour in Kansas. Iowa is to vote, next August, for or against the proposition that people of colour are to have the suffrage on precisely equal terms with whites. The mere proposition, whatever may be its fate, is a revolutionary act; and the support it meets with shows that a great number of the citizens are rendering themselves responsible for such a step at such a time. Wisconsin is no less agitated. The action there on Personal Liberty legislation is too extensive and protracted to be fully cited here. The whole group of north-western States and Territories have opened roads, set up mails, forwarded supplies, furnished armed guards, and bodies of militia,—done, in short, all they could to compensate for the stoppage of the river communication during the struggle in Kansas. They have, if not a larger, a more exclusive stake in the establishment of free labour than any other part of the nation: and they will be well able to prevent the extension of slavery if they give a due welcome to the immigrants from Europe and the Eastern States, who are always pouring in to occupy their fertile plains.

Does such a survey as this convey any idea that the Free States will yield obedience to the decision of the Supreme Court, and will invite the benumbing touch of slavery to paralyse their activity—to empty their treasuries—to debase their citizens into the condition of "mean-whites"—to banish literature, gag the press, pervert or silence the clergy, and convert a condition of eminent freedom and commercial prosperity like that of London into a state of depression, distrust, and poverty, worse than that of Jamaica just before the abolition of slavery? Who can believe in such a possibility? And yet, the North has much to do to give the world assurance that the impending revolution will be worthy of a comparison with the former. The Free States must now either yield or resist. It will not suffice for the Supreme Court to rescind its judgment, while its present constitution is such, that a repetition of outrage may happen any day. An attack has been made on the sovereignty of the States which must be decisively and finally repelled, or, on the other hand, submitted to; and either alternative is revolution. If even a middle way could be found, that would be revolution too,

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United States' officers were overpowered, taken prisoners, and brought to Springfield for trial for resisting the Sheriff in the discharge of his duty. The greatest excitement prevailed. The United States' Marshal telegraphed the Secretary of the Interior to-day for instructions regarding the arrest and imprisonment of the United States' officers; but the nature of the instructions received in reply has not yet transpired. Judge Leavitt, United States' District Judge, issued a writ of *Habeas Corpus* to-day, and the Marshal has gone to Springfield to serve it. In case resistance is offered, it is reported that the United States' troops will be called out."



because it must include more or less sanction of Southern encroachment; and that is irreconcilable with the principles of the Republic. Meantime the free States are perhaps not more disreputably unready for their great duty, than in the case of eighty years ago; while their resources of numbers, wealth, sagacity, ability, and activity, as infinitely transcend those of their opponents as those of Great Britain exceeded the forces of the revolutionists in the former conflict. The Northern States, having all the power in their own hands, might have spared their country all talk of revolution, by simply maintaining their constitutional liberties by constitutional means. They can never be absolved from the crime of having allowed their country to be dragged into the abyss of revolution: but it is inconceivable that now that a choice is imperative, they will allow a quarter of a million of citizens, who cannot attain prosperity in their private affairs, to rule seventeen millions of active citizens, who, if they have no great public virtue to boast of, can at least buy up the whole South ten times over.

While the Southern and federal leaders and newspapers declare themselves scandalized at the treason and rebellion of the North, what is the condition of the Slave States? The North declares it to be one of nullification of all the great principles and laws of the Union, from end to end of the list of States.

It is true; the press is nowhere free in the Slave States. So vigilant is the censorship, that the readers of the few newspapers which exist have no more knowledge of their real condition than the citizens of Paris. The best, as well as the largest part of the world's literature is unknown there, because it breathes a freedom unsuited to the climate. There is no freedom of trade in the South; not only may a bookseller sell none but emasculated and permitted books, but a planter or merchant must deal only with firms or individuals supposed to be well inclined towards slavery. The mail service is violated to such an extent, that the contents of the bags are well known to be at the mercy of the postmasters, who are compelled to detain and destroy all documents which seem to them to threaten "the peculiar institution." The citizens have no security of person, property, or residence, being liable to assault on any such mob-incitement as happens somewhere or other every day: incendiarism is a besetting peril wherever slaves are at hand; and if a man sells an obnoxious book, or entertains a mistrusted guest, or speaks his mind where walls have ears, he is ordered off at a few hours' warning—only too happy to get away with his life. These are the ordinary conditions of existence in the Slave States; and with us they would be called revolutionary. There is nothing of an organic character in such a mode of life. But the chronic distrust and instability of ordinary times are

freedom and security in comparison with the present condition of affairs throughout the Slave States.

We have spoken of Virginia. Pursuing the frontier line, Kentucky comes next. So deep is the discontent with slavery there, that nothing short of Henry Clay's great influence could have sustained it for many years past: and now there is a scheme afloat for buying out the inveterate slaveholders, in order to allow to others a choice between free and slave labour.

The notion is of opening the soil to settlers, in the same way as in Virginia; and it will be for the slaveowners then to decide between emancipating their negroes, or selling them to the South, as it is well understood that slave and free labour cannot exist on the same soil. In either case, Kentucky would pass over to the Northern interest, as it should naturally have done many years ago. We should have rejected as a fable any such scheme as this but for the fact that freedom of the press has been achieved by a heroic family,—not without many sufferings in person and estate, but still with final success. Mr. Bailey has dared all that his neighbours could inflict, and after much mobbing, incendiarism, opposition of every kind, and repeated ruin, he has fairly established a newspaper (*The Daily News*), which tells the truth, and advocates the abolition of slavery. That he, and Cassius M. Clay, who emancipated his negroes years ago, and withstood mob dictation, are tolerated in Kentucky, prepares us to believe anything within the bounds of reason as to the improving prospects of the State. Meantime, her posture is revolutionary, whichever way it is looked at. The recent slave insurrection is a fearful warning. For some weeks the impression in Europe was that the insurrection of last winter was, as usual, a fancy of the slaveholders, who have been in a panic hundreds of times within the quarter of a century which has elapsed, without any such outbreak: but the evidence is irresistible that there really was some tacit understanding among the slaves of a large group of States that they should rise on Christmas-day, and achieve the work to be set them by Colonel Fremont or his friends. Southern politicians had themselves to thank for such a result of their stump-oratory. The slaves heard predictions from the wisest men they knew that the success of Fremont would occasion the overthrow of slavery; and there were plenty of "mean-whites" at hand to establish concert among them, and supply them with muskets and ammunition. The chaotic state of society which ensued in a dozen States, where the women and children were gathered into camps, and their husbands and fathers organized into a patrol, while negroes were hung in long rows, or burned alive, or whipped to death from day to day, was a remarkable preparation for such a revolutionary crisis as the Supreme Court has since brought on. Any abnormal condition of the States on the free shore of the great rivers must



be at least equalled by that of the Slave States opposite. The Kansas question is too large for our bounds at present. We can only observe in passing, that nowhere is the conflict of principles more remarkable than in Missouri. That State is held answerable for the troubles in Kansas; and yet, in the very country of the Border Ruffians, the desire for the blessings of free labour and free speech is so strong, that many people (much better judges than we can be) imagine that Missouri will ere long be purged of the bully element of her population, and allowed to live according to her own convictions. Others fear that the movement is a mere sham, to be carried on only as long as it is the interest of Missouri to keep terms with both parties. However this may be, such a condition of such a territory is a fresh revolutionary element thrown in among the conditions of the time. We observe that the result of recent elections in Missouri—in which “the anti-slavery ticket” was carried by a majority supposed to be due to the votes of white labourers—is regarded as intently by the Northern States as by the excitable and alarmed South. The *New York Tribune* calls it “a democratical uprising, such as no Southern State has ever before known.” “In St. Louis,” the writer goes on, “we see the commencement of a process by which slavery is speedily to be driven from all the most enterprising and vigorous of the slave-holding States.” This has a somewhat revolutionary aspect: and the Southern newspapers take the same view. They propose to regard the three States of Virginia, Kentucky, and Missouri henceforth as suspected members of the Union, and to prohibit all importation of slaves from any of them. Such a proposal shows how they are regarded as slave-breeding states; and surely everybody but the writers of such articles must see that such treatment must have the immediate effect of joining those three great States to the Northern section. By the latest accounts, this question of the frontier Slave States seems to be producing a schism at the South.

The rest is easily told; for the Slave States are much alike in their temper, and in their liabilities, while they may differ widely, as Mr. Olmsted has shown, in the theory of their governments and the welfare of their fortunes. Louisiana admits more and more of the proprietorship of land by the mulatto sons of planters, while South Carolina clamours for a reopening of the African slave trade; but both are in a condition of discontent and panic. Neighbouring States may show a contrast of oligarchical and democratic constitutions, but all are alike at present under a madness of panic which is equally ludicrous and pitiable. For instance, various Southern papers call upon the citizens to keep a vigilant eye on all female strangers, who appear as school-mistresses, governesses, lecturers, or travellers, as “the Southern States are rustling with the petticoats of emissaries sent by the



Abolitionists." A certain Mrs. Emerson, who lectures on phrenology, has created a whimsical sort of alarm in South Carolina. It appears that she is tall and robust; and her hearers, always on the look-out for Abolitionism, and being unable to discover anything of it in her lectures, got it into their heads that she was a man in disguise. Her chattels were seized and searched: among them were letters from persons in half the States of the Union; an envelope directed to a person in Massachusetts, a lantern, and a side-saddle. It does not appear that there was anything suspicious in the letters; and the side-saddle was rather a damper to the theory; but the lantern and Massachusetts envelope were made the more of; and the lady is packed off with all speed, being informed that if she returns, or goes elsewhere in the Slave States, she shall be lynched as men are who come with lanterns and saddles. Such insane terror is no laughing matter when it leads to the cruel assaults and murders which are recorded in every newspaper which arrives from the South; and the treatment now inflicted on travellers and strangers who venture there without a complete set of safeguards, is enough of itself to cause a hostile separation of the two sections of the Union. One would think that gipsies are sufficiently familiar and pretty well understood everywhere; but a Virginian newspaper of repute, which lies before us, assigns a new character to the wandering tribe. The gipsies in Virginia are "emissaries of the Abolitionists,"—richly paid to gather the negroes to their camps, to hear their fortunes told, and be intoxicated by promises of setting their heels on their masters' necks. The money of the Abolitionists is spoken of as if they carried bags of gold at their saddles, like the French Emperor; whereas they, for the most part, trudge afoot, and have no coin to lavish, having been impoverished, or prevented from getting rich, long years ago. One of the strangest signs of the times is the energy devoted to the spread of Romanism,—a zeal by no means confined to Catholics, who yet are abundantly ready to improve the occasion. A stranger may be excused an incredulous stare when told that Protestants of the Slave States are eager for the propagation of Romanism. The residents need no explanation. They understand how precious is the safeguard of the Confessional, while planters and merchants of all faiths are living in the same constant dread of incendiarism and insurrection. That "Spiritualism" should be pressed into the service is equally inevitable; and "the spirits" make just the responses that might be anticipated. There is to be "blood" at Washington, and fire on plantations, and a triumph of Liberty at last, or a reign of negro ferocity, according as the replies are made to peacemen or planters, frightened women, or haters of the Abolitionists. Vir-

ginia newspapers record the speeches and receive the letters of leading men who, while discouraging the South Carolina scheme of reopening the African slave trade, insist that the industrial classes ought everywhere to be slaves, and must be so in the United States; and the immediate consequence of grave proposals from high quarters to make slaves of the Irish and German immigrants is that the kidnapping of whites is seriously on the increase. Seamen, waiters, and other servants, travelling merchants, all kinds of itinerants, are liable to capture at some defenceless moment, and, unless they can prove their freedom within a certain time, are sold for the payment of jail fees. A strolling actor was thus kidnapped lately; and we could fill many pages with narratives of this kind authenticated by public proceedings. It is a common threat, when slaves escape, that for every slave who obtains freedom, a free person shall be caught. Such a threat cannot be literally fulfilled; but it certainly appears that the disappearance of free persons, of all ages and complexions, becomes more frequent as "the Underground Railroad" becomes more frequented. Through all times, the owners of slaves have been anxious parents; and the wretchedness of some can be appreciated only by those who have heard on the spot how whole families of young children have died, separately or together, by poison or other means of murder. Now the woe spreads on the other side of the frontier; and the disappearance of children (especially those of dark complexion) is no uncommon incident. We are wont to pity the Berber parents whose sons are captured to be made eunuchs, and whose daughters are carried off for slaves: how can we endure our sympathy with Christian parents, of the same race and rearing as ourselves, who dare not trust their children out of their sight, lest they should be sold into the cruellest slavery in the world, in their native country! Mr. Chambers tells us what he has heard about this:— •

"The practice of kidnapping white children in the Northern States, and transferring them southward, is said to be notoriously on the increase. We see it mentioned that, in the city of New York alone, as many as thirty children on an average are stolen yearly; it being shrewdly guessed that many of them are carried to the markets of the South, where a good price for them can be readily obtained. If there be the slightest truth in the supposition that gently-nurtured white infants are so abstracted from the homes of their parents, nothing could give a more forcible impression of the horrors entailed on American society by the tolerance of slavery within its bosom."—(p. 3.)

There seems to be a sort of general understanding that the turbulence of South Carolina may be taken for granted, and need not be displayed as one of the revolutionary elements of the case. "The gallant little State," as her citizens call her, was never



known to be in a quiet condition and amiable mood for any length of time; and her citizens glory in a revolutionary attitude. South Carolina may therefore be left to assert her own claims to disorder and disloyalty: but it is necessary to remind our readers, in the briefest way, that large assemblages, in the chief towns of the State last autumn, ratified with acclamations the proposal to summon the citizens for a march upon Washington, in case of Fremont being elected, to seize the treasury, burn the archives, and make the Halls of Congress resound with the din of actual war. Thus did South Carolina take up her position in defence of the recent corruptions of the Federal Constitution, in opposition to the Northern citizens, who proclaim their fidelity to the fundamental principles of the Republic.

No revolution recorded by history has had a more serious cause or complete justification than is afforded by a sectional antagonism like this. Is it to be supposed that a sectional population yielding 2,900,000 votes should grant to a rival numbering 1,100,000 votes (inclusive of the fictitious slave-suffrage) power to bring slavery and slaves among the children of free labour? and, again, to carry off the children of free labour into bondage on a slave soil? Can any one for a moment believe that such a thing can happen?

What, then, will happen? The North has the numbers, the wealth, the good cause, and the sympathy of Christendom. The South (meaning the dominant party in that section) is so poor in numbers that the world abroad will not believe the figures of the census: it is so poor in wealth that its annual convention of planters and merchants sends forth the same complaints, year by year, of want of capital and the high price of labour, on the very same page with threats of setting up steamers, railways, colleges, factories, and a complete new literature, whereby New York will be ruined as a port, and England supplied with cotton without any intervention of Northern capitalists; threats that New England colleges will have no aristocratic youths within their walls, to be corrupted with vulgar notions of constitutional rights and the dignity of work; while a bright day will open on the whole class of pro-slavery authors, whose works are henceforth to supply the place of the literature of all past ages. The business of expurgating books from every other part of the world, and of creating a complete system of school-books suitable to the South, is actually confided to a committee, headed by a bishop, and chiefly composed of university men. The committee was to meet for consultation at Columbia, South Carolina, on the 18th of May last, and work was meantime provided for it by the discovery that even "*Grimshaw's History of the United States*," a text-book in almost all schools, was not exempt from the taint of Abolitionism. Grim-



shaw says, "Let us no longer declare by words, but demonstrate by our action, that 'all men are created equal,' &c." and the organ of the Louisiana planters asks, on quoting this, "Are such sentiments to be instilled into the minds of our children? If not, then banish Grimshaw's History from our schools and academies. Men will not regard them (the postulates of the Declaration of Independence); but they may warp the more impressible minds of uninformed and unreflecting childhood." This appears to us revolutionary in the highest degree,—that the fundamental principles of the Declaration of Independence should be regarded as warping the mind!

No hindrance has been offered to the Southern scheme of domestic policy; but it does not appear to be yet instituted: and the question recurs why a people so subject to disappointment, failure, and poverty within their own States has thus far overridden a rival of ten times its own force. The answer is a sorrowful one. The South has a will, and the North has not. A common average of righteous will on the part of the North, would have preserved the Constitution, and dealt with the great anomaly long ago: but the only righteous will was in the Abolitionists, who are, and always will be, outside the political and the military sphere. If the Northern heart and mind once fairly kindle at the altar-fire of the confessors and martyrs of the cause, everything may be at their disposal as regards federal relations; because *all* the power, except that of will, is on their side: but then the Slave States must be regarded as delivered over to the horrors of a servile war. Half a million of the slaveholding class will be at the mercy of their "mean-white" and negro neighbours, from the hour when the North effectually repudiates slavery. The South would doubtless try the experiment of a military despotism in the several States; but the loss of Northern aid, and of the cotton market of Europe, would be fatal from the outset; and they could not compete with the cotton growth of free labour. In short, such a position would be wholly untenable. To the next question—what else?—there is no present answer; and herein lies the unmistakeable token of revolution,—not merely impending, but actual. The mist of the comet blurs everything. We can only ask questions,—and the first questions are, Whether, if they wished it ever so much, the American people could now wait four years for such a reversal of political parties as a presidential election may effect; and, next, whether the strife about slavery-extension can be suspended for the fifteen years required for the reversal of the preponderancy in the Supreme Court. There can, of course, be no such suspension of the vital social interests of daily life: and those who say most about waiting, best know that it is impossible.

As for us, we decline to prophesy amidst so dire a confusion,

and under the shadow of so black a thunder-cloud. The one thing we are sure of is, that the Old Constitution, laden with new corruptions, cannot serve and sustain the Republic. We believe that if a radical reconstitution is not immediately agreed upon, there must be a dissolution of the Union,—the Slave States being subject to the curse of a military despotism and the perils of a servile war. It hardly appears that there can be a question about this: but of the issue we cannot venture to vaticinate. Our trust is, that the Abolitionists will not abate a jot of that strong will which renders them the real antagonists of the South; that they will press on the more strenuously as the critical moment discloses itself; and that, by upholding in the sight of all men the democratic principles which first gave them a country, they may justify that instinct of the highest minds in the Old World which has recognised them, amidst the depressions and obscurities of a quarter of a century of adversity, as the ten righteous men who should save their city.



## ART. VII.—THE TESTIMONY OF THE ROCKS.

*The Testimony of the Rocks; or, Geology in its Bearings on the Two Theologies, Natural and Revealed.* By Hugh Miller. Edinburgh: Shepherd and Elliot. 1857.

WE have heard it remarked, and believe it is a truth, that while the works of the Fathers of English Geology, Phillips, Buckland, Murchison, Sedgwick, and Lyell, never appear in old book catalogues except at respectable prices, the class of books called *Scripture Geologies*, the products of the genius of Fairholm, Granville Penn, David King, &c., are usually offered at sums varying from one shilling to half a crown. It is a severe, but we suspect rigidly just test, and it would be well if the hint which it affords were taken. We grieve to think that, after the many failures in this line, so bright a genius as Hugh Miller should have been induced to add to the number, ay, and to give himself to the worthless task with such zeal, as to overstrain his mind and lead to the hallucination which deprived himself and us of his valuable life! For such it fully appears was the fact.

When early in this century the discoveries of geology proved that the globe had existed more than the six thousand years set

forth by the Bible chronology, Dr. Chalmers made all harmonious to his own conception by assuming that the series of incidents exhibited by the science took place during an interval of indefinite extent, which he inserted after the first verse of Genesis: "In the beginning God created the heavens and the earth." It was not then known that the organic creation recorded by geology was essentially connected by a series of persistent fossils with the present system of things; and he therefore found no difficulty in believing that, after the earth had for long ages been the scene of life, it again became formless and void, and was once more put through a creative process of a more rapid kind, one requiring only six days, being the series of events described by Moses. For some years this hypothesis was entertained by such of the religious public as could bring themselves to admit the facts of geology; but when the connexion of the pre-Adamite fauna with the present became manifest, a modification was called for. Dr. Pye Smith then put forth a treatise in which he endeavoured to make it appear that "the chaos of darkness and confusion" out of which the Mosaic creation was called, "was but of limited extent, and that outside its area, and during the period of its existence, many of our lands and seas may have enjoyed the light of the sun, and been tenanted by animals and occupied by plants, the descendants of which still continue to exist." In short, Dr. Pye Smith accepted the true history with all its long-drawn ages, and its grand procession of plants and animals, but accommodated Moses with a nook in the globe, where the whole work was done over again *en petit* in a week, as the Patriarch had described. These are curious specimens of intellectual distortion and absurdity, appropriate to a period of transitional opinion; but they are for their time quiet and modest, as compared with the scheme of accommodation which occupied the last days of Hugh Miller.

Mr. Miller looks into his English Bible, which alone he professes to know, and finds that the six days spoken of in the First Chapter of Genesis, are spoken of in the Second Chapter as *one* day. He does not quote the passage, for that might have prejudiced his case; but we shall do it for him: "These are the generations of the heavens and of the earth when they were created, in the day that the Lord God made the earth and the heavens." It is on this mere phrase, at the utmost not referring to more than six days, that our ingenious author finds his conviction that the six days of the Mosaic narrative are "not natural days, but lengthened periods." Finding in this cheap and easy manner that they are periods, he has no difficulty in setting aside three of them as not under the care of the geologist, namely, that during which light was created, that during which



the firmament was made to separate the waters from the waters, and that during which the heavenly lights were formed; because of these "we need expect to find no record in the rocks." There remain but three periods—"the period of plants, the period of great sea-monsters and creeping things, and the period of cattle and beasts of the earth"—to be brought into harmony with the teachings of geology.

Now, says he, "all geologists agree in holding that the vast geological scale naturally divides into *three* great parts. There are many lesser divisions—divisions into systems, formations, deposits, beds, strata; but the vaster divisions, in each of which we find a type of life so unlike the others, that even the unpractised eye can detect the difference, are simply three—the Palæozoic, or oldest fossiliferous division; the Secondary, or middle fossiliferous division; and the Tertiary, or latest fossiliferous division." Miller knew that divisions in the "vast geological scale" are purely arbitrary, or for convenience; that well-informed geologists now believe there was no interruption in the march of life after it had begun, the so-called divisions being only points at which, from accidents of deposition, fossils are few or wanting; but of this it was not convenient for him to take any notice. Having thus got certain great geological sections to agree with the three days of the Bible cosmogony, as far as number is concerned (and yet he has, after all, to crib a part of the first and second to represent a fourth day), he proceeds to deal with particulars, into which we must follow him.

We need only in a sentence remind our readers that the Palæozoic period embraces a long series of formations—Silurian, Devonian, Carboniferous, Permian—representing the several eras of the world's history, which saw the introduction in succession of invertebrate marine animals (mollusks and crustacea), of fishes, and of reptiles, though these last in no great abundance, besides the rise of an abundant vegetation forming the materials of coal. How does this agree with the first of the six days which Miller undertakes to see accounted for in the geological scale, the *third* day of Moses's week? We must not expect, says Mr. Miller, that Moses was to advert to all the organic products of the several days or periods, but only to those "leading classes" which give them their several characters. Suppose this to be admitted, we might surely expect that the conchifers and cephalopods of the Silurians, and the fishes of the Devonian or Old Red, would be noticed, for these certainly were leading classes in their several eras. We might at least look for the general fact of the commencement of animal life being adverted to, for undoubtedly it is a grand one. But not the least notice is taken of these great facts in the portion of the Mosaic narrative which Mr. Miller places against the

Palæozoic period. It speaks only of "herbs yielding seed after their kind." It is, in Moses's view, the time of the genesis of the vegetable kingdom. Here is surely a great failure of correspondence at the very starting? Not at all. Mr. Miller sets forth the plants of the coal era as the leading class of organic existences of the period, and finds the parallelism quite satisfactory!

The Secondary period, as every text-book of geology informs us, saw the introduction of reptiles of the sea, land, and air, presents us with foot-marks of aquatic birds, and shows us a beginning of mammalia. In Mr. Miller's theory it was necessary to show the identity of these geologic facts with the expressions used by Moses regarding his *fifth* day. What, in Mr. Miller's reading, was done on this day? "God," he answers, "created the fowl that flieth above the earth, with moving (or creeping) creatures both in the water and on the land, and what our translation renders great whales, but what I find rendered in the margin great sea-monsters." He is quite satisfied with the harmony, and so, of course, will be many of his devout and admiring readers. Unluckily for Mr. Miller, the Bible is a common book, and on turning to the actual passage in question, we find it to be as follows:—"God said—Let the waters bring forth abundantly the moving creature that hath life, and fowl that may fly above in the open firmament of heaven. And God created great whales, and every living creature that moveth, which the waters brought forth abundantly after their kind, and every winged fowl after his kind." It is evident that Mr. Miller has distorted the text. It says nothing at all of moving creatures *of the land*. Our author here makes a *positive misrepresentation*. He has to overlook entirely that among the creatures which the waters would bring forth there naturally would be fish and marine invertebrates; he has to interpret the moving (alternatively creeping) creatures of the sea as reptiles, though, if *creeping* is to be admitted as the reading, it obviously would apply to crustacea and other marine invertebrates; and "whales" he is compelled to fix on as referring to those large reptiles specially, which distinguished the era of theoolite. All this is wholly unjustifiable. If we want to know what Moses really meant in the text, we can be at no loss when we take it in connexion with his description of the creative acts of the preceding and succeeding days. In the former he described the earth as beginning to bear vegetation. In the latter, he adverts, as we shall see, to land animals, including "the creeping thing," the real reptile. It becomes plain, therefore, that the text above quoted, simply describes the genesis of *aquatic*, as distinguished from land animals. It is the genesis of fish, of whales, supposed in Moses's time and for long after, to be fish, and of fowl, probably having particularly in view waterfowl. That such is the



true interpretation of Genesis, i. 20, 21, is proved over-abundantly by the Divine injunction which is represented as following:—  
 “Be fruitful and multiply, and *fill the waters*,” &c. That reptiles, above all, were not adverted to, is clear from their being distinctly relegated to the sixth day. Where, then, is the harmony? Miller’s “*leading class*” of the geologic period had not so much as a place in the Mosaic day. His eloquent descriptions of the “reptilian whales,” ichthyosaurs and plesiosaurs, which “tempests the deep,” and “creeping lizards and crocodiles, such as the teleosaurus, megalosaurus, and iguanodon, which crowded the plains or haunted by myriads the rivers of the period,” are so much mere moonshine. Equally true it is that the real creatures adverted to by Moses, sea animals generally, had come in at an earlier geologic epoch. Could there well, then, be greater dissonance between two histories? Or could there well be a more unfaithful reader of Scripture than Mr. Hugh Miller?

“The Tertiary period,” says Miller, “had also its prominent class of existences. Its flora seems to have been no more conspicuous than that of the present time; *its reptiles occupy a very subordinate place*; but its beasts of the field are by far the most wonderfully developed, both in size and number, that ever appeared upon earth. Its mammoths and its mastodons, its rhinoceri (*sic*) and its hippopotami, its enormous dinotherium, and its colossal megatherium, greatly more than equalled in bulk the largest animals of the present time, and vastly exceeded them in number. Truly this Tertiary age—this third and last of the great geologic periods, was peculiarly the age of great beasts of the earth after their kind, and of cattle after their kind.” Such is Mr. Miller’s convenient reading of Moses’s description of the third day of organic creation (*sixth* of the whole series), which, however, is in reality as follows: “God said let the earth bring forth the living creature after his kind, cattle *and creeping thing* and beast of the earth after his kind. And God made the beast of the earth after his kind, and cattle after their kind, and *everything that creepeth on the earth* after his kind.” It would not have suited Mr. Miller to quote this passage entire, for then his readers would have seen that he has been as unfaithful to it as he was to that describing the preceding day’s work. It is simply, as we have already pointed out, an account of the creation of *land animals, as distinguished from those of the sea*. It includes in these, and gives a conspicuous place to, reptiles, which Moses might very naturally place in this connexion, as all reptiles, except a very small number, are land creatures. But to have had reptiles marching in as new creatures on the sixth day, when Mr. Miller had already fabled them into the fifth, would never have done. It was therefore necessary to



give but a partial recital of this text, and put Moses's creeping things out of sight. It is little after this that we see he had not *forgotten* the reptiles as creatures living through the Tertiary age, or that what Moses makes prominent, Miller is obliged to confess in the name of geology had only "a subordinate place" in the fauna of that epoch; neither is it much that this great vertebrate class, which Miller brings into existence on the fifth day, and Moses on the sixth, appeared in reality on the *third*, namely, in the later beds of the Old Red.

Now, viewing all these evolutions of Mr. Miller's adroit rhetoric, we would ask, was there ever at the bar, or even in the annual accounts of a railway company, a more monstrous instance of the cooking of a case? Yet, this is not all.

Hugh Miller, like all his predecessors in the same walk, finds the creation of the sun, moon, and stars, on the fourth day of the Mosaic week, a very awkward circumstance. Everybody can see how it is so, and we shall therefore specify none of the points of awkwardness. Miller, however, following upon another, but anonymous writer, finds no difficulty in satisfying himself that Moses *saw the creation in a vision*—a vision which gave him a succession of facts, not as they actually existed, but as they *appeared*. During the first day when all was chaotic, the steam arising from the heat of the elements obscured the historian's sight; during the second, "a portion of the heavy watery vapour had flown into the upper regions, and rested there in dense clouds which still obscured the sun." So says Kitto, to account for the division of the waters from the waters; and Miller is content to follow him. On the third, the air had become clear enough to allow the historian to see the trees and herbage which then came into existence, but not the heavenly bodies. On the fourth, the sun, moon, and stars, which our author assumes to have existed from the beginning, "*became visible*." Now Miller knew the noted fact of the geological books, that the trilobites of the Palæozoic period, living at the bottoms of seas, had eyes perfectly adapted for seeing through the supernatant fluid,—a clear proof that there was no deficiency of light. He knew also the not less noted fact, that many of the coniferous trees of that era exhibit in their concentric rings proof of the existence of solar influences precisely like those now ruling over the vegetable creation. All this with an invisible sun! Burns says—

"Sages their solemn cen may steek (shut),  
And raise a philosophic reek."

Such speculative privileges were surely never before so abused. By these simple processes our author ignores and confounds the plain sense of the historian. For, reader, be it known to you,

Mr. Miller nowhere quotes the text with regard to this apparition of the heavenly bodies. We must do so, and then ask you a few questions:—"God said, *let there be lights* in the firmament . . . And God *made* two great lights . . . and set them in the firmament." The language, you see, is clear, simply indicative of a passing fact—God *made* and *set up* the lights. Can you doubt that *acts of the day* are meant? Perhaps you are inclined to do so. Say then it is admitted that acts of the day are not meant, but that the historian only adverts to his becoming sensible of facts which took place long before, how, seeing he uses such language, are you to know, with regard to any other statement in the book, what meaning to attach to it? In its declarations on the most important points, it may be meaning something totally different, and of which mankind will get no inkling for thousands of years. What, in such circumstances, is the use of the book? The dilemma is none of our making; it is made by Mr. Miller, and writers such as he. *Non nostrum est componere, &c.*

To what, then, does this so-called reconciliation of science and Scripture amount? We have in the first place to allow our author to consider a short series of days, hitherto universally accepted as natural days, to have been in reality each of them an enormous space of time. We have, then, to allow him to break up the entire pre-human history of the earth into arbitrarily assigned portions, and to regard each of these as having, like natural days, a beginning, a culmination, and an ending, though no such thing is recognised in geological science. He must then be borne with while he puts these portions of the geologic history, three in number, into fancied relation with a selection of the Scriptural days, also three in number; though he himself condemns such triplicity in both instances; seeing there is, after all, a *fourth Mosaic day* (one interjected between the first and second of the selected three), for which a corresponding piece of the geologic tale must be found, and he is only able to satisfy this demand by taking the Permian from the Palæozoic and the Trias from the Secondary, and thus making a *fourth division*—one, we need scarcely remark, utterly unknown to the science, and wholly in contradiction to its principles. We must next give him liberty to select the features of the text to be taken any account of, to choose the features of the actual history to be put into relation to the chosen passages of the text, and to assume, over all, that, in the Mosaic narration, positive statements of facts or events are to be held as only inferring a certain order in which they are made sensible to the view of a seer. We must suppose that the creation of fishes and other sea animals, inconspicuous and consequently overlooked at one period, might become patent to sense at another. We must allow him to suppose Moses as so engrossed during the



fourth "lengthened period" by the spectacle of the sun, moon, and stars newly become visible in the heavens, that he failed to observe the work of animal creation which was all the time going on. "Whales" or "great sea monsters" must be accepted as a just description of the large marine and land sauria of the oolite, though it is evident that the historian had no such beings as reptiles in his view for that day, but postponed the whole class till the genesis of their superiors, the mammalia. When our speculator comes to the sixth day, we must allow him to ignore the marked allusion of the text to reptiles, because for him it was out of place, and he required reptiles elsewhere. All through we must allow him to swear that black is white, and white black, to explain away every plain meaning that stands in his way, to interpret everything into the meaning that is convenient for him—to witch us, in short, by adroit terms and special pleading, out of all subjection to reason and common sense. When all this is done, *but not till then*, we are in a fit state of reverent faith to believe in the assertion with which this clever Scotsman actually winds up, that "making allowance for the laxity of the terms botanic and zoological of a primitive language unadapted to the niceties of botanic or zoologic science," the Mosaic account of creation could not have been *more "essentially true than we actually find it, to the history of creation geologically ascertained."*

Our author's treatment of the question as to the seventh day is quite worthy of the rest of his theory. A great institution was founded on the statement that God spent six days in the work of creation, and rested on the seventh. The Jews undoubtedly acted upon the belief that a natural day was meant in the seventh, as in the preceding instances. Most persons have felt that here lay the great difficulty of the case. It is no difficulty at all to Mr. Hugh Miller. "The presumption is strong, that his sabbath is an extended period, not a natural day, and that the work of redemption is his sabbath-day's work. . . . Read in this light, his reason vouchsafed to man for the institution of the sabbath, is found to yield a meaning of peculiar breadth and emphasis. God, it seems to say, rests on his sabbath from his creative labours, in order that by his sabbath-day's work he may save and elevate you. Rest you also on your sabbaths, that through your co-operation with him in this great work, ye may be elevated and saved." Was there ever anything like this?—a startling inconsistency turned round upon us as a lesson in evangelical practice, and all in a few smooth-going sentences.

Mr. Miller has a chapter on the Noachian Deluge, in which he fully exhibits the difficulties of that case: the large number of



creatures to be accommodated in the ark in comparison with those formerly supposed—the mammals alone being now set down as sixteen hundred species, and the birds six thousand—the impossibility of assembling them from, and redistributing them to, their various climates, and so forth. He gets over the *embarras* in his usual pleasant style, by adopting the suggestion of Dr. Pye Smith, that the Deluge was only local, sufficient for the destruction of the then limited human family; and he assigns for its locality the depressed basin of country now partly occupied by the Caspian and the Aral. Thus nicely arranged, it is “not one of the stumblingblocks, but one of the evidences of our faith!” The Bible itself happens to relate that God avowed his design “to destroy from the face of the earth man, and beast, and creeping thing, and the fowls of the air; for it repenteth me that I have made them;” and we are assured that “the waters were on the face of the *whole* earth.” But what are these pointed explicit sentences to an expositor who sets out with such a holy purpose as that of Hugh Miller, and who has only to “steek” his eyes to a text to overcome any of its little awkwardnesses?

Our author's book is valuable in one respect, that it strongly argues down those who would deny the facts of geology. He says at one place, “Between the scheme of lengthened periods and the scheme of a merely local chaos which existed no one knows how, which had its scene no one knows where, geological science now leaves us no choice whatever.” He gives one whole chapter to the geology of the anti-geologists, and concludes thus: “There is a time coming, and now not very far distant, when the vagaries of the anti-geologists will be as obsolete as those of the astronomers who upheld the orthodoxy of Ptolemy against Galileo and Newton; and when they will be regarded as a sort of curious fossils, very monstrous and bizarre, and altogether of an extinct type.” So far well. But the anti-geologists are, after all, a set of moles, who neither will nor can see the scientific truths of the case—in other words, the historic facts,—and who are logically faithful to their lights or their darkness. Hugh Miller knew thoroughly the historic facts, and had made a scientific reputation as the author of a portion of them. He knew them, and he set himself to torturing them and a piece of ancient writing, into an identity of meaning, of which they were on an *e facie* and honest reading of both, utterly insusceptible. In this sorry task he garbled texts and ignored passages; he racked his brain to suicidal insanity in a vain attempt to make two and two five. Is it not most melancholy?—an ingenious and naturally earnest and upright mind thus twisting and twisted! and through such a cause lost to true and better ends! In a previous work of Miller, we are enabled to trace the education in

a narrow theology which led to these dismal results. The greedy readiness of a vast class of minds to enter into and endorse similar errors, is shown by the sale of seventeen thousand copies of this book, and the approval passed upon its views in the meetings of the religious communion (Free Church of Scotland) to which its author belonged.\* We are surely justified in regarding the whole matter in a very serious light. What are we to expect in the way of probity from a community where falsehood may thus be made with applause to take the place of truth, where honours are heaped on a man in proportion to the skill and ingenuity with which he could subjugate reason and fact to the views of prejudice? If great religious lights, authorities, or dignities are seen one day giving a mendacious support to Genesis, and on another interpreting a dubiously reported expression of Christ into a sufficient objection to a point in the Divorce Bill which all rational people feel to be necessary to morality, many ordinary people may well feel their own obligation to speak truly and square their actions to sound rules in no slight degree extenuated. Speak of the power of existing educational systems to moralize the people! we believe that while there are inwrought with these educational systems, glorified yet glaring fallacies like those we have exposed, our progress is as likely to be backward as forward. A book like this, coming forth with the highest moral sanctions, and training the minds of its readers to read and interpret the plainest language into sense widely different, into any sense that may be agreeable, skilling them on all occasions to "make the worse appear the better reason," is a power for evil which we should vainly try to estimate. On the other hand, imagine all those who are employed in such perverting processes to turn their talents, their education, and their undoubted good meaning and zeal to the advancement of truth, pure and simple, and of sound moral views, what a different world we might expect it in time to become!

\* At a meeting of the Free Church Commission in Edinburgh, on the 4th of March, the Rev. Dr. Hannah passed a high panegyric on Mr. Miller and his volume, the result of which he said would be, "a conviction of the entire harmony which exists between the latest discoveries of geology and the Mosaic account of creation."—*Scottish Paper*.

## ART. VIII.—NAPLES AND DIPLOMATIC INTERVENTION.

1. *Papers presented to Parliament relating to the Treaty of Paris.*
2. *Two Letters to the Earl of Aberdeen on the State Prosecutions of the Neapolitan Government.* By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone. London: John Murray. 1851.
3. *A Detailed Exposure of the Apology put forth by the Neapolitan Government, in Reply to the Charges of Mr. Gladstone.* London: Longman & Co. 1851.

THE unusual interest in foreign affairs which had been produced by the Russian war has subsided with singular rapidity. Less than a twelvemonth has elapsed since the suspension of diplomatic relations with Naples; and the question whether the efforts of the English Government have been altogether fruitless has almost ceased to occupy public attention. Nothing has occurred in the rest of Italy to encourage the friends of the national cause. Sardinia, alarmed and disturbed by the co-operation of England with Austria in the Eastern question has thought herself compelled to lean more exclusively on the dangerous support of France. The nobles and citizens of Lombardy, if they resisted the fascinations of an imperial visit, could not fail to perceive that the peasantry and the rabble were wavering after the fashion of multitudes. The French minister at Rome has drawn up an elaborate apology for priestly government; and the Pope diversifies a superstitious pilgrimage to miraculous shrines by an affectation of solicitude for the subjects who have so long groaned under his debasing misrule. The consolation which Italian patriots derive from a trust in English sympathy is not unmixed with doubt. The friendly counsels given at Turin are rendered less weighty by the knowledge that an Austrian partisan represents the British crown at Florence. Foreigners cannot be expected to understand that the necessity of providing for a Whig marquis furnishes a simpler explanation of a diplomatic inconsistency than any perfidious purpose on the part of the Government.

Lord Palmerston's conduct with respect to Naples has comprised the only active measures adopted for the relief of Italian grievances. Severely censured and faintly defended at the time, his menacing protest against unbearable tyranny has of late been in a great measure forgotten. The angry factions



which some months ago coalesced to overthrow the minister were eager in their complaints that he had done too much or too little,—too much, it might have been added, for the absolutist sympathies of Sir James Graham or of Mr. Disraeli,—too little, it was thought, to rouse popular feeling in defence of the policy which was assailed. The result of the general election has taught the Opposition to lay aside its useless weapons; yet the principles involved in the Neapolitan question of 1856 are not unworthy of dispassionate consideration. The situation of all parties is unchanged, excepting that the victims of Ferdinand have endured another year of captivity and torture. It is no consolation to sufferers that the duration of their misfortune has worn out the languid sympathy of compassionate neighbours.

In the present temper of the English people, almost any measure directed against Italian tyranny would, in the first instance, be popular. The doctrine of non-interference is founded on complicated considerations of expediency suggested by experience and reflection; but the natural and honest impulse of nations as well as of individuals is to interfere. All municipal laws recognise the duty of assisting the victim of open robbery or assault. International law is only less explicit, because it is deduced from the practice of Governments rather than from the conscience of mankind. By a necessary fiction, States are personified by their *de facto* rulers; and it is justly considered a breach of a mutual understanding, when a foreign Power appeals to a domestic party for support. The Convention in 1793 gave occasion to well-founded remonstrances, by offering the assistance of the French arms to all subjects, who in any part of the world might think fit to rise against their sovereigns. At the Congress of Vienna, the Emperor Alexander was with difficulty restrained from inviting the assistance of the Whig opposition in England to counteract Lord Castlereagh's efforts in the Polish dispute. The ambitious projects of his successor against Turkey became definitely illegal when he undertook the defence and patronage of a particular section of Ottoman subjects. As a general rule, a foreign State must be regarded as a political unit; on nearly the same grounds on which prudent and well-bred men shut their eyes to the dissensions of a neighbour's household.

Governments have, however, engrafted on the established rule an exception which has a tendency to re-open the question. Following up the recognised fiction, the personified State may at its own pleasure waive its exemption from interference. A sovereign may thus invite the aid of a powerful ally to put down a formidable insurrection; nor is his independence nominally affected by the voluntary acceptance of a service performed at

his own request. This corollary from the orthodox doctrine was promulgated by Austria in the discussions arising from the mention of Italy at the Paris Conference. According to Count Buol, the Imperial Court always reserves the right to comply with the appeal of any friendly Government for assistance. Any countenance afforded to a discontented population, any opposition to the will of the supreme authority, would be a lawless and unjustifiable act of violence, altogether repugnant to the Austrian conscience.

So far the fiction of international law is to a certain extent consistent with itself; but those who have the exclusive function of making and of expounding it, have found it necessary to carry their induction a step further. If a reigning king may be supported on his throne, why not restore him if he has unhappily been precipitated from power by an unnatural rebellion? The precedents of successful usurpation in England and in France may be considered exceptional; nor were the Stuarts or the Bourbons without foreign supporters, who would willingly have replaced them on their thrones. The writ of a Congress, or of a Russian or German despot, will not run westward of the Channel or the Rhine; but there is no reason why districts within reach of the executive force should not be compelled to submit to the law. In 1849, the King of Hungary had been deposed, and his armies had been hopelessly defeated. In compliance with an application for assistance, the Emperor of Russia sent an overwhelming force across the Carpathians; and although England expressed some dissatisfaction, all Europe, including the Republican Government of France, acquiesced in the regularity of the intervention. If the question had been argued by lawyers, instead of being solved at the mouth of the cannon, some inconvenient difficulties might have arisen. Assuming interference to be admissible at the request either of a *de jure* or *de facto* sovereign, the rightful monarch of Hungary was a constitutional king bound by the limitations which had been the condition of the election of his family to the throne. The Russian army established an absolute monarch in possession of prerogatives which his ancestors had never claimed. But it would seem that international law has deduced from the ideal unity of the State the perfect absorption of all its powers and life into the personal sovereignty of the king.

A still more puzzling case has arisen where there has been no change of dynasty or of person, but only an internal re-adjustment of the different functions of the State. It would seem that the principles of non-interference were peculiarly applicable where a legitimate monarch had conceded or anticipated the demands of his people, by becoming a constitutional king, and



by submitting to the control of representative assemblies. But the bold logicians of Courts are not so easily baffled. Ferdinand of Spain had sworn to a constitution; but the Congress of Vienna refused to recognise his oath, and the Duke of Angoulême, with a hundred thousand Frenchmen, marched to Cadiz to restore absolute government and the Inquisition. Ferdinand of Naples was no less profuse in his liberalism; and he was so far master of his own actions, that he was allowed to visit Laybach for the purpose of reconciling his royal colleagues to the constitutional system. A government established *de jure* and *de facto*, was not sufficiently established to satisfy the scruples of Austria. There was, to use an American phrase, a higher law which annulled the promises of the king and the resolutions of the people. In a few weeks, the worthy Ferdinand returned with a foreign army, in spite of his own remonstrances, not against the invasion of his country, but against the personal dangers to which he fancied himself exposed. "*Ho paura*," he exclaimed, to Prince Metternich, "*ho paura*, it is impossible that I can fight." "There will be no fighting," said the Minister; "and it is necessary that your Majesty should be present with the army, to prove that we are allies and not invaders." "*Ho massima paura*," replied the anxious monarch; "you have no compassion for my fears." "Every man," Prince Metternich declared, "is liable to fear; but here there will not be the slightest danger." "No," said the king, "you cold-blooded Germans have no notion of what I mean by fear; you may feel a little uncomfortable, but when I am frightened"—but it is unnecessary to report the conversation further. The Austrian minister insisted on the condition which was necessary to bring the expedition into conformity with international law. Neapolitan unity, with the independence and dignity of the nation, was exclusively personified in the perjured old driveller who crawled at the heels of a foreign general back to the palace of his ancestors.

It is not even indispensable that the occupant of the throne should personally desire the enforcement of his rights. In Italy, at least, Austria exercises a supreme authority, and secures for princes all the authority which they ought to claim, even if they are lax in the enforcement of their prerogatives. The occupation of Tuscany after the Revolution of 1848 was, in the first instance, demanded by the reigning sovereign; but at a later period, his remonstrances against the arbitrary conduct of the Austrian generals were silenced, and he was reminded that he was himself an archduke of the Imperial house. Ferrara was held in 1847 and 1848 against the repeated protests of the Pope, who is undoubtedly by virtue of his office the most legitimate of sovereigns; but at that time Pius IX. was erroneously thought by himself



and by others to be favourable to the progress of liberty and to the independence of Italy. The Austrian occupation was therefore continued in compliance with the assumed desire of an ideal or abstract Pope, who, as it soon appeared, was not unfitly represented by the actual successor of St. Peter. It is believed that the Regent of Parma in the course of last year objected to the occupation of her son's dominions by a foreign force; but the law of nations has of late years sanctioned all measures tending to the enforcement of order; and order itself has come to mean little more than the negative of liberty. It is compatible with the prevalence of assassination—with the occupation of the roads by banditti—and especially with the substitution of martial law for the operations of the ordinary tribunals. A free press and a representative Government form almost the only institutions inconsistent with order. There can be little doubt that the crusade against England which absolutist and ultramontane journals are incessantly preaching, would be adopted as highly conducive to order and conformable to international law, but for certain material difficulties which are readily appreciated by prudent statesmen.

The French occupation of Rome rests on a somewhat different footing. The temporal sovereign of the Ecclesiastical States is also the spiritual chief of the Catholic world; and the accident which gave him an Italian principality has long since been considered a political axiom, and incorporated into the public law of Europe. It is thought to concern the dignity of each great Catholic monarchy that the Pope should neither be a subject nor a dependent of any other Power. Even Avignon, during the papal schism and the absence of the Popes from Rome, was held in full sovereignty; and the Church retained the city and the adjoining county down to the Revolution. At the Congress of Vienna, Austria displayed a strong inclination to appropriate the Legations; but except during the short interval in which Rome became a Department of the French Empire, it has been admitted that the capital was the unalienable property of the Holy See. It is easy for diplomatists to prove that the patrimony of the Church is held in trust for the faithful or for the legitimate Governments which represent them; and it follows that the Pope's unfortunate subjects fall under the ban of monarchical Christendom if they attempt successfully to shake off the clerical yoke. In 1848, all parties in the French Assembly, except the Red Republicans, concurred in the policy of restoring Pius IX. by arms. The leaders of the minority, with justice and with the letter of their new ~~new~~ constitution on their side, might perhaps have baffled their opponents if they had possessed the instinct of free and Parliamentary government; but Jacobins are as intolerant of a

majority as of a hereditary despot. On the first hostile vote, the Opposition descended into the streets, and prepared for another civil commotion, while Paris was yet reeking with the carnage of June. The ruling party rejoiced in the opportunity of proscribing and banishing the hostile faction, and the Orleanist Thiers and the Legitimist Berryer supported the project of invasion by which the Republican Cavaignac hoped to secure the influence of the priests at the impending Presidential election. The Bonapartists reaped the harvest sown by their rivals, and the piety of France was satisfied by the return of the Pope to his dominions over the ruins of the godless Republic. In this instance, at least, whatever moral indignation might be felt, there can be little doubt that the English Government judged rightly in abstaining from interference. Protestant remonstrances would only have inflamed Catholic zeal, and furnished it with additional pretexts for encroachment. The Republic which had taken the place of the runaway Pope was revolutionary, seditious, and schismatical; but patronage offered by heretics would probably have alarmed even the insurgent population. An invader gains an inestimable advantage when he can persuade himself and others that he is the champion of religion. The French may perhaps in time become tired of their unresisted claims to act as policemen and beadles for the protection of a clerical government. In the meantime, they have the negative merit of keeping out an Austrian garrison.

The original and necessary fiction of the indivisible unity of States has thus practically developed itself into a system of mutual insurance among kings. The rules of international law which have been deduced from the theory deserve little moral deference; but statesmen must regard them with the respect and attention which belongs to every existing fact. No single Power can effectually counteract the policy which is supported by nearly the whole collective force of the Continent. England, although not altogether guiltless of undue sympathy with delinquent monarchs, has in general kept aloof from the political combinations of the absolute Powers. In the time of Napoleon, the independence of nations was in fact identified with the restoration of the legitimate dynasties. Spain forgot in hatred of a foreign invader the vicious imbecility of the Bourbons, and Pius VII. was regarded as a saint and a martyr by the people who suffered under the mushroom despotism of a French Prefect-General. After the restoration of peace, Lord Castlereagh refused his adhesion to the Holy Alliance, and Mr. Canning protested strenuously against the expedition of the Duke of Angoulême. Neither Italy nor Hungary can attribute to the English Government any direct participation in the exercise of force from which they



suffer. The nation has shared with its rulers the responsibility of abstaining from crusades in favour of liberty. When circumstances render such interference necessary or advisable, there will be no difficulty in finding reasons to justify it. One of the supplementary excuses put forward for the assistance offered to rulers against their subjects, is derived from the supposed interest of established governments in maintaining order and legitimacy. It is said that any man has a natural right when his neighbour's house is on fire to anticipate the extension of the conflagration to his own.

It is on the same pretext that the rare efforts of liberal diplomacy have been founded. It is urged with much plausibility that it is better to obviate revolution than to suppress it; and even continental ministers have occasionally admitted that tyranny may be carried so far as to provoke, though not to justify, resistance. Thirty years ago, all the great Powers concurred in a representation to Gregory XVI. that the administration of the Ecclesiastical States was even too imbecile and atrocious. The sufferings of the inhabitants might exclusively concern the Holy Father and the College of Cardinals; but insurrections occasionally broke out, and they might possibly extend from Romagna into Lombardy. The Pope, as might have been expected, declined or neglected to follow the friendly advice of his allies and protectors; but the remonstrance remained as a precedent for future diplomatic interventions. The President of the French Republic, who had himself formerly joined an armed rebellion against the Papal Government, attempted, after the capture of Rome, by his letter to Colonel Ney, once more to influence the domestic policy of the Vatican; but the owner of an unalienable property has little motive for troubling himself to preserve it. A new revolution, followed by a second retirement to Gaeta, would only throw upon France the necessity of sending another army to prove that the king or emperor for the time being was still the eldest son of the Church.

The secret history of the Congress of Paris is not yet known to the world; but it would seem that Lord Clarendon adroitly made use of an established fiction to introduce into the protocols an authoritative protest against the misgovernment of Naples. The communication addressed by Count Walewski to the Plenipotentiaries, at one of the latest sittings, was evidently a compromise resulting from separate discussions with the representatives of England, and perhaps of Sardinia. The offensive menace against Belgium, and the denunciation of the liberty of the press, may have been the price of French concurrence in the manifesto addressed to the King of Naples. It would have been an unpre-



cedented innovation if the Congress had been asked to sympathize with the victims who linger in the dungeons of Ischia and of Procida: but it was easy to assert, without special consideration of the facts of the case, that the cruelty and perfidy of the king, however laudable in themselves, endangered the tranquillity of Italy, and consequently the peace of Europe. The fact of remonstrance was far more important than the conventional excuse by which it might be introduced. The protest of the Great Powers, or of France and England, against the shameful misgovernment of Southern Italy could not fail to be generally accepted as an admission that the king had exceeded the large extent of licence allowed to legitimate monarchs.

In political controversies, fictions possess a great advantage from offering no point of attack to an adversary. No logical triumph can be gained by the denial of a *major*, which the adversary knows to be untrue. The King of Naples at once declared with sincerity, and probably with truth, that the solicitude of the Allies for his security was founded on a misconception. His imprisonments and his system of terror may possibly render insurrection impracticable; but the interference of England was not exactly intended to take place in the exclusive interest of the Neapolitan crown. All honest men, below the degree of diplomatists, consider that the only redeeming feature of oppression is the same which seems exclusively objectionable in the eyes of absolutists, its tendency to provoke resistance and punishment. Many Englishmen will sympathize with the old poetical belief that it is a divine interposition which hardens the hearts of tyrants; but as long as a legitimate object can be secured in conformity with established forms, it is absurd to raise unnecessary obstacles by criticising diplomatic phraseology. The public censure pronounced against the King of Naples was not less a gain to humanity, because it was professedly dictated by a solicitude for the security of Governments.

In the case of Sardinia there might be some foundation for the complaint, which was purely conventional on the part of England and of France. The discontent of the Italians in general occasions a vexatious vigilance on the part of Austria, and compels Piedmont to maintain an army which constitutes a heavy burden on the finances of the State. Count Cavour, at least, was in earnest in his protests, although his colleagues at the Congress might interest themselves only for the Neapolitan population, or for their crowned oppressor. Incidentally it may be remarked, that among other advantages conferred on the Italian cause by the establishment of a constitutional system in Sardinia, not the least is the diplomatic *locus standi* which alliance with a Govern-

ment, at the same time liberal and legitimate, gives to English ministers who desire to favour the independence of the Peninsula. Exiles and Republican enthusiasts ought to feel that foreign co-operation can only be obtained by recognised authorities. "Italy" and "the people" may form excellent watchwords, but at present they are only words and abstractions. It is impossible to assume that the nation is represented by a few individuals wandering under ingenious disguises over the face of Europe. The Court of Turin has a local and legal existence, and a friendly power may properly guarantee its territories against foreign invasion. The possible danger to the Sardinian Crown from the civil discontent of the neighbouring population, has in this instance furnished a pretext for an intervention which might otherwise have been impossible.

It is the business of ambassadors and of foreign secretaries to see that an act of interference is brought into harmony, as far as possible, with diplomatic forms and proprieties. It is for the nation and for the Government which represents it to determine whether there is sufficient ground for an exceptional intervention between an independent sovereign and his subjects. As a general rule, it is both inexpedient and unjust to encourage resistance to established authorities. However anomalous or undesirable a form of Government may be thought, it must be presumed that the stronger if not the better part of the nation acquiesces in its existence. It is useless to entrust power to a feeble minority, or to a multitude too weak to maintain superiority. A community is in stable equilibrium only when those who are strongest find themselves at the head of affairs. It often happens that the natural adjustment of forces is deranged by exceptional circumstances or by the advantage of possession; but a foreign Government can seldom judge of the true balance, and the probability is, that alien interference will serve rather to disturb than to restore the true relations of parties and of classes. Assistance offered in the establishment of a constitution involves the subsequent duty of securing its maintenance; but a right of habitual interference is altogether inconsistent with the independence of the protected State. In modern times, a similar relation has seldom been established, except for purposes of oppression. Catherine and Frederick guaranteed the anarchical constitution of Poland, and they attempted to extend their baleful patronage to Sweden. The Prussian agents at the Court of Gustavus made no secret of their determination to use the power which they claimed for the purpose of weakening a neighbour who might possibly become a formidable rival. The Russian Court assumed a protectorate over the outlying dependencies of Turkey, and all but succeeded in establishing a similar control over the Christian population of



the empire. No minor State can afford to purchase domestic liberty at the cost of subjecting its own Government to the dictates of a foreign nation.

As the proposed interference was to be confined, at least in the first instance, to a bare remonstrance, there would perhaps have been no valid objection to a declaration in favour of the Neapolitan Constitution, except that it would have certainly been useless. But the English representative should not have attained his object if he had acted alone; and in obtaining the co-operation of an ally, it was necessary to renounce the exercise of an absolutely independent discretion. For the practical purpose in view, it was evident that a word from Austria or from France would be far more effectual than a fresh promulgation of the opinions repeatedly expressed by the English Government. It would have been idle to propose to Count Walewski a protest against the forcible suppression of representative institutions; but the French Emperor can have little desire to see monarchy reduced to an absurdity or to a scandal. No satire is so offensive as the exaggerated caricature of a questionable peculiarity. There are spies at Paris; there are political prisoners at Cayenne; the French press is subjected to restrictions which constantly interfere with its independence; but still there is a wide difference between France and Naples; nor could any accusation be more offensive than the taunt subsequently contained in a Neapolitan despatch, that all the acts of King Ferdinand might be paralleled by the boasted process of restoring order under the new Empire. The upper and middle classes in France are not subjected to a chronic terror, the education of the people is not deliberately discountenanced. The intellectual and political aristocracy of the parliamentary epoch is allowed to live in tranquillity, on condition of abstinence from plots and from active opposition. Thiers and Guizot, Tocqueville and Montalembert, still influence opinion by their writings, while Borso is languishing in chains for the crime of having believed and served his sovereign.

Notwithstanding the lukewarmness which has been since displayed, there is no reason to doubt that the French Government really desired to check the atrocious practices of the Neapolitan tyrant. The servile press of Paris, of Vienna, and of St. Petersburg has from the first paid England the high compliment of assuming that no other power could be in earnest in denouncing oppression; but the compliments which are offered to the Emperor Napoleon on the ground of his assumed perfidy, imply a severe censure on his sagacity and firmness. Even a continental courtier might think a burst of moral indignation more respectable than a hypocritical sympathy dictated by deference to the wishes of England. The misgovernment censured by the Allies is of no



ordinary kind. The King of Naples may find excuses plausible enough for absolutist judges, when he defends the suppression of the constitution which he voluntarily and expressly confirmed after the disturbances of May, 1848. The employment of servile judges and of false witnesses prompted by the police, the scandalous disregard of truth in evidence and of law in criminal proceedings—above all, the shocking cruelty practised on a multitude of innocent victims, may have excited genuine disgust in France as well as in England.

The moral ground on which the intervention was based, dispenses with the necessity of a minute inquiry into the distinct claims of Sicily and of the united kingdom on the assistance of England. The perfidy and inhumanity of the King have been of late years most strikingly exhibited in his dealings with his subjects on this side the Faro. The people of Sicily were open enemies, who, after partially conquering their independence, had deposed the reigning dynasty. Since their overthrow by the fortune of war, the leaders have in too many instances languished in prison or in exile; but the victims have been less immediately within reach of the Royal clemency, and successive Viceroys have been comparatively lukewarm in carrying out their master's vengeance. The most conspicuous of the prisoners on the mainland were neither conspirators nor rebels. Their crime consists in serving their King according to the actual constitution of the country. The Neapolitan Chamber of Deputies supported the policy of the Government in coercing the Sicilian revolt; yet soon afterwards an absolute majority of the members were either imprisoned or banished. If the English intervention had a political object, Sicily would on some grounds have a stronger claim to sympathy. The only plausible charge of inconsistency arising out of the mission of Lord Minto refers to the affairs of the island.

In the year 1847, before the outbreak of the European revolutions, Ferdinand II. earned his nickname of Bomba, by his mode of suppressing a premature insurrection at Reggio and at Messina. Soon afterwards, the inhabitants of Palermo, indignant at the horrible oppression of their country, formally announced their intention to renounce their allegiance, unless a constitution was conceded before the King's birthday, the 12th of January, 1848. On the arrival of the appointed day, the Sicilians kept their word; and a week later, the Royal army under General Desauget was utterly defeated. Before the end of February, the whole island, with the exception of the forts at Syracuse and Messina, was in the hands of the patriots. But for the fatal security which led them to neglect the capture of the citadel of Messina, it is possible that the supremacy of Naples might have been finally

terminated. It was natural that the English Government should approve of successful resistance to a despotism more than ordinarily lawless. The French Revolution, which in its results swept away all the ancient securities of freedom in Europe, had found Sicily in possession of the ancient Norman Constitution, which had survived for seven or eight centuries. The old franchises had been respected by the Swabian emperors, by the Houses of Aragon and of Anjou, by Austria, by Savoy, and even by the Bourbon cadets, who have now possessed the crown for more than a hundred years. When the Royal family, expelled from their continental dominions, were occupying Sicily under continental protection, it was not unnatural that an attempt should be made to transform the old feudal fabric into a modern representative system. The Constitution of 1812, established under the influence of Lord William Bentinck, was generally believed to possess the guarantee of England; but after the peace, when it was suppressed by Ferdinand, Lord Castlereagh was more solicitous for the rights of dynasties than for the liberties of nations. A doubt might exist whether the institutions of Sicily had been formally guaranteed: but it might have been irresistibly urged that the Royal act was a violation of international right, as well as of good faith and justice. By a secret treaty concluded at Vienna, Ferdinand had bound himself to make his own political system conformable to that which might be established by Austria in the Lombard and Venetian Kingdom. England might have rightfully opposed a measure in itself obnoxious, which was avowedly dictated by a foreign Power.

Lord Minto at first endeavoured to negotiate between the insurgents and the King; but the Government of Palermo refused to accept the Constitution which had been, in the mean time, published at Naples; and in April the Parliament, convened according to the provisions of 1812, proclaimed the deposition of the Bourbons from the throne. The English agent had, in the mean time, declined farther interference, and his mission soon afterwards terminated. The Government, under the presidency of the Admiral Ruggiero Settimo, included many estimable and enlightened men; but it committed three fatal errors. The citadel of Messina was not stormed; Charles Albert was not assisted in his struggle against Austria; and, above all, the election of a king was delayed in deference to the republican party. One candidate for the Crown, whose pretensions have not generally been known, might possibly have displayed, in defence of Sicilian independence, those powers which have since astonished the world in a more conspicuous place, though in a far more questionable cause. Louis Napoleon Bonaparte, not yet President of the French Republic, intimated to the Provisional Government his

willingness to become the successor of the dethroned Ferdinand ;\* but it is not surprising that little attention was paid to the claims of a pretender, who, known only as an unsuccessful adventurer, was generally supposed to be a wrong-headed charlatan. A plausible and unobjectionable choice was at last made in the person of the Duke of Genoa, whose ancestors had first taken the kingly title from Sicily ; but, in the mean time, the tide of Italian fortune had turned. Charles Albert had been beaten back by Radetzky from Mantua to Milan, and within his own frontier ; and the Piedmontese prince thought himself compelled to refuse a crown which would not have been recognised even by the English Government. On the subsequent conquest of the island, Admiral Parker and his French colleague interfered, only for the purpose of checking the vengeance of the Royal arms. The acquiescence of England in the counter-revolution is the foundation of the charge, so often repeated by absolutists, of treason to the cause of liberty.

The only special claim of the constitutional party in Naples to the assistance of England is founded on the share which we took in the protection and restoration of the present dynasty. But for foreign protection, Ferdinand would have lost Sicily as well as Naples ; and it is possible that Murat, in possession of both portions of the kingdom, might have been able to maintain his power. In 1815 the legitimate monarch was conveyed to his continental dominions by an English squadron. If his cause was then esteemed national and just, Napoléon was chiefly responsible for the mistake. Austria, long the most vigorous continental champion of independence, and at the moment co-operating with England against the Russian usurpation of Poland, was inveterately hostile to Murat. The replacement of a life-long enemy by an ancient dependent, was not unreasonably thought a triumph of English policy. The atrocious misgovernment since practised for forty years by three generations of princes, may well excite resentment as well as indignation, though it may give us no diplomatic title to interfere.

The misgovernment which has occasioned and justified the withdrawal of the English and French Legations is the same in kind, and often in the individual cases, as that which was denounced by Mr. Gladstone in his celebrated pamphlet ; but the additional lapse of six or seven years has added principal and interest to the accumulated stock of iniquity, and, it may be hoped, to the future retribution. Every honest man in Europe was roused to indignation by the picture of Poerio in chains six months after

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\* This statement is made on the oral authority of a Sicilian, since deceased, who held a high and confidential office under the Provisional Government.



his sentence. The misery which, in common with his fellow-captives, he must have suffered in six years of imprisonment, is horrible to think of. It matters little whether the future reaction is called vengeance or justice—the native herb or the cultivated plant will be almost equally acceptable—provided indignation does not balk and anticipate itself by assuming the form of assassination. The municipal laws of Naples, even anterior to the Constitution, were founded on the Code Napoleon. The administrative system is an exact copy of that which has been found compatible, in France, with order and with regular government, though unfortunately not with freedom. The *sindaco* and *aggiunto* correspond to the *maire* and *adjoints*. In a higher sphere, the *intendenti* and their deputies perform the functions of prefects and sub-prefects. The judges are, as in all other countries, bound to administer the laws; witnesses are, it may be presumed, theoretically expected to swear to the truth; and even policemen nominally exist for the protection of the community from criminal fraud and violence. The friends of liberty desire little change in the existing system, except that it should be maintained and enforced under the superintendence of authorities representing the nation. The friends of humanity complain not of bad laws, but of utter defiance of law—of a thorough-going and successful conspiracy to undermine all the sanctions of human society. Modern tyrants have attached the name of anarchy to opposition offered to absolute rule, even when it is authorized by positive law. In 1812 it was the crime of Germans who were suspected of disaffection to Napoleon. In our own generation the disease has become chronic under the continental monarchies; but its symptoms have been most prominently exhibited in Hungary and in Italy. Greek writers took a different view of political justice. They held it self-evident that, government by fixed law was the only condition in which men could worthily exist; and despots, unfettered by external rules, appeared to them to stand without the pale of civilization, and to be excluded from the human rights which they denied to others.

The accuracy of the ancient theory of anarchy or of lawlessness is sufficiently illustrated by the proceeding of the King of Naples since 1818. In January of that year, under pressure of a threatened insurrection, he promised, and soon afterwards published, the Constitution which has served as a pretext for his subsequent persecutions. As if in anticipation of the zest which perjury might hereafter add to treason, Ferdinand seems to have revelled in the use of those unctuous phrases which are so dear to pious villany. The proclamation is made in the “awful Name of the most Holy and Almighty God, the Trinity in Unity, to whom alone it appertains to read the depths of the heart, and whom we

loudly invoke as the Judge of the simplicity of our intentions and of the unreserved sincerity with which we have determined to enter upon the paths of the new political order." It is true that the more zealous revolutionists displayed much indiscretion. In March they extorted further concessions from the King; and on the 15th of May they gave him an excuse for attacking and defeating the population of the capital; but, after the victory of the Royal troops, Ferdinand once more declared "his fixed and irrevocable will to maintain the Constitution of the 10th of February pure and free from every stain of excess. . . . It will be the sacrosanct altar, upon which must rest the destinies of our most beloved people and our Crown. . . . Confide with the utmost fulness of your hearts in our good faith, in our sense of religion, and in our sacred and spontaneous oath." In the latter part of May the King was assuredly free from compulsion, and he still recognised his oath as spontaneous. After a dissolution the new Chambers were, in fact, summoned to meet, and they were only finally dismissed in March, 1849.

The prosecutions which followed, with all their horrible fraud and cruelty, were intended to punish those who had been guilty of three cognate offences. Fidelity to the Constitution, sympathy with the cause of Italian unity, and consequent hostility to Austria, were crimes not to be pardoned, even though they were to be punished under fictitious pretences. It is unnecessary to repeat the proofs of the King's apparent complicity with the guilt of the constitutional party. His ostensible opinion as to the union of Italy is to be found in the Proclamation of the 7th of April, during the ministry of Troja. "We consider," says the King, "the Italian League as substantially existing . . . already we have despatched an expedition by sea, and one division is in motion by land along the coast of the Adriatic, to act in concert with the army of Central Italy. The fortunes of our common country are about to be decided on the plains of Lombardy, and every prince and people of the peninsula is bound to hasten and share in the struggle which is to secure her independence, liberty, and glory . . . the contest will be for the mighty interest of Italian nationality. . . . Let there be union, self-devotion, and fortitude, and the independence of our lovely Italy will be obtained." About the same time, General Pepe, then in high apparent favour, and destined to the command of the contingent on the Po, said to the King, "Sire, having married an Austrian princess, it is to be expected that you should be averse to making war against that Power." Ferdinand replied without hesitation, "You are mistaken—I have always detested Austria." It is possible that in this single instance the King may have indulged in a true statement, in the just confidence that it was calculated to produce

a false impression. Confederates in crime, and especially subordinates, seldom love their accomplices. The volunteers who, by express permission, remained with the army of Charles Albert after the recall of the contingent, were, to the number of 6000, refused permission to return to their native country on the termination of the war. But exile is the mildest form of Neapolitan tyranny.

Within a few days from the dissolution of the Chamber, Navarro, who has by an undeserved compliment been called the Neapolitan Jeffries, was appointed President of the Criminal Court. Before the end of the following year, fifty-one judges were dismissed in various parts of the kingdom, that their places might be filled by more trustworthy instruments of oppression. The atrocities which followed have resounded throughout Europe: but up to the present time no improvement has taken place in the administration of justice. Mr. Gladstone's residence at Naples occurred in the autumn of 1850, and his letter to Lord Aberdeen, after being uselessly submitted to the delinquent Government, was published in the following spring. The charges which were then brought against the highest authorities of the State have been amply confirmed, both by the official attempts to confute them, and by the subsequent practice of similar iniquities. "The incessant systematic, deliberate violation of the law by the power appointed to watch over it,"—"the violation of human and written law carried on for the purpose of violating every other law, unwritten and eternal, human and divine—the wholesale persecution of virtue when united with intelligence,"—"the bitter and cruel, as well as utterly illegal, hostility to whatever in the nation really lives and moves,"—"the perfect prostitution of the judicial office which has made it, under veils only too threadbare and transparent, the degraded recipient of the vilest and clumsiest forgeries, set up wilfully and deliberately, by the immediate advisers of the Crown, for the purpose of destroying the freedom, ay, and even if not by capital sentences, the life of the most virtuous, upright, intelligent, distinguished and refined of the whole community,"—"the savage and cowardly system of moral as well as in a lower degree, of physical, torture,"—all these crimes were brought home to the Government, and more especially to the King. Some surprise was occasioned by the whimsical protests interspersed through this fierce philippic, against all attempts to weaken the Divine authority of established governments; but Mr. Gladstone on this, as on many other occasions, proved that a hairsplitting sophistical theorist may, in action, be a man of energy and resolution. It is said that the contrivances by which he procured a portion of his information were both ingenious and daring. The Neapolitan authorities



found with astonishment, that an English ex-minister had made his way to the dungeon where prisoners of his own rank and of his own political opinions were bound in pairs by a heavy chain which was never loosened night or day.

The moral degradation of the culprits was singularly illustrated by the manner in which the accusation was met. The authors of the official answer, entitled "*Rassegna degli errori e delle fallacie pubblicate dal Signor Gladstone, &c.*", displayed an audacity of falsehood and a cynical obtuseness of perception which might alone have proved the substantial justice of the charges which had been made. An unpublished copy of the Apology having been entrusted to a newspaper correspondent, himself an agent and accomplice of the Court, the summary which was communicated to English readers was materially altered from the original. Another wretched pamphleteer, employed for the same purpose, was compelled to invent falsehoods of his own less incredible than those which were intended for continental consumption. The Paris *Univers* alone, with its priestly sympathy for cruelty and for injustice, adopted and reproduced the substance of this shameless defence. The official apologist, in one part of his argument, actually quoted as an independent authority the merconary scribbler who had been in the first instance commissioned to take off the effect of Mr. Gladstone's statements in England. A full and eloquent confutation of the falsehoods contained in the *Rassegna*, including many additional illustrations of judicial and executive iniquity, is contained in the "Detailed Exposure of the Apology," composed on the spot as the result of careful investigation in the autumn of 1851.\* The writer confirms Mr. Gladstone's representation that in the celebrated trial of the *Unita Italiana* no credible proof was tendered that such a society had ever existed, while the statement that Pocrio had been one of its members was shown on the part of the prosecution to be almost impossible. The defendant, to show the impossibility of his having treated the police witness Jervolino as a confidant, produced a letter which had been in his possession before the date of the alleged conversations, in which the same informer denounced him to the police. The President Navarro received the letter, not for the purpose of discrediting the

\* The author of the "Detailed Exposure" was the late Mr. Henry Lushington, Chief Secretary to the Government of Malta. His sympathy, at the same time enthusiastic and clear-headed, with the cause of Italy, was farther shown by a History of the War of 1848 and 1849, contained in two articles in the "Edinburgh Review." At Malta he was known to many of the exiles as a benefactor and cordial friend. To the memory of one of their number he addressed, shortly before his own decease, a singularly graceful and touching poem, which appeared in *The Examiner* early in 1855.

witness, but as evidence of the statements which it contained to the prejudice of Poerio. Among many proofs of official wickedness contained in the "Detailed Exposure," one may be selected for repetition. At the close of the prolonged investigation, the judges drew up a confused *Decisioni*, or statement of the facts supposed to be proved, and adding the sentences on the several prisoners, returned the document to the Department of Justice. The minister then employed an advocate unconnected with the cause, to deduce from the *Decisioni*, under the technical title of *Consideranti*, the grounds on which the decision was applied to the cases of the respective prisoners. The complete judgment was finally published as proceeding directly from the Court. Thus the sentences were passed before the grounds on which they were founded had even been devised.

Mr. Gladstone and other writers who denounced the wickedness of the Government and of its tribunals, necessarily confined themselves to a limited selection of facts. The detailed reports of trials produced even a deeper impression of disgust on those who had the opportunity of consulting them. It appeared that the mockery of justice, which would have been burlesque if it had not so horribly pervaded every portion of the process, the statements of witnesses, the questions on the part of the prosecution, the conclusions drawn by the Court from the various allegations, were systematically calculated to sustain the fabric of falsehood. Numerous witnesses retracted statements which they had made in prison, on the ground that their words had been dictated by police agents under menaces, and sometimes by torture. In almost every instance the public prosecutor demanded the punishment of the repentant informer; and the judgment frequently recited the testimony given under constraint, without reference to the subsequent retraction. Among the pretexts for one of the sentences, it was stated that the prisoner had been in the habit of entering a provincial town at night, and in a clandestine manner, of course for suspicious purposes. It was not thought worth while to notice that the accused had proved that, residing in Naples, he was in the habit of visiting his father in the town which was the scene of his imaginary plots. Starting from the capital early in the morning, he could only reach his destination after nightfall, and his journeys had been uniformly performed in a carriage, subject, no doubt, to numerous demands for his passport, on the part of the police. A hostile witness in England might accuse an opponent of lurking in a neighbourhood which he might frequent; but a judge would require some proof of the imputation, even if it were not voluntarily explained away.

The more tragic prosecutions were occasionally relieved by judicial conspiracies, almost humorous in their undisguised

rascality. It was expected, as a matter of course, that the witnesses should be perjured agents of the police, and the judges corrupt and docile instruments of the Government. The supposed act, or *corpus delicti*, was in a majority of instances a mere fiction, invented to colour the vengeance which had really been provoked by loyalty to a sovereign who, for the time, called himself constitutional. It might at least have been expected that the prisoners should be *bonâ fide* objects of accusation: but experience showed that even the dock of the criminal court was sometimes occupied by accomplices of the prosecution. The object of the farce was to procure a confession which might appear to implicate some innocent person. Such devices have been attempted in other countries, but seldom on so large a scale. In the autumn of 1851 a trial, in which it was attempted to prove the complicity of the English minister, occupied the court for a considerable time. When the desired scandal had been extracted and made public, the proceedings were brought to a close by sentences of unexampled leniency, which probably were never enforced. It was well known that the plot had, as usual, been contrived by the police; and that the accusers, the witnesses, and the accused belonged to the *Unità*, not of Italy, but of the great corporation of *sbirri*. Neapolitans spoke of such transactions to their English friends, as of a well-known and familiar system, with shrugs and smiles, as of men who find a melancholy amusement in the helplessness of their own indignation.

For five years, the victims of these devilish persecutions have been languishing in dungeons. Mr. Gladstone conjectured the number of political prisoners in 1850 at about 20,000; and the accuracy of his estimate is borne out by many weighty arguments in the "Detailed Exposure." The official apology had, with characteristic mendacity, reduced the list to 2000: but it was proved that the actual returns from single prisons in many instances outnumbered the total amount assigned to entire provinces. The author of the "Rassegna," after stating that many of the 2000 had since been released by Royal clemency, was not ashamed to publish lists of pardons containing a greater number of names than those which had previously been admitted as representing the prisoners. It is difficult to judge whether the number of sufferers has been reduced or increased. But within the present year a circular instructed the police agents throughout the kingdom to arrest all persons who wore beards or unseemly hats, who were supposed to read newspapers with too much eagerness, and especially all who expressed sympathy with France and England in the war with Russia. The flogging commission was instituted as an accessory to the same policy of repression. The police have authority to inflict blows on almost



all persons whom they choose to accuse or suspect of any political unsoundness. Yet corporal punishment before trial is as distinctly illegal in Naples as in England or in the United States.

Remonstrance may fail to produce any immediate effect; but it will at least tend to correct the judgment of the oppressed population, and perhaps to suspend their despair. The long-continued association of power and prosperity with crime tends to corrupt the judgment; and it is well to remind the people that Governments far more powerful than their own utterly disapprove of the existing tyranny. Public opinion is in all communities, to a great extent, composed of the worship of strength; but in countries where freedom has been rarely enjoyed, it contains scarcely any other element. The Neapolitan police instinctively arrived at a just conclusion when they endeavoured to conceal from their unhappy flock the news that Sebastopol had fallen. While the title to a house depends on its being kept by a strong man armed, the tidings that a stronger than he is approaching, naturally produce an expectation of change. Blustering proclamations, displays of troops and of cannon, the Royal affectation of indifference or of triumph, will but partially deceive the nation. The certainty will remain, that England and France have expressed their displeasure; and none but the lowest rabble can suppose that, if the two Great Powers have paused, their hesitation is owing to fear. The voluntary forbearance of an irresistible adversary, furnishes no safe pretext for boasting. The disappointment produced by moderate and partial measures may easily be excused; but hasty critics go too far when they propound the doctrine that a threat ought always, if ineffectual, to be followed by a blow. It is the want of power to strike, and not the absence of will, which renders menaces contemptible. The disapprobation which is expressed by coolness, or by suspending the ordinary forms of courtesy, has the advantage of deliberate indefiniteness. It may be the final penalty of misconduct, but it may also imply a purpose of further action; in the meantime, the choice and the knowledge of the future remains with the judge, and not with the offender.

There may appear to be sufficient grounds for censuring the Government, as deficient either in prudence or in vigour; but no liberal politician ought to concur in any hostile movement which is not suggested by genuine sympathy with the cause of Italy. For seven or eight years it has been asserted in all parts of Europe that Lord Palmerston prompted and then abandoned the national movement in 1848. The charge, although far from literally true, is founded, as we have already shown, on plausible grounds. The Foreign Secretary sympathized to a certain extent with the efforts of the Sicilians, and he cordially approved of the

grant of a Constitution to Naples. It is unknown whether his passive acquiescence in the subsequent counter-revolutions was suggested by his own estimate of political expediency, or by the scruples of colleagues far less advanced than himself; but the charge of deserting the liberal party has seldom been brought forward by those who are supposed to have been betrayed and sacrificed. The complaints of English perfidy are echoed to this day by the absolutist journals of Paris, and urged by the servile courtiers of Vienna. The King of Naples was, as it has been seen, so far from appreciating the services rendered to his cause, that, in the course of his political trials, some of his favourite witnesses were employed to implicate Sir William Temple, together with his Sardinian colleague at Naples, in one of the conspiracies invented by the police. The patriots of Italy may have been disappointed or offended; but on the whole they have been just and generous to England. They will scarcely approve of complaints that the recent interference was inefficient, on the part of those who, in substance, maintain that the Government ought not to have interfered at all. Friendly intentions are seldom rewarded with gratitude, unless they result in practical services; but the failure to confer a benefit is certainly no cause for resentment. The recal of the Embassy offered a favourable contrast to Prince Gortschakoff's circular of last autumn.

When it is assumed that an effort to check Neapolitan tyranny was justifiable in principle, the farther question arises whether the proceedings of the English Government were compatible with prudence, and, as far as circumstances allowed, effective. It must be remembered that the possibilities of useful interference lay within a narrow range. The suggestions of the democratic exiles in general have no practical application to Lord Clarendon and his colleagues. When an orator recommends to a popular audience active co-operation with revolution on the Continent, he tacitly implies an opinion that the nation must, in the first instance, regenerate itself by a revolution or sweeping readjustment of institutions at home. It would be absurd to complain that Queen, Lords, and Commons refrained from a crusade for the universal establishment of the social and democratic Republic. A minister professing such a policy, if it is possible to imagine his existence, would fail to find a single supporter in either House of Parliament. A portion of the classes who govern the country might be better disposed to sympathize with an insurrection in favour of a constitutional government; but there is at present no ostensible party in Naples with whom a Liberal alliance could be formed. Subject races, as the Hungarians or the inhabitants of Lombardy, may be aided by foreigners to rise

against their alien rulers ; but domestic discontent can seldom be presumed as a ground for armed interference.

It may be said that, although the English Government had neither the right nor the power to restore Neapolitan liberty, yet the protest against the existing cruelty and anarchy ought to have been more vigorously enforced. The answer will be, that without the consent of France it was impossible to effect any practical good, and that an independent coadjutor necessarily influenced the joint proceedings. The withdrawal of the ambassadors, ineffectual as it may have been at the time, was of itself a grave innovation on the political traditions of Europe. The right which has been assumed of indicating displeasure against gross misgovernment, involves the further right to redress the evil, when intervention may be thought expedient. The English Government might easily have signified by the suspension of relations the disapprobation which has been frequently expressed ; but the lesson to the King of Naples was rendered far more serious and alarming by the participation of France in the demonstration. Censure on the part of a potentate who is neither scrupulous nor devoted to freedom, is in this case more impressive than the indignation which might be supposed to be prompted by love of liberty as well as by regard to humanity.

King Ferdinand has, up to the present time, thought proper to treat the remonstrances of the Western Powers with ostentatious contempt. The first reply of his Cabinet resembled the scolding of a virago after conviction at the bar of the Old Bailey. Ireland, commonly supposed on the Continent to be governed by martial law, and India, obscurely known by traditions handed down from the days of Burke, furnished obvious grounds of recrimination against England. The Emperor of the French was more awkwardly reminded that he also had suppressed a Constitution, and sentenced political opponents without trying them. On reflection, a tone somewhat more modest and courteous was adopted ; but the representatives of the remonstrant Courts were allowed to depart without an audience ; and the Swiss regiments are day after day reviewed as a warning to foreign meddlers. The lesson which has been administered may, nevertheless, be useful, if only because it may at any time be repeated in a more impressive form. Domestic tyranny is no longer conventionally exempt from supervision ; and a distinct intimation has been given that no foreign accomplice will be allowed to avert its overthrow. The official catechism makes the Neapolitan pupil ask of his instructor in political turpitude, whether "the Liberals have not some reason to complain of the presence of Austrian troops, not content with their own dominions, but dictating the law in other Italian States?" The teacher replies, that "Liberals and felons are right



in complaining of the presence of Austrian troops, who are called in to put down Liberals and felons." The refined irony of the authorized doctrine will be blunted by the certainty that Austria will not be permitted to put down the next Liberal felony. The indigenous *sbirri* must contrive to maintain the throne which rests on their activity and ingenuity; but they will probably choose the same alternative with their brethren in the satire of Giusti, by bawling the loudest for freedom and revolution; and by demanding, and if necessary executing, the national sentence on their adored and absolute king.

We may reject with contempt the hackneyed complaint that English influence is impaired by the jealousy felt throughout the Continent of a nation which sympathizes with freedom and with humanity. It is certain that the courtiers and diplomatists of the absolute monarchies habitually speak of England with querulous and impotent spite; but material strength, accompanied by a steady resolution, will always secure allies when they are wanted, and it is easy to dispense with flatterers. The Austrian Government, after fawning on the French Emperor in vain, was eager to accept of English co-operation in the matter of the Bessarabian frontier. A formidable enemy and powerful friend has no occasion to fear wanton quarrels. Even if the despots of Europe remained obstinately distrustful, the present order of things is not eternal. Nine years ago, the majority of their number were fugitives from their capitals, or were engaged in humble attempts to conciliate the good will of a dominant population. On some similar occasion it may be found advantageous not to have taken shares in the joint-stock company of absolute rulers. A free and united Italy would be the natural ally of England, although the Tuscan and Neapolitan courts may now denounce the hateful abode of heresy and of anarchy.

A Parliamentary disavowal of the policy initiated by the Government is happily not to be feared. Such a demonstration would almost reconcile the servile party throughout Europe to the country which is the object of its deepest antipathy; but it would close up the dungeons of Naples more hopelessly than ever, by counteracting the terror which can alone operate in favour of leniency on the Royal mind. If there has been a want of vigour and of consistency, the defect may safely be pointed out; but it would be well to inquire whether the victims of oppression themselves express dissatisfaction. When the national influence is used for an honest purpose and in a right direction, those who concur in the general policy of the movement ought not to thwart it in detail. A desire to go further is compatible with a feeling of satisfaction that a minister has gone so far. To the honour of the country it may be said, that no liberal movement in foreign

affairs ever fails of support. The reputation of Canning rested mainly on his opposition to the Holy Alliance; and the long-continued popularity of Lord Palmerston is founded on the belief that, notwithstanding many errors, his policy has, on the whole, been favourable to the cause of liberty throughout the world. His interference in the affairs of Naples was just in principle, although it has not hitherto been found effective for its immediate purpose.

The permanent regeneration of Italy must depend on itself. The first test of national competency for independence will consist in the ability to conquer it, whenever circumstances permit a renewal of the abortive war of 1848. In those disastrous campaigns, sufficient refutation was given to the stale and calumnious falsehood, that Italians cannot fight. At Goito, and in many other fields during their advance, at the moment when Radetzky, breaking up from his strongholds, penetrated their extended line, and even on the fatal field of Novara, the Piedmontese maintained their ancient fame for valour and for discipline. The perfidy of Ferdinand withdrew the Neapolitan troops at the very moment when they were most required to cover the right wing of their northern allies. The Austrian general could not have ventured to move against Charles Albert, if Pepe had succeeded in taking his army across the Po before Durando was surprised at Vicenza. The courage of the insurgents, and of the irregular levies, were not less conspicuous than that of the Sardinian army. The citizens of Milan forced Radetzky to lead his veterans out of the capital; the defence of Brescia, in 1849, extorted grudging admiration even from the enemy. Manin and Pepe kept the Austrians outside the walls of Venice long after all hope for Italy had disappeared. The Sicilians were victorious at the commencement of their revolution, and at its close they yielded only after a bloody struggle. The exploits of Garibaldi and his followers seem to belong to romance rather than to history. Under their gallant leader, the Lombard volunteers, many of them of gentle blood and of refined education, aided the citizens of Rome in defending their antiquated walls against the French army, from which they had vainly hoped for aid. When an armistice left a breathing-time, Garibaldi attacked the King of Naples, who was established in the strong position of Velletri, with a force three times outnumbering his assailant. Two or three days later, the royal commander congratulated his army on their unprecedentedly rapid march homewards, through the Pontine Marshes. The insurgent general hastened by the inland road in pursuit; but he was unfortunately recalled to Rome by the French rupture of the armistice. The Neapolitan troops were probably disaffected to the service on which they were engaged.

Whenever Italian soldiers had an opportunity of meeting a foreign enemy, they proved themselves fully capable of maintaining the national honour.

The indispensable and single condition of success is the exhibition of a faculty for acting in concert, combined with the administrative skill which is necessary for maintaining regular armies in the field. In the last war, the Sicilians, one of the most vigorous branches of the national stem, rendered no assistance to the national cause, which, under favourable circumstances, they might have supported with 30,000 men. The Tuscans contributed only a few individual volunteers to the defence of Italy. The Provisional Government of Milan never sent 10,000 regular troops into the field. Piedmont alone, with 80,000 men, did its duty by the common country. The Neapolitan army of equal force, was at the first neutral, and afterwards it was employed in the expedition against Rome. A change of government or of policy which should transfer this great and disciplined force to the side of the nation, would of itself go far to terminate the preponderance of Austria. The precedent of Piedmont shows that this object would be most effectually attained by avoiding, if possible, a dynastic revolution, and the possible waste of strength involved in civil conflicts: but the co-operation of the army of Naples, however it may be secured, is necessary to the success of the national struggle. Daggers and war to the knife, are idle and somewhat mischievous figures of Italian rhetoric. Harmodius and Aristogeiton did not even liberate Athens; and the tyrants of Italy are better armed than the family of Pisistratus. The nation wants a Themistocles who can administer, and govern, and fight. The Austrian army is the one respectable institution of the Empire; and until Italy has a regular army of its own, the existing servitude must continue.

In the meantime, it is well to calculate the extent of foreign sympathy, though not to rely upon it too far. The good-will of England is secured beforehand, more certainly than at any previous period. The movements of 1848 were at first imperfectly understood in the midst of the surprise which they occasioned. But the real ground of the hesitation felt by English politicians consisted in the traditions of the previous generation. During the reign of Napoleon, the cause of independence was everywhere identified with old institutions. The resolute opponents of the great conqueror were allied with Austria, and with the dethroned Bourbons, whom their subjects regretted, both in Spain and in Naples. The long peace which followed had diverted general attention from continental politics; and the Year of Revolutions first opened on an anarchy of opinion. Many of the higher classes in England expressed an unseemly satisfac-



tion when Radetzky triumphed at Novara: but Piedmont is now more favoured among us than any other European State; the temporary popularity of Pius IX. has long since evaporated; and the tyrant of Naples is the object of universal detestation. Austrian sympathies may still be fashionable in oligarchical circles, but they retain no hold on the nation or on Parliament.

No prudent Italian patriot will calculate on assistance from France. During the struggle of 1818, the Piedmontese Minister in the Chamber at Turin answered an inquiry by the significant assurance, that France would not interfere without being asked, and that France would not be asked to interfere. At once the Assembly rang with acclamations, which proved that the Legislature understood the caution of the Government. There was, in truth, ample ground for refusing the alliance, which might probably have been secured. Immediately after the Revolution of February, Lamartine, in an idle vaunt, told General Pepe that France was ready to support the movement in Central Italy with 100,000 men; but, in the first official declaration of his policy, the Foreign Minister made a suspicious allusion to the propriety of rounding the frontiers which had been reduced in 1815. In his subsequent history of his administration, Lamartine explains at greater length the policy which he may have had the profligacy to meditate when in office, as he has the audacity to boast of it in a deliberate review of his career. It is fair, however, to state, that the so-called "History of the Republic of 1818," is a string of bombastic statements, put together without the smallest regard to truth. Lamartine the statesman, weak, showy, and well-meaning, was still somewhat better than the fantastic hero of Lamartine the autobiographer. The following statement undoubtedly contains a considerable admixture of truth. "The Republic," says the ex-minister, "foresaw" (prophetic Republic!) "that the King of Sardinia must in Lombardy meet with signal successes or signal reverses: in either case, France must find herself concerned to interfere. She therefore created and strengthened up to 62,000 men the army of the Alps, so as to be ready for action." Action, indeed, might be desirable; but to humbler politicians it would appear that, if it were expedient to favour one of the belligerents, it could not be equally prudent to co-operate with the other. To the French Republic, it seems to have been indifferent on which side it interfered; and, eventually, the Government was contented with the course, perhaps, originally contemplated—of not interfering at all. "If the King of Piedmont," proceeds the historian, "drives the Austrians from Upper Italy, and incorporates into his dominions the Milanese, Venice, Parma, Modena, perhaps even Tuscany, France cannot allow, or cannot allow without misgiving, that a Power of the second order,

at her very door, should suddenly alter into one of the first. The frontiers of this new kingdom of Italy would almost touch the gates of Lyons. In the event of its making a fresh alliance with Austria, such a kingdom must entirely alter the condition of France for defence. The Alps would be of double value in the hands of their guardian. France, in this case, ought to lay her hands on two pledges—Nice and Savoy." A more shameless pretext for an unprovoked war of conquest has never been put forward. Lest regenerated Italy should at some future time be hostile to France, the King of Piedmont is to be robbed of an Italian territory on the Mediterranean, and of the portion of the Alps which has been for centuries known as the cradle of his race. "On the other hand, Austria might prevail—and what happens next? I will show you, not by idle conjecture, but from the facts of the first four months of the Republican Government. This, then, will happen: the broken army of Piedmont will reconstruct itself behind the lines of ours. All Italy, reassured, will take arms on our right hand, feeling herself under the shadow of our protection. Venice will consolidate her resistance," &c. It is difficult to carry historical impudence farther. The broken army of Piedmont received no protection from France. Italy did not rise in arms; and Venice consolidated her hopeless resistance without the aid of a single French soldier. "The result is—our legitimate influence"—yes—not Italian independence, but *our* legitimate influence—"is upheld and increased over Piedmont, Tuscany, Rome, and Naples. 'Political existence, constitutional and semi-national, is gained for Lombardy, as well as Venice—the price of their blood;' as if that blood was shed for a semi-national existence under the legitimate influence of France. 'It is guaranteed by France and England, the basis of Italian emancipation.'"

As the Italian historian observes, M. de Lamartine will have the right anew to call Italy the land of dead men, if she shall go on trusting in the political wisdom and attachment of friends like them. The phrase, "*La Terre des Morts*," is best known by the answer which it called forth in Giusti's noble poem, "*La Terra dei Morti*." If Italy is a tomb, it has still more life than many homes of the living:—

"Ah! che bel Campo Santo  
Di far invidia ai vivi"—

There is too much reason to fear that, Imperial, Royal, or Republican, every French Government will continue to seek legitimate influence in Italy by abstaining from offering any countenance to the cause of national independence. The schemes of Lamartine, even if they were subsequently devised, afford the

strongest proof of the inexpediency of depending on a foreign alliance. After the fall of the first Republican Government, General Cavaignac proposed, through M. Bastide, his Minister of Foreign Affairs, that Lombardy, which Austria would at that time have consented to cede to Charles Albert, should be independent, and that the Venetian territory should be made a Principality under an Austrian Archduke.

If it should be possible for Naples to shake off the existing oppression without a political revolution, a happier generation may inherit, even from the present system, one or two valuable traditions. The kingdom of the Two Sicilies possesses the first condition of independence in a considerable national army. Of the lower clergy, especially in the Island of Sicily, a large number sympathize with the popular cause—a fact which is illustrated by the list of clerical prisoners who have participated in the recent persecutions. The king himself, although personally bigoted and superstitious, was till lately jealous of the encroachments of Rome on the sovereign prerogative, which in this instance coincides with the national independence. The sanctioning malcontents of Piedmont constantly employ themselves in attempts to annoy their own Government by extravagant eulogies on the absolute and orthodox King of Naples; but they have hitherto been constrained to allow that their hero has one defect—Ferdinand turned a deaf ear to the most affectionate exhortations to submit to the Holy See: but at last it seems that he is about to conclude a Concordat after the Austrian pattern. Beyond the Faro the King still claims Legantine rights, in virtue of an apocryphal privilege, supposed to have been conferred in the middle ages on a Norman duke or king. Not many years since the Pope annually relieved the Kings of Naples from an imaginary excommunication, which they still continue to deserve. It is not impossible that the same impressive ceremony is still performed in private, that none of St. Peter's rights may by any possibility lapse. The rights, on the other hand, which kings have preserved under the guidance of a selfish instinct, may, perhaps, under a better Government, survive as the property of the nation.



ART. IX.—THE LIFE OF GEORGE STEPHENSON.

*The Life of George Stephenson, Railway Engineer.* By Samuel Smiles. London: Murray. 1857.

WE cannot imagine a more interesting series of subjects for biography than that which is afforded in the lives of the men who, during the last hundred years, have distinguished themselves, more especially in Great Britain, as mechanical inventors and chiefs of mechanical industry. During that time the world has not been more wanting than formerly in poets, philosophers, painters, statesmen, and generals, all worthy to have their lives recorded; but if the muse of modern British biography is in quest of subjects that she can regard as peculiarly her own, let her turn her attention rather to that order of men, recently notable among us, of which Brindley, Watt, Hargreaves, Arkwright, Crompton, Heathcoat, and the two Stephensons may be taken as representatives. We consider it an excellent sign of a right direction of literature in this respect that here, within ten years of the death of the elder Stephenson, we should have so good a biography of him. Dr. Smiles has taken pains with his work; he had the advantage of a thorough previous acquaintance with the subject of railways; and he has produced a solid, pleasant, and useful book. We wish that we had as satisfactory lives of Brindley, Arkwright, and the rest of them, as this is of the elder Stephenson.

The proverb that "Necessity is the mother of Invention," may be made all the less trite, and not the less true, by putting the emphasis on the second noun. "Necessity is the mother of Invention, but not the mother of Discovery," would be an improved version of the proverb. Great discoveries, indeed, such as the discovery of America by Columbus, the discovery of the law of gravitation by Newton, and the discovery of the laws of chemical combination by Dalton and others, *are* connected by subtle affinities with the social needs and uses of the times at which they were made; so that, in a certain sense, these discoveries were made because there was a contemporary necessity that they should be made, and because, though it fell to individual minds to make them, society at large was straining towards them and was more or less consciously in want of them for immediate or rapidly approaching purposes. In the case of important inventions, however, there is usually a much closer connexion between

the efforts which lead to them and the wants of society. Many great inventions have actually sprung out of the special 'social inconveniences which they were calculated to remedy; and hence very frequently, though not invariably, such inventions come from men who have been locally near to the inconvenience, or, so to speak, in the very middle of it. This is not so obvious in the case of Watt, whose invention, however, being the invention of a universal motive-power, was in its nature less connected with the necessities of any particular spot, and whose genius, moreover, was more the genius of general and elaborate science. In Brindley, Hargreaves, Arkwright, Crompton, and Heathcoat there are better examples of inventive genius stimulated to successful effort by definite social necessities breaking out at first locally. Speaking of efforts of the same kind of more recent date, Dr. Smiles says, "It is certainly a striking and remarkable fact that nearly all that has been done for the improvement of the steam-engine has been accomplished not by philosophers and scientific men, but by labourers, mechanics, and engine-men. It would appear as if this were one of the departments of practical science in which the higher powers of the mind must bend to mechanical instinct." The simple truth seems, however, to be that in all cases an invention is to be expected, *ceteris paribus*, from among those who have the necessity for it most frequently and constantly thrust upon them, and that hence, while inventions of a certain class are to be expected from working men, others, for the very same reason, are not to be expected from them. Watt may, indeed, be spoken of as a working man; but it is significant that he, the inventor of the most universal of instruments, should have been by profession a general instrument-maker.

The connexion between an invention and the social necessity for it is well seen in the case of the invention of the railway locomotive system by George Stephenson. Railways are now everywhere, and are needed almost everywhere; but the visible necessity for them in their present form was at first singularly local. It arose in Lancashire, and was there a consequence of the enormous development of the cotton manufacture and its allied branches of industry which had been occasioned throughout the north of England by the successive inventions of Hargreaves, Arkwright, &c., followed and turned to greater account by those of Watt. About the year 1821, the deficient means of inter-communication between Liverpool, as the cotton-port of Great Britain, and Manchester as the centre of the cotton-manufactures, had become felt by the merchants of the one town and the manufacturers of the other as an intolerable inconvenience.

The state of affairs then as between the two towns is thus described by Dr. Smiles :—

“Day by day the necessity was becoming more urgent for some improved mode of transporting goods inland to the manufacturing districts. The rapidity of increase in the trade, between Liverpool and Manchester especially, was something marvellous. In nine years, the quantity of raw cotton sent from the one town to the other, had increased by 50,000,000 pounds weight; and all other raw materials had increased in proportion. Around Manchester, hamlets had expanded into towns, and towns had assumed the dimensions of cities, the inhabitants of which were for the most part dependent for their means of subsistence upon the regularity of the supply of cotton from Liverpool. Up to this time the Duke of Bridgewater's Canal and the Irwell and Mersey navigation had principally supplied the means of transport; but the enormously increasing demands of the trade outstripped their tardy efforts. Possessing a monopoly of the traffic, and having no rivals to fear, the canal managers were most dictatorial in the treatment of their customers. Perhaps, however, the canal companies did all that could be done under the circumstances, and had already fully taxed the resources of the navigation. The immense mass of goods to be conveyed had simply outgrown all their appliances of wharves, boats, and horses. Cotton lay at Liverpool for weeks together, waiting to be removed; and it occupied a longer time to transport the cargoes from Liverpool to Manchester than it had done to bring them across the Atlantic from the United States to England. Carts and waggon were tried, but these proved altogether insufficient. Sometimes manufacturing operations had to be suspended altogether: and during a frost, when the canals were frozen up, the communication was entirely stopped. The consequences were often disastrous, alike to operatives, merchants, and manufacturers. The same difficulty was experienced in the conveyance of manufactured goods from Manchester to Liverpool for export. Mr. Huskisson, in the House of Commons, referring to these ruinous delays, truly observed that ‘cotton was detained a fortnight at Liverpool, while the Manchester manufacturers were obliged to suspend their labours, and goods manufactured at Manchester for foreign markets could not be transmitted in time, in consequence of the tardy conveyance.’ ”—pp. 174, 175.

Such was the inconvenience; but what was to be the remedy? “A tram-road” was the answer of all who gave any. Nor could any other answer be given. Common roads, canals, and tram-roads, were the only means of land communication then in existence; common roads had already in the preceding century given way before Brindley and his canals; and now that both together were insufficient, the experiment of a tram-road was the only other possibility. The tram-road itself had had a history, and had originated in local necessity. It had first come into use in the English coal-districts of the north, as a means of saving



draught between the pit-mouths and the river and sea stations where the coals were to be shipped. So far as is known, the first tram-roads were laid down in 1602 by a coal proprietor of Newcastle, named Beaumont, between his pits and the river Tyne. These first tram-roads were simply wooden paths for the wheels of the waggons to move on; but gradual improvements were made as the use of them extended to other collieries. To save the wood, plates of iron were sometimes nailed over the rails; and at length, about the year 1738, rails were constructed at various places entirely of cast iron. Iron rails themselves passed through a series of improvements, one of the last of which—the use of stone props for supporting the ends and joinings of the rails—was made in 1800 by a Mr. Benjamin Outram, of Little Eton, in Derbyshire. Hence the name of “Outram roads,” corrupted almost immediately into “tram-roads.” These tram-roads in their various forms had never as yet come into competition with canals, and were in fact often laid down in connexion with canals. But there was a dormant capability of competition in them, which the shrewd mind of the great ducal canal-owner for whom Brindley laboured had been the first to detect. “Yes,” said the Duke of Bridgewater to Lord Kenyon, when congratulated on the issue of his canal-speculations, “we shall do well enough; but I don’t like these d——d tram-roads: there’s mischief in them.” What the Duke of Bridgewater foresaw afar off became gradually clear to many. The idea of a general system of tram-roads, or, as they began to be called, “railways,” pervading the country, superseding both canals and common roads as the main arteries of inland conveyance, began to germinate in various minds; and in none so powerfully as in that of poor Thomas Gray, the commercial traveller of Nottingham, who after ruminating on the subject for years, and boring everybody that he came near with it till people called him “cracked,” published in 1820 his “Observations on a General Iron Railway,” prefixing a map of Great Britain almost as completely intersected with yet ideal railways as the map in Bradshaw now is with the real ones. The notion of tram-roads or railways was, therefore, epidemic at the time when the Liverpool merchants and the Manchester manufacturers were setting their heads together to solve the problem of enlarged intercommunication between the two towns.

But this was not all. Railways, as then understood, involved, at least in the more speculative minds, not merely what the word itself implies, but also certain ideas more or less vague as to the mode of traction on the rails. In reality, however, the idea of locomotion by means of steam power was one of separate growth, and its connexion with tram-roads was an after thought which

arose naturally where there were tram-roads to suggest it. Watt himself had speculated on the application of his grand invention to the purposes of locomotion on land and water; Symington and others who were concerned in solving the problem of steam navigation also took up the problem of locomotion on land by steam; and Murdoch, Watt's pupil, actually constructed in 1784 a diminutive steam-locomotive, heated by a spirit-lamp, which ran off from him on a dark evening down a lane in Cornwall, where he was trying it, and was mistaken for the devil by the poor clergyman of the parish, who chanced to be returning home that way just as the fiery little object was in its mid-career. But this invention, as well as the first locomotive contrivance of the Cornish engineer, Trevethick, in 1802, were for running on common roads; and the happier idea of using steam as a tractive power on rails arose, as we have said, by a distinct exercise of a process fertile of useful results in all departments—the process of putting “that” and “that” together. The one “that” in this case was the steam-engine, or the steam-engine as a possible locomotive; the other “that” was the tram-roads. Catching the suggestion from some public talk about tram-roads in the newspapers in the year 1804, Trevethick had in that year tried to realize it in his second locomotive. The invention, though meritorious, did not answer; and from its failure and the failure of other attempts, an idea had begun to get abroad which, though founded on a sheer delusion, impeded for a long time the progress of locomotive invention. It became a fixed notion in the railway districts that, if an engine were heavily loaded, its smooth wheels could not “bite” on the equally smooth iron rails, but would slip and turn round uselessly. Several subsequent inventions were vitiated by this delusion. Thus, in 1811, Mr. Blenkinsop of Leeds took out a patent for a plan of a locomotive with toothed wheels fitting into a toothed railway; and among later inventions or proposals was one of a locomotive to “go upon legs.” In short, at the time when the tram-road between Liverpool and Manchester began to be talked of, the problem of steam-locomotion on land was in such a confused state that, even supposing the tram-road to be resolved upon (and about that in itself there was much difficulty), the question of the tractive power to be employed remained open. Should it be horses, as on most tram-roads? This was the general opinion. Should it be a series of fixed steam-engines stationed along the line, and working through its whole length, or at least at points to relieve the horses? This was the notion which some entertained. Should it be a locomotive steam-engine or steam-horse? This was a notion which but one or two men had grasped, and even they had to ask where the efficient locomotive was to come from,

and to admit to themselves in the meantime that no locomotive yet invented could compete with horse-power in economy.

And yet the problem had to all intents and purposes been already solved. At the time when the tram-road between Liverpool and Manchester was first talked of, there was living at Killingworth, about seven miles north of Newcastle, in the capacity of engine-wright at the colliery-works there, in receipt of 100*l.* a year, a man who had quietly in that remote spot, by repeated efforts, gone further than any other man alive in the practical adaptation of steam-power to locomotion on railroads, and who only required to be brought in contact with the Liverpool and Manchester difficulty to carry out what he had done to absolute perfection. This was George Stephenson, then exactly forty years of age, and known in his neighbourhood as a solid, steady man, with the ordinary rough Northumbrian speech, and a good Northumbrian brain, who had risen to his present employment by industry and perseverance.

The account which Dr. Smiles gives of the first forty years of the life of Stephenson is as interesting as any part of his book. Born at the small colliery village of Wylam, about eight miles from Newcastle, on the 9th of June, 1781, the boy had received an education the most unpromising possible, according to ordinary notions of "education," and yet, as it turned out, the very best for fitting him for his future work. He was one of six children; his father being "Old Bob Stephenson," fireman of the pumping-engine at the Wylam colliery, and a very honest and popular man; and his mother, Mabel, being a "rale canny body"—both genuine Northumbrians. Old Stephenson's wages were twelve shillings a week; so the children got no schooling at all. George ran about the village and helped to keep his younger brothers and sisters off the wooden tram-road in front of his father's door when the coal-waggons were passing. When he was still a child, the family removed to Dewley Burn, where old Stephenson was appointed fireman at a new pit, at the same wages. Here George obtained his first post as cowboy to a widow named Ainslie at twopence a day. From this he rose to fourpence a day at farm-work; and thence to sixpence a day as "picker" in the colliery. Once in the colliery, he rose by degrees to be assistant fireman to his father at a shilling a day. At a new colliery to which his father removed, George still worked as his assistant till the opening of new workings in the neighbourhood caused his promotion at the age of fifteen to be fireman on his own account—first at assistant fireman's wages, but soon at twelve shillings a week. The first Saturday of his full wages he marched out of the foreman's office exhibiting his twelve shillings, and adding, "I am now a made man for life."



From the post of fireman he rose, while still but seventeen, to that of "plugman," thus passing his father and receiving somewhat higher wages. Dr. Smiles thus describes the "plugman's" duties at a pit, and young Stephenson's mode of performing them:—

"The duty of the plugman was to watch the engine and to see that it kept well in work, and that the pumps were efficient in drawing the water. When the water level in the pit was lowered, and the suction became incomplete through the exposure of the suction holes, then his business was to proceed to the bottom of the shaft, and plug the tube so that the pump should draw: hence the designation of Plugman. If a stoppage in the engine took place through any defect in it which he was incapable of remedying, then it was his duty to call in the aid of the chief engineer of the colliery to set the engine to rights.

"But from the time when George Stephenson was appointed fireman, and more particularly afterwards as engineman, he devoted himself so assiduously and so successfully to the study of the engine and its gearing—taking the machine to pieces in his leisure hours for the purpose of cleaning and mastering its various parts,—that he very soon acquired a thorough practical knowledge of its construction and mode of working, and thus he very rarely needed to call to his aid the engineer of the colliery. His engine became a sort of pet with him, and he was never wearied of watching and inspecting it with devoted admiration."—pp. 12, 13.

Up to the age of eighteen there can be no doubt that the most efficient part of Stephenson's education consisted in this fascination exercised over him by the engine, and the habitual attention he paid to every particular of its working and construction from the time he had one to manage. Apart from his passion for being a first-rate engineman, he was noted chiefly for his love of bird-nesting, rabbit-breeding, and feats of strength. But till he was eighteen years of age he could neither read nor write. What led him to acquire these accomplishments was, in the first place, his passion for engines. He was in the habit of modelling engines in clay; and it was because he heard of descriptions in books of other engines than those he had seen that he determined to learn to read. By resolute perseverance and the expenditure of threepence and fourpence a week for a year or two on such evening schools as there were in or near Newburn, he acquired as much reading, writing, and arithmetic as served his turn for the time. While thus raising himself out of the totally illiterate condition in which he had passed so much of his life, his ambition was still only that of a working man. He was anxious, above all, to rise from the position of a plugman or engineman to that of "brakesman." The difference was, that the "brakesman" performed a higher kind of colliery labour, and received wages ranging from about seventeen shillings to a pound a week.

With some difficulty, arising from the jealousy of the regular brakesmen, he qualified himself for this employment; and after acting as brakesman at the colliery near Newburn, where he had served a year or two as plugsman, he removed in 1801 to another colliery at Black Callerton.

From 1801 to 1812, or from his twentieth to his thirty-first year, Stephenson's position in life was that of a brakesman at various collieries near Newcastle—first at Black Callerton, from 1801 to 1802; then at Willington, from 1802 to 1804; and finally at Killingworth, from 1804 till (allowing for a short residence in Scotland in search of higher employment) 1812. His regular wages during all this time may have averaged about a pound a week. Thrifty, sober, and incapable of being idle, he devised means, however, of eking out this scanty sum by extra work in the evenings. At Black Callerton he took to mending and making shoes for his fellow-workmen; and his earnings in this way enabled him, about the time of his removal to Willington, to marry Fanny Henderson, a farm-servant with whom he had been in love for some time, and the soling of whose shoes, when by chance that long-coveted honour fell to him, was the greatest ecstasy of his life. At Willington—where his only son, Robert Stephenson, subsequently his coadjutor and successor as an engineer, was born to him in 1803—he continued to make shoes in his leisure hours; varying the occupation with reading, arithmetic, and the quest of the perpetual motion. Here, however, he began to add to his shoemaking the making of shoe-lasts, which paid as well, and the cleaning of clocks, which paid better. All these means of money-making he continued to practise at Killingworth. He also cut the pitmen's clothes, for their wives to make up; and "it is said," says Dr. Smiles, "that to this day there are clothes worn at Killingworth which have been made after 'Geordy Steevie's cut.'" The death of his wife shortly after their removal to Killingworth broke the comfort of the little household; and Stephenson, leaving his boy at Killingworth, migrated for a time to Scotland. The absence was but temporary; with 28*l.* in his pocket he returned to Killingworth, and was again taken on as brakesman. From that time, one of his chief objects was to save money for the education of his son. For a while fortune seemed to be against him. He was drawn for the militia, and had to buy himself off. His father had been disabled from work, and had to be supported. Despairing of adequate employment in England, he thought of emigrating to America. Step by step, however, his worth was found out—though only a brakesman, he had mastered, by long observation and study, the whole round of engineering contrivances in use in colliery-working; and opportunities one by one presented

themselves for turning this knowledge to account for the benefit of his employers. Various feats of his mechanical ingenuity which brought him into notice at this time are recorded by Dr. Smiles, more particularly a contrivance for saving the tear and wear of the ropes by which the winding-engine drew the coals out of the pit; and a cure of the pumping-engine at Killingworth High Pit, after it had baffled the skill of all the local engine-wrights. For this last feat he received a gratuity of ten pounds, and it led to his being frequently employed as a practical mechanic. "Stephenson's skill as an engine-doctor," says his biographer, "soon became noised abroad, and he was called upon to prescribe remedies for all the old, wheezy, and ineffective pumping-machines in the neighbourhood." His earnings in this line of business added to his wages and his miscellaneous receipts from clock-doctoring and the like, enabled him in the course of a few years to save 100*l.*; and his son Robert, after having been at various smaller schools, was sent at the age of eleven to one of the best academies in Newcastle. Stephenson married a second time, while still a working man; but his chief care in life, next to his own engineering, seems to have been to train up his son to be as good an engineer as himself, and, if possible, better.

The year 1812 was an epoch in Stephenson's life. The engine-wright at Killingworth having been killed by an accident, the noblemen and gentlemen who were proprietors of the colliery acted on the recommendation of Mr. Dods, the head viewer, and appointed Stephenson to the vacant post at a salary of 100*l.* a year, with the use of a horse. It was during the nine years of his laborious industry in this humble situation, at a remote colliery, that Stephenson solved for himself the problem of railway locomotion, and acquired that experience which, when he was called upon to exhibit it, proved him to be, in the railway department, the first engineer of the age. His mode of life during these nine years was most simple. His chief recreation was on Saturday afternoons, when his son came over to Killingworth from Newcastle, bringing with him scientific books from the library of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Institution, to which his father had entered him as a subscriber. From these readings, in which father and son were equally learners, Stephenson derived a more extensive acquaintance with mechanics and the history of mechanics than he had possessed when he began the quest of the perpetual motion. "Something even of general scientific and intellectual culture was the consequence of these studies, carried on for a series of years; transforming Stephenson both consciously and in social reputation from plain "Geordie Steevie" the brakesman and cutter-out of pitmen's



clothes, to "Mr. Stephenson" the colliery engineer. Through his whole life, however, as we gather from his biography, he was accustomed to refer to his son for any more subtle theoretical elucidation that he might want, as well as for literary help on important occasions when he had to put his views on paper. It was as a practical mechanic, perfectly acquainted with every piece of machinery employed about collieries, and ready with invention when anything went wrong, that he achieved his own successes. In the ordinary performance of his stated work as engine-wright at Killingworth, he had ample opportunity of justifying the choice of his employers. He introduced improvements in the underground labour of the pits, by substituting machinery for animal labour to such an extent as to reduce the number of horses required in a pit from 100 to 16. An invention of a still higher order, which would probably at once have made his merits known over Britain, but for his having a competitor in the field in a man already so distinguished as Sir Humphry Davy, was that of the "Geordy" Safety Lamp—a lamp identical with the "Davy" in principle, though different in practical detail. A very interesting account of the tentative process by which Stephenson arrived at his safety lamp, as also of the controversy relative to priority of invention which ensued between Stephenson's friends and the friends of Sir Humphry, is given by Dr. Smiles. Suffice it to say that, though at the time the fame of the "Geordy" was eclipsed by that of the Davy, and the unknown engine-wright of Killingworth had no chance with the public against the brilliant poet-philosopher of the metropolis, and was even denounced most unhandsomely by Sir Humphry and his friends as an impostor, the evidence adduced by Dr. Smiles proves not only that the "Geordy" was a better practical safety-lamp than the "Davy," but also that it was independently constructed and tried by its inventor (October 21, 1815) before anything was publicly known of Sir Humphry's experiments. Stephenson felt the injustice done him by the accusation of fraud in the matter of his "Geordy," but he behaved manfully and modestly in the affair—did not refuse the 100 guineas which the coal-owners of the north had voted him, when they voted 2000 guineas to his rival; and waited his time when another invention which was then occupying him should give him an undisputed title to larger rewards and a wider celebrity. This was the invention of the railway locomotive, or, as Stephenson in his simpler style called it, the "Travelling Engine."

Fifteen months before the invention of his "Geordy," Stephenson had made and tried his first "locomotive." It had been a subject of his thoughts from his first appointment as

engine-wright at Killingworth; and from that time he had been busily acquiring an accurate knowledge of all that had been already done or attempted in the same direction. Books gave him some of the necessary information; but actual inspection of such locomotives or abortions of locomotives as came in his way gave him more. Mr. Blackett, the first northern colliery owner who took a practical interest in the subject of locomotives, had in 1811 ordered one of Trevethick's make, with a view to try it on that very tram-road at Wylam which passed the cottage where Stephenson had been born, and the waggons of coals passing to and fro on which had been among the first sights of his childhood. This engine was never used; and a second which was ordered from the same engineer, flew into pieces when first tried, without having moved an inch. Mr. Blackett then set about making a locomotive for himself, with the help of the Wylam engine-wright, with one wheel cogged to run in a rack-rail. This engine did work, but so slowly and clumsily that there was no economy in it, and at last it was given up as a "perfect plague." Nothing daunted, Mr. Blackett took out a patent for a means of remedying its defects; but still it would not answer. This last engine Stephenson saw. He used to go over to Wylam as often as he could to watch it; and almost from his first sight of it he declared his conviction to the Wylam engine-wright that he could make a better. It was the same with one of Blenkinsop's engines, which he saw tried on a tramway between Kenton and Coxlodge collieries on the 2nd of September, 1813. This engine was a great improvement on any of Blackett's, for it dragged sixteen coal-waggons loaded with seventy tons at the rate of three miles an hour. Still Stephenson declared he could make a better. Nothing but money was wanting to his making the attempt, and as Lord Ravensworth, the principal of the Killingworth owners, had sufficient confidence in him, this obstacle was removed. Giving his orders to John Thirlwall, the colliery blacksmith, who was a good workman himself, though the men he had to assist him were but rough hands, Stephenson built his engine in ten months. The wheels of this engine were all smooth; Stephenson having convinced himself, by a simple experiment that the notion that smooth wheels would slip was a delusion. In other respects the engine differed from any that had before been constructed. "It was first placed upon the Killingworth Railway," says Dr. Smiles, "on the 25th of July, 1814, and its powers were tried the same day. On an ascending gradient of 1 in 450, the engine succeeded in drawing after it eight loaded carriages of thirty tons' weight at about four miles an hour; and for some time after it continued regularly at work. It

was indeed the most successful working engine that had yet been constructed."

But Stephenson was not satisfied. *Blutcher*, as the new locomotive was called, had many defects; and, these having been carefully noted, Stephenson resolved to construct another engine, in which they should be avoided. In conjunction with another person who supplied the money, he took out a patent for a new locomotive in February, 1815, and in the same year the second engine, called *Puffing Billy*, was at work on the Killingworth Railway. Dr. Smiles, who describes its mechanical construction minutely, believes that it contained the germ of all that has since been effected, and may be regarded as the original type of our present locomotives. In particular, it embodied a discovery which was peculiarly Stephenson's, and without which the steam locomotive could never have been practically successful—to wit, the "steam-blast," or the escape of the waste-steam through the chimney, so as not only to diminish the noise of the engine, about which so much was said, but also to augment its power by increasing the velocity of the smoke-draft, and so stimulating the combustion and the generation of the steam.

Thus at the end of the year 1815 George Stephenson was far ahead of every competitor in the field of locomotive invention. He knew that he had solved the problem. He knew it so thoroughly that from that time he did not disguise his opinion that the steam-locomotive was destined to supersede every other tractive power, and to come into universal use over the world. This idea occupied him from 1815 to 1821; during all which time, however, he was content to point to his *Puffing Billy* daily at work in answer to any smile at his enthusiasm, and meanwhile, by patient observation and consideration of the subject in all its bearings, to make up his mind on various points regarding which uncertainty still existed even among the few who believed in locomotives. He made up his mind, for example, partly by the experiment of strewing sand on the railway, partly by more elaborate calculations in which his son assisted him, that a steam-locomotive on common roads would never answer, and that, for all practical purposes, the locomotive and tram-roads were destined to be inseparable. He used to call them "man and wife." Another point on which he thus early made up his mind was the superiority of "flat gradients"—of keeping to the levels in laying out railways, even at the expense of apparently increased distance. Firmly grasping these ideas, from which he never afterwards swerved, he believed that the adoption of a general system of steam-locomotion on railways was only a matter of time. Not that he had yet satisfied himself with his own inven-



tions. *Puffing Billy*, though it did very well, was not so very much cheaper in use, as compared with horse-power, as to induce other colliery proprietors to follow the example that had been set at Killingworth. This was partly owing to shortcomings in the engine itself, partly to the imperfections of the tram-road. Stephenson worked incessantly to remedy the defects on both sides. Every month, as experience suggested some slight practical improvement on the engine, the improvement was either made or noted. But it was evident to Stephenson that quite as much had to be done with the tram-roads as with the engines, if steam-locomotion was to be generally adopted. The tram-roads then in use, which did very well for horse-traction, would never answer, he saw, if locomotives were to be used upon them. Accordingly, he turned his attention to the means of improving the railways, so as to fit them for the new purpose. The various improvements which he devised, both in the form of the rails and in the mode of their junction, so as to keep the road continuous and level, are described by Dr. Smiles, as well as his successive modifications of the engine. Suffice it to say that by the end of 1816 a patent embodying Stephenson's improvements both in the locomotive and in railways had been taken out in the names of Stephenson and Mr. Losh, a Newcastle engineer, and that steam-locomotives were travelling on the Killingworth Railway drawing heavy weights at five or six miles an hour, at an expense which entirely settled the question of their comparative economy. Five or six miles an hour was a sufficient rate for colliery purposes; but Stephenson had already ten or twelve or fifteen miles in his head as a rate easily attainable, if necessary. It was a point of caution at the time, however, not to alarm people by holding out the prospect of such high speed.

Here, therefore, about the year 1820, when the talk about tram-roads or railways was universal over England, some bold men advocating them while others laughed, but even the advocates of them being yet all at sea as to the means of traction to be employed, there was actually one spot in England where the solution of the problem had been accomplished, and where the man who had solved the problem might be seen and consulted. It took some time, however, to bring the man and the work that waited for him into connexion. The Killingworth locomotive was seen by few who were likely to spread its praises, and even the local newspapers passed it by unnoticed. Its merits, however, and those of the tram-road on which it ran, came gradually to be known among the neighbouring coal-owners; and in 1819, the Hetton Coal Company, having resolved to lay down a new railway about eight miles long between their mine and the banks of the Wear, applied to the engine-wright of the Killing-

worth Colliery to give them his services. His employers having granted him the necessary permission, Stephenson superintended the new railway. The nature of the ground and the unwillingness of the Company to undertake expensive levellings, obliged the adoption of heavier gradients than suited the locomotive; and hence Stephenson advised the working of much of the railway by stationary engines and inclines—leaving but a part of the work of the line to be done by locomotives. Still, when, on the 18th of November, 1822, the line was opened with five of Stephenson's locomotives running on it dragging sixty-four tons each at four miles an hour, it was evident that locomotives had gained a stage. Prior to that date, however, Stephenson was in communication with others who were beginning to appreciate his invention. Mr. William James, a man whose whole life had been spent in projects, and who was at this time one of the most active promoters of the intended railway between Liverpool and Manchester, had heard of Stephenson's locomotives, and went over to Killingworth, about the middle of 1821, to see them at work. Stephenson was not there at the time; but Mr. James saw the engine, and was from that moment convinced "that it would effect a revolution in society." To secure the recommendations and the services of so active a man, who had various railways in project besides the Liverpool and Manchester one, Stephenson and Losh assigned to him a fourth of the profits that might arise to them from the adoption of their patent engine on railways south of Hull and Liverpool. Nothing came of the exertions of Mr. James, however; and as the difficulties connected with the mere preliminary survey of the projected line between Liverpool and Manchester were enough to occupy the projectors, without any discussion of a point so far in advance as the nature of the tractive power to be employed on the railway, should it ever exist, it is probable that the capabilities of the locomotive would have remained much longer unknown, but for the introduction of Stephenson, in the end of 1821, to Mr. Edward Pease, the projector of the Stockton and Darlington Railway. The Act of Parliament for this railway, for the conveyance of coal from the pits near Darlington, had been obtained in April, 1821, without the slightest idea on the part of Mr. Pease or others that it would be any other than a horse-railway, which would be "nearly as good as a canal." But Stephenson changed his ideas on this subject. Mr. Pease, being empowered to consult him in the name of the Company, was somewhat staggered at first by his bold assertions as to what could be done by locomotives. But he saw Stephenson's worth; and, at length, a visit to Killingworth and a ride on the engine there made him a convert. In 1823, the company obtained a second Act of Parliament for their line, with a special

clause empowering them to use locomotives; and George Stephenson was appointed their engineer, at a salary of 300*l.* per annum. His son Robert, then recently returned from the University of Edinburgh, was now of age to begin life on his own account. For some time he remained with his father; but in 1824 he went out to South America in the quality of an engineer, and he did not return till 1827.

During the time of Mr. Robert Stephenson's absence in South America, far more was done than he could have anticipated. The Stockton and Darlington line was surveyed and made; it was opened for traffic on the 27th of September, 1825, and on that day the first goods and passengers' train in the world was driven by George Stephenson. The line was successful beyond anticipation; passengers' traffic, which had hardly been at first dreamt of, swelling the profits greatly. There being now some demand for locomotives, Stephenson, in partnership with Mr. Pease and another member of the Society of Friends, set up a locomotive manufactory at Newcastle, where he trusted to produce better engines than, with his rougher means, he had been able yet to construct. Still, the final success of locomotives seemed problematical; and it was not on the Stockton and Darlington line, but on the Liverpool and Manchester, that the question was to be finally determined.

The history of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway divides itself into two parts: first, the battle of the projectors of the railway against the opposition of the landed proprietors and farmers between the two towns, and against the public and parliament; and, secondly, the battle among the promoters of the railway as to the tractive power to be employed. The narrative of the first battle is one of the most extraordinary passages of our social history. How dukes, and lords, and gentlemen set themselves in array against this horrid iron road, with its trains of waggons—and perhaps its snorting and oily engines—that was to pass through their properties; how the survey had to be executed almost by stealth, and against peril from pitchforks, farmers' dogs, and actions for trespass; how the scheme had to run the gauntlet of parliamentary committees, who cross-examined witnesses or heard them cross-examined by the first lawyers of the day; how poor Stephenson, in particular, who had been appointed to make a fresh survey of the line in 1825, and who was by this time identified with locomotives, was badgered by the lawyers and called everything short of a knave because he thought he could lay a railway across Chat Moss, and could not but admit, on being questioned, that he believed ten or twelve miles an hour a practicable speed, if locomotives were used; how, in the end, when at an expense of 27,000*l.* the Act of Parliament was



obtained early in 1826, and Mr. Stephenson appointed principal engineer to the Company at a salary of 1000*l.* a year, the opposing landlords resorted to a new mode of opposition, by demanding exorbitant compensation for the right of way;—all this is as interesting a bit of British social history as one could wish to read, and is well told by Stephenson's biographer. He narrates also equally well the battle which Stephenson had to fight for his locomotive before he could convince the Company that it would pay better than fixed engines, horses, or any other tractive power whatever. The battle had begun from the time of Stephenson's connexion with the railway; it went on while the line was being made, and the difficulties encountered in making it were discouraging the promoters; and it was not ended when Mr. Robert Stephenson returned from America. At the time of his return, many eminent engineers had reported so unfavourably of the locomotive system, as compared with the system of stationary engines, that his pen had to be called into use to defend his father's ideas. At length, influenced by the arguments on that side, and by the experience of Mr. Stephenson's trustworthiness, the directors took their memorable resolution to offer a prize of 500*l.* for such a locomotive as they thought would answer, if it could be constructed.

“The conditions were these:—

“1. The engine must effectually consume its own smoke.

“2. The engine, if of six tons' weight, must be able to draw after it, day by day, twenty tons' weight (including the tender and water-tank) at *ten miles* an hour, with a pressure of steam on the boiler not exceeding fifty pounds to the square inch.

“3. The boiler must have two safety valves, neither of which must be fastened down, and one of them be completely out of the control of the engine man.

“4. The engine and boiler must be supported on springs, and rest on six wheels, the height of the whole not exceeding fifteen feet to the top of the chimney.

“5. The engine, with water, must not weigh more than six tons, but an engine of less weight would be preferred on its drawing a proportionate load behind it: if of only four and a half tons, then it might be put on only four wheels. The Company to be at liberty to test the boiler, &c., by a pressure of one hundred and fifty pounds to the square inch.

“6. A mercurial gauge must be affixed to the machine, showing the steam pressure above forty-five pounds per square inch.

“7. The engine must be delivered complete and ready for trial at the Liverpool end of the railway, not later than the 1st of October, 1829.

“8. The price of the engine must not exceed 550*l.*”—pp. 277, 278.

On the 6th of October, 1829, the great match came off. Out

of four engines entered for the prize, two were withdrawn as not fulfilling the conditions; a third, broke down on trial; and Stephenson's *Rocket* alone stood every test. Its performance is thus described by Dr. Smiles :—

“It was quite characteristic of Mr. Stephenson, and of his business-like qualities, that, although his engine did not stand first on the list for trial, it was the first that was ready, and it immediately entered upon the contest. The engine was taken to the extremity of the stage, the fire-box was filled with coke, the fire lighted, and the steam raised until it lifted the safety-valve, loaded to a pressure of fifty pounds to the square inch. This proceeding occupied fifty-seven minutes. The engine then started on its journey, dragging after it about thirteen tons' weight in waggons, and made the first ten trips backwards and forwards along the two miles of road, running the thirty-five miles, including stoppages, in an hour and forty-eight minutes. The second ten trips were in like manner performed in two hours and three minutes. The maximum velocity attained by the *Rocket* during the trial trip, was twenty-nine miles an hour, or about three times the speed that one of the judges of the competition had declared to be the limit of possibility. The average speed at which the whole of the journeys were performed was fifteen miles an hour, or five miles beyond the rate specified in the conditions published by the Company. The entire performance excited the greatest astonishment amongst the assembled spectators; the directors felt confident that their enterprise was now on the eve of success, and George Stephenson rejoiced to think, that, in spite of all false prophets and fickle counsellors, his locomotive system was now safe. When the *Rocket* having performed all the conditions of the contest, arrived at the platform at the close of its day's successful run, Mr. Isaac Cropper—one of the directors favourable to the fixed engine system—lifted up his hands, and exclaimed, ‘Now is George Stephenson at last delivered.’ ”—pp. 285, 286.

The *Rocket* was, of course, the best engine that Stephenson had then constructed. It embodied all the improvements which he had been led to make, one by one, in the course of his fifteen years of previous experience. The only essential or structural innovation which it exhibited, however, as compared with the engines which had been running at Killingworth as early as 1816, consisted in the adoption of “the multitubular boiler.” The “steam-blast” and the “multitubular boiler” may be described, indeed, as the two grand inventions of Stephenson's life, and as forming the very soul of the locomotive. “From the date of running the *Rocket* on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway,” says Mr. Robert Stephenson, “the locomotive engine has received many minor improvements in detail, and especially in accuracy of workmanship; but in no essential particular does the existing locomotive differ from that which obtained the prize at the cele-

brated competition at Rainhill." In other words, from the 6th of October, 1829, safe travelling, at the rate of twenty or thirty, or, if necessary, fifty or sixty miles an hour, was possible to the human race.

George Stephenson was forty-eight years of age when he accomplished this feat. He lived to the age of sixty-seven, dying on the 12th of August, 1848. During these nineteen years he saw the development of the railway system in England and throughout the world, with all its strange results. He himself, in conjunction with his son, laid down most of the great new lines in Britain, or was consulted respecting them. His biographer describes well his conduct during these last nineteen years of his life, when both his fame and his fortune were made: his simple manners; his interest in popular education; his skill in managing the "navvies;" his relations to the "fast school" of engineers, in the midst of whom he adhered pertinaciously, and, as it has proved, correctly, to his ideas of the inseparability of the locomotive from the rail, the superiority of flat gradients, and the sufficiency of the narrow gauge; and his relations also to the railway speculators in that time of mania when the dukes and landlords who had opposed railways were scrambling for shares in them, and the Father of Railways had to check their impetuosity, and rather discourage lines than advise them. The interest of this portion of the biography is scarcely inferior to the interest of that portion of which we have given an account. Here is a passage well worth attention:—

"The mode of executing railway works first adopted by Mr. Stephenson on the Stockton and Darlington Railway, and afterwards continued by himself and his son on the other lines with which they were connected, was this:—The railway was divided into lengths of from ten to twenty miles, and an assistant engineer, usually an experienced man, on whom reliance could be placed, was appointed to the charge of each length. Under these were sub-engineers, generally young gentlemen who were Mr. Stephenson's apprentices or pupils, gathering valuable experience in his engineering school. Under them again were inspectors, generally of tunnelling and masonry; these were, in most cases, experienced workmen. The contracts were let, in the lengths above mentioned, to the best contractors that could be found, according to a schedule of prices,—the materials requisite to form the road, including girder bridges, &c., being provided by the Company. The detailed plans of the works were prepared after consultation with the assistant engineer, under whose immediate superintendence they were to be executed. The levels were taken and the works set out by the sub-engineers; the greatest pains being taken to secure accuracy. The centres of bridges, and the moulds of difficult masonry, were struck out or tested by them and the inspectors. It was not considered correct, under this system, for the engineers to be on intimate terms with the



contractors. They held an entirely independent position, and were free to reject and condemn inferior materials or bad workmanship; which they did not hesitate to do for their own credit's sake. In short, the most vigilant superintendence was maintained, and a high standard of perfection, both in design and execution, was aimed at. And the results were perceptible in the excellent character of the work executed under this system.

"The other mode of forming railways became more general after the mania; and under that system the ingenuity of the navy had full play. The line was let in much larger contracts; sometimes one of the leviathans undertook to construct an entire line of a hundred miles in length or more. The projecting engineer, in such cases, retained in his own hands a greater share of nominal responsibility; he himself, however, as well as the resident engineer, being free to engage in other undertakings. The assistant engineers were generally young and inexperienced men of inferior standing. The contractor was left more to himself, both as respected the quality of the materials and the workmanship. The navy's great object was to execute the work so that it should pass muster, and be well paid for. The contractor, in such cases, was generally a large capitalist—a man looked up to even by the chief engineer, himself. What probability was there, then, of one of his small sub-engineers venturing to reject the work of so great a man? The consequence was, that a great deal of slop-work was executed, the results of which, to some extent, have already appeared in the falling in of tunnels, and the premature decay and failure of viaducts and bridges."

Instead of following Dr. Smiles farther, however, into his history of railways, from 1829 to 1848, as interwoven with the latter part of the career of George Stephenson, and the beginning of the career of his son, let us extract a passage from the Preface of the book, in which Dr. Smiles gives a succinct account of the present state of railways throughout the world:—

"Within a period of about thirty years, railways have been adopted as the chief means of internal communication in all civilized countries. The expenditure involved in their construction has been of an extraordinary character. In Great Britain alone, at the end of the year 1855, not less than 297,583,284*l.* had been raised and expended in the construction of 8297 miles of railway, which were then open for public traffic.

"This great work has been accomplished under the eyes of the generation still living; and the vast funds required for the purpose have been voluntarily raised by private individuals, without the aid of a penny from the public purse.

"The system of British railways, whether considered in point of utility, or in respect of the gigantic character and extent of the works involved in their construction, must be regarded as the most magnificent public enterprise yet accomplished in this country,—far surpass-

ing all that has been achieved by any government, or by the combined efforts of society in any former age.

“ But railways have proved of equal importance to other countries, and been adopted by them to a large extent. In the United States, there are at present not less than 26,000 miles in active operation; and when the Grand Trunk system of Canada has been completed, that fine colony will possess railway communications 1500 miles in extent.

“ Railways have also been extensively adopted throughout Europe, —above 10,000 miles being already at work in the western continental countries, whilst large projects are in contemplation for Russia, Austria, and Turkey. Railways for India and Australia are the themes of daily comment; and, before many years have elapsed, London will probably be connected by an iron band of railroads with Calcutta, the capital of our Eastern Empire.

“ The important uses of railways need not here be discussed. As constituting a great means of social inter-communication, they are felt to enter into almost all the relations between man and man. Trade, manufactures, agriculture, postal communication, have alike been beneficially influenced by this extraordinary invention.

“ The following facts, as respects railway communication in Great Britain, must be regarded as eminently significant:—The number of passengers conveyed by railway, in 1855, amounted to not less than 118,595,135; and of these, more than one-half travelled by third-class trains, at an average cost of eight-tenths of a penny per mile, the average fare for all classes of passengers not exceeding one penny farthing per mile. The safety with which this immense traffic was conducted is not the least remarkable feature of the system; for it appears, from Captain Galton's Report to the Board of Trade, that the proportion of accidents to passengers, from causes beyond their own control, was only 1 person killed to 11,859,513 conveyed.\* Those who desire statistical evidence as to the extent to which railways are employed for the conveyance of manufactures, minerals, and agricultural produce, will find abundant proofs in the same report.

“ In Canada and the United States, the railway is of greater value even than in England; it is there regarded as the pioneer of colonization, and as instrumental in opening up new and fertile territories of vast extent—the food-grounds of future nations.

“ What may be the eventual results of the general adoption of railways in the civilized countries of Europe, remains to be seen; but it is probable that, by abridging distance, bringing nations into closer communication, and enabling them more freely to exchange the products of their industry, they may tend to abate national antipathies and bind together more closely the great families of mankind.

“ Disastrous though railway enterprizes and speculations have proved to many concerned in them, and mixed up though they have been with much fraud and folly, the debt which the public at large owe to rail-

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\* Captain Galton's Report to the Committee of Council for Trade, &c., May 27th, 1856.

ways cannot be disputed; and, after all temporary faults and blots have been admitted and disposed of, they must nevertheless, be recognised as the most magnificent system of public inter-communication that has yet been given to the world."—Preface, pp. iii.-vi.

It is the sign, we repeat, of a right direction in our literature when the man to whom, more than to any other, this splendid railway system is owing, is made the subject of a good biography. The work cannot fail to be both popular and useful. Read extensively, as we doubt not it will be, by young working men, the great lesson which it will inculcate among them will be that which Stephenson himself used to inculcate whenever in later life he addressed a mechanics' institution or a public meeting for educational purposes—the power of *Perseverance*. "Perseverance" was Stephenson's characteristic word; he was never tired of using it. We now can see that a good original Northumbrian brain to persevere with was necessary to the results which he achieved; but that does not lessen the validity of his advice.





## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.



### THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

**A**RISTOTLE, in his shrewd way of dispersing mystification—of wiping off with the breath of common sense the gathering clouds from the face of his investigations,—said, in reference to an application of the Platonic doctrine of Ideas to an inquiry concerning the Good, “What could be the possible use of a knowledge of the Absolute?” And the same question may be repeated with respect to a great deal of modern controversy. What could be the possible use, speculative or practical, of an Intuition of the Unconditioned? Speculatively, an intuition of the Unconditioned could never lead to a knowledge of the conditioned, much less to a practical dealing with the conditioned. In the face of many words which have been spent in such discussions, let it be permitted us to say, that an intuition of the unconditioned is not possible,—or, if not impossible, not ever attained,—or, if ever attained, not communicable from man to man. It is possible, subjectively, to think away some conditions of existence—not, indeed, by thought, to deprive an object, as to itself, either of relations in which it really exists, or of appearances which to others flow from it,—but by an act of our will, of our own attention, to think of it without reference to time or to place, or to causation, or to coexistence; and to shut our eyes, as it were, to some of the appearances which it presents to us. This is a withholding or a directing of thought, not a penetrating into being. Human knowledge grows by the perception of differences, and by the observation of multiplied relations. On the other hand, as differences and varied relations are unattended to, the mind becomes a blank, for it reflects a blank; multiform existence is replaced to the apprehension by vague being, and even consciousness ultimately disappears. If to other intelligences Existence does not present the same appearances as to us—if to any others the universe reveals itself, not under conditions of succession or of parts, and if the notions of causation and of sequence disappear,—we cannot bring our own reason habitually into that state; and if we could, or so far as we could, we should unhumanize it, disarm it of its powers, unfit it for guiding us to that which is true and expedient to ourselves. And as humanity is an aggregate of individuals effectually related to each other by existing under laws mutually known, and uniformly prevailing, it would shock all harmony of the universe if here and there, now and then, individuals could rise to a life supersensuous, or to a knowledge immediate, in the midst of fellow-beings, with whom they seem to be related by the common conditions of sense and inference. The impossibility of any one dwelling as a man among men, if he were not subject to the common material laws, has been inimitably shown in the well known “Peter Schlemil,” and the “Invisible Man.” In “Franz Carvel,” one of the

tales comprised in "The Metaphysicians,"<sup>1</sup> is illustrated with like humour, the unsuitableness of one whose "insight" beholds the eternal NOW, without distinction of past, present, and future, for association with humbler mortals who dwell in a world of time. This tale is distinguished by many traits of shrewdness and of humour; its companion is grave and sad, with a catastrophe tragic—even hideous. The purpose of the latter is to show, in an interesting story, that the nature of man is only perfect when all the constituents of it are in due proportion; that the mere exaltation of the intellectual power might be supposed to consist with a deadening of the moral regulative faculty; and the being most hopeless as to his own destiny, and most formidable to those about him, would be a human animal, in whom the intellect should be sharpened, and the "soul" lost, like Harold Fremdling, "with only intellect and appetites, with just so much imagination as appetite retains in its service;" knowing what is right and wrong, and so far as the appetites do not interfere, carrying knowledge into act. The dramatic delineations in this story are very sharp and highly impressive. Some of the philosophical views embodied in it may be judged of from the following extracts:—

"His views concerning almost all that passes under the name of *metaphysics*, transcendentalism, or *speculative philosophy*, led him to place it, as Milton places it, among the studies fit for devils, and to denounce it in the words of the poet, as 'Vain wisdom all, and false philosophy.' Leading us astray from what we *can* know, it professes to unfold what we *cannot* know; by juggling with words which conceal our ignorance of things, it begets an opinion of knowledge on subjects quite beyond the reach of our faculties during our present state of existence. That such mistaken path to science should have been followed, when even physical philosophy used to build on assumptions incapable of experimental proof, cannot excite surprise. But physical philosophy is now grown wise enough to reject all hypothesis which lies beyond the possibility of such proof; why, then, should metaphysical philosophy be permitted to begin her systems, as she almost always does begin, with assumptions, which, if the proof come at all, can come only in a sphere of existence in which other powers shall be given than we now possess."—pp. 134-5.

Consistent with the limitations of transcendental philosophy here hinted at, is the recognition of a domain of the supernatural to us—of the divine; respecting which our conclusions amount to a *rational belief*, to a moral conviction or persuasion. And consistent with it is also the admission of a revelation, in some sense of the word, and of Christianity as the most perfect revelation,—of revelation observed to be progressive—and of a Christianity which has not yet reached the development of which it is capable. Sad work, indeed, would have to be made, not only with creeds but with formularies of thought and expression, in remodelling or purifying religion and philosophy.

"I could admit that empty abstractions,—abstractions that exist in language, but have no existence elsewhere that we can prove, and no applicability to the things we have to deal with,—abstractions generated by the pliability of

1. "The Metaphysicians: being a Memoir of Franz Carvel, Brushmaker, written by himself; and of Harold Fremdling, Esq.; written and now republished by Francis Drake, Esq. With Discussions and Revelations relating to Speculative Philosophy, Morals, and Social Progress." London: Longman & Co. 1857.



language, and therefore found in more abundance among the ancient Greeks and modern Germans than among other people,—I could allow that these ought not to be used as the ground of science. But when among such abstractions, he placed the time-honoured words, MATTER and MIND, affirming them to be words only, useful, convenient, nay, indispensable for the common ends of language, but quite illusory for any higher purpose, I could not help a feeling of dissent,—a feeling which his subsequent declaration did not quite overcome, that, while it left the Bible doctrine of man's immortality wholly untouched, it did away with Platonism and the elder Pantheism opposed to it, with Spiritualism and Materialism, with Idealism and Sensationalism, the discussions involving which have been carried on for ages, and are still continued, with no likelihood of termination on one side or on the other."—p. 190.

We have no space left for saying what we had wished, as to the remarks upon the Aristotelian syllogism, which ought not to suffer from the feeble plea put forth in its favour by Whately, years ago, when nobody, at Oxford at least, knew anything of its history, or could distinguish between its legitimate pretensions as an argumentative or teaching instrument, and the unfounded claims set up for it as an instrument of scientific discovery.

Mr. George Combe gives a curious account in the introduction to his present edition of "The Relation between Science and Religion,"<sup>2</sup> of his juvenile speculations respecting the manner in which God would reward his juvenile well-doings. Others, besides himself, have hoped or expected the Divine favour to show itself in the increase of childish sweets, and the abundance of childish treasures. In most cases, as childhood passes away, childish inquisitiveness is repressed, and the simplicity of childhood is effectively puzzled by a complicated kind of special pleading, on the part of its teachers, in support of traditional doctrines. Forms of supernaturalism, more or less gross, are so made to pre-occupy the youthful mind with a phantastic imagery, that legitimate inquiry into the real meaning of the phenomena of the universe is stifled, except with a few of the clearest intellects, and the most honest natures. Mr. Combe's treatises have done much to popularize the conception of the divine government of the world, as of a rule sustained by order and uniformity of law, rather than by interferences to be hoped for, believed in, prayed for, but of which the events can be reduced to no certainty or calculation, and which cannot therefore be worked for. Thus, a great value attaches to Mr. Combe's other works and to the present, irrespective of the soundness or otherwise of his phrenological doctrines. If it could indeed be sufficiently established, that there exists an uniform relation between certain ascertained forms of the brain, in its parts, and certain intellectual and moral powers—as uniform as the relation between muscular development and muscular strength,—this would certainly furnish an *illustration* of the general laws of uniformity, order, and mediate action in the universe, and would also lead to most important practical results. But on the other hand, those laws may be sufficiently assumed from other observations, without necessitating the particular conclusions of the phrenologist; without either enforcing an acquiescence in his analysis of the mental functions

<sup>2</sup> "On the Relation between Science and Religion." By George Combe. Fourth edition, enlarged. Edinburgh: London, 1857.



themselves, or in the special localization of their separate organs. Phrenology would prove or exemplify in one department the prevalence of the law of uniformity in the universe; but this law is sufficiently proved without it, and even if phrenology were disproved, the recognition of the general law would not be imperilled. To some extent, then, Mr. Combe appears to us to have done ill service to the cause of correcting the present hostile relations between science and religion, when he lays so much stress upon the illustration or particular proof—for it can be no more—which he conceives may be drawn from the science of Phrenology. In another respect indeed, and considered apart, Phrenology opens a highly interesting subject of inquiry, whether it is capable of revealing to us some of the means by which, within certain limits, humanity can regulate its own destinies. For if its conclusions be true, even in their general outlines, the time will come when men will take their places in society, according to the volume and distribution of their brains; and candidates for offices of trust and responsibility will be subjected to cranioscopy rather than to an examination of testimonials to character.

Meanwhile religion must not be confounded with theology. Religion and science are in perfect unison, while theology and science are often incompatible. Religion teaches that the world in which we live is an "Institution," to the laws of which, for our own sakes, and in obedience to the evident will of its Author, we are bound to adapt ourselves. Theology usually teaches that this world is a wreck; that the natural propensions of man are in themselves evil; that the objects with which he is surrounded are incitements to "sin."

"Will no teachers arise, imbued with knowledge of the order of Nature as unfolded in science, and, with faith in its adaptation to the human faculties, communicate it, under the sanction of the religious sentiments, to the young, as a help to guide them through the thorny paths of life? Yes! such teachers exist, and they lack only the countenance of the enlightened laity to follow the strong impulses of their affections and understandings, and accomplish this great improvement in secular instruction."—p. 247.

Truly does Mr. Combe say, that the more vigorous and profound thinkers among the several clergies are held in thralldom by their feeble or more narrow-minded brethren. Neglecting to inquire into the laws which the Governor of the World has given to it, the sects substitute a supposed system of divine government, of which the sequel is to be manifested hereafter. Nature is almost too strong for them, and the leaders can only keep their followers alive and retain their influence over them, by continual appeals to their own controversial position. But under a "reformed faith,"—

"The higher life will consist in the zealous endeavour to improve every organ and faculty in ourselves and others, and to direct them to their highest uses. Intellect will investigate the means by which these ends can be accomplished, and it will recognise the order of the divine government as its rule and guide. The moral and religious sentiments will sanctify and elevate the result of the researches of the intellect, and also the labour of the hands and the head in giving them practical effect. The grace or goodwill of God will be recognised as pervading all objects and beings, inviting us to study and apply their qualities to their proper uses, with unhesitating faith that increase

of knowledge and obedience will be accompanied by augmentation of happiness and holiness."

The "Memoirs of James Hutton"<sup>3</sup> communicate to the general reader many particulars of interest concerning a phase of Christian life transient in its more peculiar features, but nevertheless among the most remarkable in modern times. Moravianism, even in the land of its origin, and still more in England, has lost much of its early character,—has toned down both in its eccentricities and in its strength, and has become, far otherwise than its founder at first intended,—a sect by the side of the Church out of which it issued. In this respect its course has very much resembled that of Wesleyanism in our own country; and as Wesleyanism and Moravianism have settled respectively into the condition of subordinate sects, they have approximated to one another: whereas in the earlier period of their existence the points of their mutual repulsion were sharply pronounced. Zinzendorf, the founder of the *Unitas fratrum*, adopted with some variation a principle of Spencer's, who when he saw it was impossible to animate with a true Christian life the torpid bodies of the old Churches, conceived the design of organizing smaller living circles within them, *ecclesiolæ in ecclesiâ*. So Zinzendorf thought to penetrate different Churches with living elements, who should not indeed break communion with the respective societies in which they had been bred, but who should be more intimately bound one to another by the mystic love which united them to the humanity of the Divine Saviour. Hence the institution of the *Tropi* (τροποὶ παιδείας), of the Reformed and the Lutheran, as well as of the Brethren properly so called. An attempt was likewise made to constitute an Anglican *Tropus*, and the celebrated Bishop Wilson, of Sodor and Man, in his old age, consented to become its head. The Brethren claimed an episcopate continued in the persons of John Amos Comenius and the two Jablonskis (1632–1699) from an ancient Bohemian Church; many Anglican ecclesiastics regarded them with favour from this reason; and they obtained a liberty and a parliamentary recognition for missionary operations in the colonies, which the English Church would by no means have conceded to the Methodists. It was never, indeed, made clear, how upon the understood principles of the English Diocesan Episcopacy, the personal episcopal descent of the Moravian bishops, supposing it to be established, could give them a roving mission within the territories of regularly constituted Churches. It is probable that the English bishops were misled, and that when Archbishop Potter spoke of the Moravian and Anglican as sister Churches, and declared in the House of Lords, that a man must be ignorant of universal history who did not acknowledge the Moravian as a true and apostolical Church, he showed himself not so well informed in modern geography as in mediæval history. Nevertheless, so little were the maxims of religious liberty really understood in England in the last century, that notwithstanding the friendliness

<sup>3</sup> "Memoirs of James Hutton: comprising the Annals of his Life, and Connection with the United Brethren." By Daniel Benham. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co., 1856.



manifested on the part of the English Church, the Brethren could not, although they much desired it, preserve to themselves a status different from that of Dissenters. This result has partly been owing to the incompatibility of the subjective test of church-membership required by the Brethren, with the objective tests deemed sufficient in the Anglican Church. On another side the Moravians, from the outset of their organization and ever since, have distinguished themselves eminently among Protestants by their missions to the heathen, carried on with good sense and success; and if this practical bond of association could be considered apart from their emotional mysticism, they would have been well qualified to become, as the accomplished author of the "Church of the Future" thought a few years ago might be possible, the missionary order for the Protestant Church.

James Hutton himself, the subject of this memoir, was born in 1715, the son of a clergyman of the Established Church, who appears to have remained unbenefticed on account of some scruples concerning subscription. James was educated at Westminster, and afterwards apprenticed to a bookseller. Others of his schoolfellows went to Oxford, and on occasion of his visiting them in 1729, he became acquainted with the Wesleys, Ingham, and the then juvenile party of "Methodists." These afterwards met in London, for religious purposes, at the house of the elder Hutton, and James accompanied the Wesleys and Ingham to their ship at Gravesend, when they left England on the Georgian mission in 1735. About the time of John Wesley's return from America, in 1737, some Moravian Brethren arrived in London on their way to Carolina and Georgia, and upon this followed the origin of the Fetter Lane Society, on May 1, 1738. Very curious are some letters relative to the development in the Wesleys of what were considered fanatical views by those who were under the influence of the Brethren; and judicious remarks of Hutton's are quoted upon the state of ecclesiastical affairs in 1739, when the clergy of England closed their pulpits against the Methodists, careless of the ability and zeal which they thus lost to their own communion, and drove into all manner of extravagance. Hutton visits Germany, becomes acquainted with Zinzendorf, and marries a Moravian sister, in 1740. In the same year took place the disruption of the Fetter Lane Society, and "the two Societies of the Brethren and Methodists thenceforward were separated." About the same time Whitefield preached a Calvinistic reply to a sermon of John Wesley's on Universal Redemption, and wished Hutton to print it. Hutton, from conscientious motives, declined.

"Whitefield at this took offence against the Brethren, as well as against Wesley, and thus the Methodists not only quarrelled with the Brethren, but wrangled among themselves; by which means, under the providence of God, three different parties were formed in England. The one was to consist of his witnesses; the second, delivered from the formalism of the High Church, was to preach the doctrine of free grace; whilst the third was to be gathered from among churchmen and Dissenters. The one he consigned to the Brethren, the second to John Wesley, the third to Whitefield; and among all three he possesses a blessed heritage of his own."—p. 55.

Hutton continued through a long life devoted to the interests of



the Brethren, both spiritual and temporal, occasionally mixing in general society more freely than, was approved by some, but always with the design of promoting the spiritual advantage of those with whom he conversed. He died in 1795. He was very closely attached to Zinzendorf, and took an active part in defending him and the Society against the various attacks which from time to time were made upon them. A good deal is contributed in the present volume towards the vindication of the *Ordinary's* conduct relative to the pecuniary embarrassments of the Society, in which they became involved by reason of their manufacturing and commercial undertakings. So much cannot be said with respect to what is called the time of the "sifting." And if the answer given in Appendix No. 1 to the narrative of Rimius, was the best which James Hutton could make, Zinzendorf must remain subject to the blame of having been the occasion of the excesses in some congregations by his own mode of treating certain subjects. Hutton gives no explanation of the passages quoted by Rimius from the sermons at Zeist, although Zinzendorf, at the instance of some of the Brethren, was engaged at the time of his death in their revision: nor does he ever seem to have objected, as Spangenberg himself did, if we recollect right, to some parts of Zinzendorf's allegorical theology, nor to have remonstrated with him on occasion of his strange marriage with Anna Nitschman, the eldress. The information contained in these memoirs has been drawn from authentic sources; chiefly from the archives of the Brethren at Herrnhut. A little more guidance and information for the general reader would have been desirable in the way of a slight sketch of the modern history of the Moravians, and an account of their present state and condition in the various countries where they have establishments.

Many *morceaux* of considerable interest are embraced in the second volume of Dr. Bonnet's "Letters of John Calvin,"\* now publishing in an English translation. Particularly instructive to the general reader are those which relate to the affairs of Servetus and of Bolsec. The conduct of Calvin towards the former was not only intolerant, according to the generally intolerant principles of the age, but it was distinguished by a settled hate towards the person of the heretic, worthy only of an inquisitor. Servetus was no doubt a vain man, and over-estimated the force of his own arguments when addressed to theological opinion already hardened into a system. He over-estimated likewise the *loyalty* of theologians. He thought that at least with those who had repudiated Romish infallibility, controversies might be carried on without leading to personal hostility. In the simplicity of his heart, he proposed to Calvin in 1546 to come to Geneva for a personal conference, if the Reformer would pledge himself for his safety. Calvin writes to his friend Farel, that he could not do that, for he was determined, "if he had any influence, and Servetus *did* come to Geneva, that he should

\* "Letters of John Calvin; compiled from the Original Manuscripts, and edited, with Historical Notes, by Dr. Jules Bonnet." Vol. II. Translated from the original Latin and French. Edinburgh: Constable. 1857.

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not quit it with his life." It does not appear that he expressed himself so plainly to the person most concerned; if he had, that unhappy man would never have trusted himself, seven years later, within the meshes of the spider. Several letters in the present volume, dated in 1551-1552, relate to Bolsec, who opposed, not the received orthodox Trinitarian views as Servetus did, but Calvin's more peculiar doctrines concerning predestination and grace. They are very instructive, because they reveal clearly the fact, that the other churches and Reformers of Switzerland did not esteem Calvin's views on those subjects to be of the essence of the Gospel. They approved for the most part of Calvin's treatment of Servetus, showing no indisposition to persecute, when that which they esteemed as an absolute and fundamental truth of Christianity was at stake. They did not concur in the persecution of Bolsec, because they thought more with him than with Calvin on the subject of grace and freewill. In fact, many who had revolted from Rome ranged themselves under the leadership of a Calvin and a Luther, not because they participated in all or even the most characteristic of the views of those Reformers, but because no other anti-Roman leaders presented themselves equally able or equally favoured by circumstances. By these leaders the issue between the Romish Church and the Protestants was unhappily narrowed to subordinate controversies, and only in process of time and under continual limitations was the liberty or necessity of private judgment elicited as a result of the off-throwing of the supposed infallibility of the Roman Church. Only by degrees have since been questioned and disproved, first the infallibility of Lutheran and Calvinistic interpretations of the Scriptures, and then the infallibility in its separate parts of the Scripture itself.

In the city of Calvin, which in times gone by was subjected to a stern ecclesiastical dictatorship on the part of the Reformer, who succeeded in effectually subjugating not only the clerical consistory, but the civic council, there is now at least sufficient freedom of speech and print; and the cause of the individual human reason, as the ultimate appeal, as the necessary and sufficient guide for the individual in matters of religion, is ably maintained by M. Disdier in a series of controversial pamphlets now in course of publication.<sup>5</sup> The individual reason is the sole test which can be *infallible* to the individual. Clearly it has not pleased God to reveal himself directly to men, for then all men would be agreed in their theology; but however the adherents of different religions maintain, each equally, that his own is derived specially from above, none can 'show' reason for their belief which is satisfactory to those who differ from them. No two men can view the same object under precisely the same aspect; each must make allowance for difference of circumstances in which his neighbour is placed; but as it is impossible for him to make those circumstances his own—or so far as it is—he is incapable of coming to like conclusions. Nevertheless, the common consent of mankind has a certain range, and it is a duty to take the common consent of others into consideration, in

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<sup>5</sup> "Lettres sur le Christianisme." Par Henri Disdier, avocat. Nos. 1—5. Genève. 1856-7.



forming our own judgments. Common consent serves as a check upon the hasty exercise of the private judgment, renders the individual reason more cautious and reliable, is a security against intolerance. M. Disdier, we hope, will not be diverted too far into local polemics: if he will re-state his views, when impugned, with clearness and precision, they will penetrate by reason of their essential simplicity and truth. He has already exemplified the futility of the claim to infallibility set up by the Romish Church, and we expect with still greater interest his application of the like principles to the pleas advanced by Protestants claiming to be in possession of an indubitable certainty in divine things.

Many parts of the Essay of M. Jules Simon on the "Liberty of Conscience"<sup>6</sup> are peculiarly interesting at the present moment, by reason of the illustrations of his subject which he draws from the state of Belgium in ecclesiastical and academical affairs. The pastoral letters of the Bishops of Ghent and of Bruges, directed against the liberal Universities of Brussels and of Ghent, recall the "faithful" to the unswerving and intolerant principles of the Fourth Council of Lateran. The liberal statesmen and professors take up the glove thus thrown down. "If you deny," said M. Verhagen, before the University of Brussels, "the principles of '89—if you impugn the constitution of this country, you cease to be a religion, you become a political party—a party advancing to attack the State itself, and which beholds its ideal of human society in the absolutism of the Roman theocracy." And M. Léon Woequier, Professor of Philosophy at Ghent, maintains unflinchingly the right of free thought and expression. "What is my very title to this chair? In what name do I address you? Sirs, I speak to you in the name of the reason of man. The philosopher, as such, neither does nor can recognise any other authority, without abandoning a title which he has falsely assumed, without renouncing the science itself which he has unjustly undertaken to represent." M. Simon traces briefly the history of intolerance in ancient times; he dwells with emotion chiefly upon the examples of it which are a discredit to our own day. "In Russia, in England, in Poland, in Sweden, the Catholics are persecuted; the Protestants are persecuted—at least, ill-treated—in Italy, in Spain. As to the Jews, emancipated in '91, brought again under surveillance in 1802, restored to liberty in 1808, where can they now breathe freely but here (in Belgium) and in France? In England they are excluded from Parliament, in Germany from public offices, in Bohemia and Bavaria from the possession of landed property."—p. 253.

In this and some other places there is shown a want of discrimination in placing upon one line the "persecutions" of the Roman Catholics in Russia and Sweden, and in England. The Protestants in Italy and Spain would thankfully exchange their "ill-treatment" for such persecution as Catholics are subjected to in England or Ireland. It does not, we think, serve the cause of entire emancipation of the Jewish people in this country, which we trust soon to see accomplished, to represent them as not even yet breathing freely in England; and to

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<sup>6</sup> "La Liberté de Conscience." Par Jules Simon. Deuxième edit. Paris. 1857.



make no distinction between their state here and their condition in Italy, where they are still limited to a ghetto, as in Rome, of which the barriers are closed nightly, or where they cannot move from place to place on affairs of business, without the express license of bishops and inquisitors (p. 235). And there is another consideration which does not seem to have occurred to M. Simon; that there is a difficulty, in the interest of liberality itself, in treating the intolerant as we would treat the tolerant. It would be more difficult, with reference to the liberties of the minority, to dispense with equal abstract justice to an Ireland in which the majority were Mahometans than in which they were Hindoos. The development of Mahometanism is not more intolerant than the development of Romanism. The heretic is to one what the infidel is to the other; a material to be converted or exterminated, as opportunity permits, as M. Simon has sufficiently shown in his extract from the third canon of the Fourth Council of Lateran, adopted expressly in the present day by the Belgian bishops (p. 7). The Irish *difficulty* is a difficulty as great to the true liberals of this country as to the illiberals. The Romish priesthood in that country would not accept salaries from the State derived from a rateable division of the ecclesiastical revenues between them and the Protestant ministry, if they were to be subject to the provisions of a Concordat like the French. M. Simon has well pointed out that the object of the Ultramontane party in France is to procure the abolition of that Concordat; and he feels that such a course would not be safe for the State, or in the interests of rational education or of individual liberty of conscience. Yet if English statesmen, anxious to deal with the Romish Church as liberally as is consistent with the general liberties, were to propose a like Concordat as the basis of an arrangement with the Irish Roman Catholics, an outcry of intolerance would be raised, in which even some liberals would be found to join. It is far more encouraging to the true cause of liberty in England to show our people how near we have approached to its perfect attainment than to represent our constitution as if it were still as illiberal as those of most other nations. Take the condition of the Jews in some provinces of Austria:—

“En Autriche c’est bien pis encore; jusqu’en 1849, non-seulement les Israélites de Bohême soumis à l’autorité de l’empereur n’étaient pas citoyens; non-seulement ils ne pouvaient acquérir de terres; mais ils ne pouvaient se marier sans une autorisation préalable, et cette autorisation ne leur était accordée qu’au fur et à mesure de l’extinction des chefs de famille. Le nombre de juifs mariés étant fixé à l’avance, il fallait pour prendre femme, attendre qu’un juif marié fût mort. Dans l’intervalle, on vivait en concubinage, même si l’on était marié par le rabbin, et on ne donnait le jour qu’à des bâtards. L’année 1849 anéantit cette loi, et bien d’autres. Puis la révolution disparut; l’ordre se fit, et avec l’ordre revint aussi, pour les juifs, la servitude. Toutes les concessions furent retirées; et il fallut opter de nouveau entre sa conscience et les droits les plus sacrés du père et du citoyen.”—p. 234.

M. Simon remarks, in a note, that a similar law with respect to Jewish marriages exists in Bavaria; where, however, singularly enough, and in precise contrast to the form of Jewish disabilities among ourselves, though the Hebrews are debarred from civil rights, they enjoy

political privileges, and a Jew sits in the Chamber of Deputies. To these lectures is appended a very instructive collection of public documents necessary to the understanding the present state of the cause of religious liberty on the Continent.

As to the sufficiency of the foundation on which the author of the "Essay on Intuitive Morals"<sup>7</sup> has reared that structure we must confess that we see reason to demur, while in the mass of its practical conclusions we heartily concur; the work is the product of a pure, truthful, and religious mind. It is calculated to be of great use, even if the "intuitional" basis on which the theory proceeds be not acknowledged as ascertained, or be considered imaginary. Most persons will receive as a sufficient classification of human duty for those who are in a favourable state of moral education, its division into personal, social, and religious. The majority even of those who do not acknowledge that we have an intuition of God, are nevertheless satisfied that there is, by inference, a sufficient theistic basis on which to found a sense of religious duty. But when our author proceeds to lay down that "human virtue," like that eternal Right which it impersonates, is a positive thing, not a mere "negation of vice," we must confess we feel ourselves at a loss. That virtue is a "thing," or other than an abstraction, we do not understand; or that the quality of "virtuous" is more *positive* than the quality of "vicious" we understand no better. And the illustration of the author's doctrine is not happy: "It is no less inaccurate to say, whatever is not wrong is right," than to say, "Whatever is not cold is heat." In each case we must say, "The negative of right is wrong;" "the negative of caloric is cold." The qualities of "cold" and "hot" are secondary and relative, as is exemplified in the well-known experiment of placing the two hands in basins of water, hot and cold respectively, and then both in a third basin, of intermediate temperature. to the hand which had been in the hotter water this will appear cold; to the hand previously in the colder water this will appear hot. So the same formal act may be a virtuous or a vicious act relatively to the persons who perform it under different circumstances. The same formal act will be an act of gluttony or of temperance, of liberality or of stinginess, of murder or of self-protection, according to the persons concerned and the occasions in which they are placed. Such observations as these concern, indeed, the manner in which the perception of moral obligation arises to the individual; but if we differ from the author of this essay as to the manner in which this sense arises, we shall acquiesce, as we have said, in the distribution of duties so felt to emerge. And with respect to religious duties, even if the recognition of God does not come to us immediately by intuition, the duties of worship, prayer, thanksgiving, love, and the like arise immediately on recognition of Him, however that be brought about. The sections on religious obligations abound with

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<sup>7</sup> "Essay on Intuitive Morals." Being an Attempt to popularize Ethical Science. Part I. Theory of Morals." London: Longmans. 1855. "Part II. Practice of Morals. Book II. Religious Duty." London: John Chapman. 1857.



political privileges, and a Jew sits in the Chamber of Deputies. To these lectures is appended a very instructive collection of public documents necessary to the understanding the present state of the cause of religious liberty on the Continent.

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suggestions of great practical value, and which will be acceptable to the bulk of unprejudiced persons. Thus, on thanksgiving, we read—

“That the ordinary ignoring of the abstract rightfulness of worship has tended in modern times to displace thanksgiving in an extraordinary manner, from its natural important position. Let any dispassionate person examine the Liturgy of any one of the great Christian churches, or let him collect together what he may remember of the extempore prayers of Dissenters, and he will, I venture to predict, be surprised to observe how marvellously the story of the lepers is verified every day,—how for ten prayers there is but one thanksgiving.”—p. 85.

On purely philosophical grounds, as well as from a refined religious sentiment, thanksgiving should be a more prominent act of worship than prayer. Yet neither in the old churches, nor in the majority of the Dissenting communions in this country, whose own traditions are founded upon them, is any rightfulness of worship ignored. The necessity of it is even often exaggerated under the one-sided and usually selfish form of “Prayer.” The sections on Repentance, Faith, and Self-consecration are particularly worthy of study, tending to clear away, in a reverent and humane spirit, many of the superstitions which deform popular theology.

The life and writings of Channing are sufficiently well known in this country, and have received their due meed of admiration. They are naturally not so well known where English is not the vernacular—little known in France. An English lady has undertaken to supply, in part, this deficiency, by writing in French the work referred to below,<sup>8</sup> to which M. Charles Rémusat has added a preface. Channing’s theological views may prove either a door of egress for those who are strong enough to venture out into the plain of free thought and discussion, or they may serve for a portal of re-entrance within the confined walls of an old dogmatism. Yet properly, Channing, a truly large-hearted, liberal, and clear man, noble as he was in himself, and great among his contemporaries, cannot serve as an authority to us. He would have been the last to desire it. And few will doubt that if the immense literature had been known to him which in the last quarter of a century has had for its object the critical examination of the early Christian records, he would have ceased to occupy the precise theological standing-point which he did.

The “History of Sunday”<sup>9</sup> is an excellent popular abbreviation of some sections of a larger and more learned work by the same author; and we cannot refrain from one extract, which is convincing, that even the Jewish Sabbath-day, in its earliest history, supplies no model for the English, or, what is worse, the Scotch Sunday. For Moses instituted the Sabbath-day, not as a fast, but as a festival, and the character of the religious festivals of the Jews is plain enough.

<sup>8</sup> “Channing, sa Vie et ses Œuvres, avec une Préface de M. Charles de Rémusat.” Paris. 1857.

<sup>9</sup> “History of Sunday. By the Author of “Time and Faith.” London: Groombridge. 1857.

"There is nothing equivocal about the following injunctions relating to the Feast of Weeks, and to the case of those who, on account of distance from the tabernacle, could not bring with them to the feast contributions in kind, but had to convert them into money:—*'And thou shalt bestow that money for whatever thy soul lusteth after—for oxen or for sheep, or for wine, or for strong drink, or for whatever thy soul desireth; and thou shalt eat these before the Lord thy God, and thou shalt REJOICE, thou and thine household.'*—Deut. xiv. 26. The seven-days Feast of Tabernacles, the great harvest-home festival of the Jews, during which they dwell in tents (a feast which is said to have resembled the yet more ancient Bacchanalian festivals, before they became corrupted into drunken orgies), was one of rejoicing in a similar sense. Rejoicing with the ancient Israelites was not that 'rejoicing in spirit' to which some of our Evangelical clergy would confine the working population, but was connected with solid food, or other 'good things.' It was the convivial rejoicing of an old English Christmas. Wherever the altar might be erected in the Promised Land, it was not to be merely for expiatory sacrifices for sin, but *'Thou shalt offer peace offerings, and shalt EAT there, and REJOICE before the Lord thy God.'*—Deut. xxvii. 7. Many persons will be slow to believe that holiness was ever connected with eating and drinking and making merry; but there can be no mistake on the subject. Nehemiah gives the following precise instructions for the observance of a day of national thanksgiving, one required to be kept, in an especial and emphatic sense, 'holy unto the Lord:—*'Go your way; eat the fat and drink the sweet, and send portions unto them for whom nothing is prepared; for this day is holy unto our Lord; for the joy of the Lord is your strength. And all the people went their way to EAT and to DRINK, and to send portions and to make GREAT MIRTH, because they had understood the words that were declared unto them.'*" Neh. viii. 10, 12.—p. 8.

There is indeed a resemblance close enough between the Puritanical and the Rabbinical Sabbath, but Christ himself would have given no countenance to the Puritanical, more than he did to the Rabbinical observance of the seventh day; he was esteemed a Sabbath-breaker because he taught and acted on the maxim that "the Sabbath was made for man, and not man for the Sabbath;" just as he was called a glutton and a wine-bibber because he was too true a son of wisdom to be an ascetic.

"The Evidences against Christianity,"<sup>10</sup> of which the first edition was published at San Francisco, is republished in a more attractive form at New York. The effect of such a work, with all its faults, is fatal to the view of those who maintain the Bible, from beginning to end, to be one homogeneously inspired "Word of God." But to those who regard Christianity as a phase in the religious history of the human race, who look upon the Old Testament as supplying records, not so ancient as often supposed, but still of high antiquity, of the evolution of religious life in a remarkable, though isolated people, and upon the New Testament as the product of men educated under that earlier teaching, but driven by a fresh impulse to propagate doctrines of immortal life, of universal brotherhood, and of denial of self,—for these the arrows of Mr. Hittell fly beside the mark. And there is in the tone with which he approaches his subject,—in which he deals with it throughout, an acrimony entirely unsuited to so grave

<sup>10</sup> "The Evidences against Christianity." By John S. Hittell. Second edition. In two volumes. New York, 1857.



a theme, in which no one should deal even with the grossest superstitions of his fellow-men. Mr. Hittell exhibits a personal hostility, as far as such a feeling can be exhibited against historical characters, towards the actors, from age to age, in the great Biblical drama. He is betrayed into apparent want of candour, as, when in order to prove "Paul an impostor," he makes him responsible for all the statements concerning himself in the Acts of the Apostles. Mr. Hittell must be unacquainted with the criticisms of Zeller upon that book. It would have been well if Mr. Hittell had taken the advice of the friend who recommended him, in the treatment of his subject, to "cultivate the tone of Strauss;" and had not surrendered himself, as he acknowledges, "to the call which he feels, to wound the feelings and the prejudices of the partisans of a maleficent creed." (Pref. ix.) Sometimes he seems to have considered that the Bible is a book which certain priests have set themselves down to make, and that being such, it is a book to be argued against, instead of approaching it in an observant and philosophical spirit, as a collection of spontaneous products, as a series of records of successive deposits of religious history. Erroneous inferences may have been drawn from these phenomena; these should be dealt with charitably, and the consideration of the phenomena themselves ought always to be approached calmly and reverently. The effect of Strauss's work, said Dr. Volkmar recently, was something like this. "A great and respected family has long enjoyed the reputation, with only here and there a slight misgiving, whispered rather than expressed, of almost inexhaustible wealth; but, on a careful investigation of accounts, deficiencies are found on all sides where least expected, and it is seen to be bankrupt in property, though still enjoying, morally, the highest credit." It is the especial aim of Mr. Hittell, not having Strauss's learning, critical acumen, or sense of equity, to effect the damage of the moral credit of Christianity.

"Christian Records"<sup>11</sup> weaves into a pleasing and consecutive narrative the accounts of primitive Christianity which are supplied in the Acts of the Apostles and the Epistles. The book is not addressed to the professed scholar or divine, and is, in fact, rather adapted to the drawing-room than to the library table. As it does not recognise the possibility of the letter of the miraculous portion of the history being open to question, it would not be fair to criticize it as if it were a controversial work. And no special blame is to be imputed to the author, if, following the example of works of greater pretension, the attention of the reader is aroused by agreeable illustration of accessory circumstances, and diverted from inquiry as to fundamental facts.

"There is a spot about half a mile from Damascus, where the road from Jerusalem, after passing through a narrow gorge between two conical mountains, emerges upon a green plateau skirted by trees, over the summits of which may be descried to the west the distant peak of Hermon, while eastwards, in the face of the traveller, glitter the roofs and minarets of the Syrian capital. This is the spot assigned by tradition for the scene of the miracle

<sup>11</sup> "Christian Records: a short History of the Apostolic Age." By L. A. Merivale. London: Longmans & Co. 1857.



which now occurred. Saul and his companions were pursuing their journey about noon," &c —p. 98.

All that we mean is, that the infusion of the agreeable and accessory is intended to render the narrative palatable to the taste; there is a perfect honesty as to opinions, and no attempt made to explain away the supernatural.

"In seeking to realise for ourselves, as far as may be, the personal character and work of the great Apostle, we must never forget that a difference exists between him and every other servant of God in later times, who may have been called upon to perform any important mission in the Church, which removes him in some respects from our powers of appreciation. St. Paul was inspired; his teaching is the teaching of infallibility. Now to attempt to define what the actual nature of this inspiration was—in what *mode* the Holy Spirit co-operated with the human faculties of the individual, would be as vain as it would be presumptuous. We know (?) that in those first days of the Church, God saw it needful to vouchsafe the aid of the Spirit in a different measure from what its circumstances in later times required; not in a different measure, as regards the sanctification of man's heart, but as regards the enlightenment of his spiritual judgment. An unerring standard of doctrine was to be set up in the new body of Scripture which the writings of certain appointed teachers were designed to form, and a more direct guidance of their thoughts by the Holy Spirit than any subsequent instructors can claim, was required for this end."—p. 105.

Professor Max Müller has reprinted in a separate form, with some amplification, the brilliant papers on Buddhism,<sup>12</sup> which recently appeared in the *Times*, and doubtless attracted the attention of most of our readers. The peoples of the far East, their philosophies, traditions, histories and religions, ancient and modern, invite more and more the inquiries of Europeans, especially of Englishmen, as year by year they are brought into closer relations with us, and year by year their records become more accessible. Among the marvels which that distant East reveals to us, none is so astounding as that of the sway of Buddhism.

"How a religion which taught the annihilation of all existence, of all thought, of all individuality and personality, as the highest object of all endeavours, could have laid hold of the minds of millions of human beings, and how at the same time, by enforcing the duties of morality, justice, kindness, and self-sacrifice, it could have exercised a decided beneficial influence, not only on the natives of India, but on the lowest barbarians of Central Asia, is one of the riddles which no philosophy has yet been able to solve."—p. 14.

The only solution which as yet appears is, that Buddhism prevailed *by reason of* its morality; and if this solution be insufficient in itself, a further key must be sought in a better knowledge of the social conditions and antecedent forms of superstition out of which it immediately arose. Other religions have been accepted in the lump, not because they have been wholly true, but by way of reaction against systems or schemes, with less truth and more corrupt. The Professor's vindica-

<sup>12</sup> "Buddhism and Buddhist Pilgrims." A review of M. Stanislas Julien's "Voyages des Pèlerins Bouddhistes." By Max Müller, M.A., Christ Church, Oxford. Reprinted, with additions, from the *Times* of April 17th and 20th. Together with a Letter on the original meaning of "Nirvâna." London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

tion, in the additional letter, of the view which he had expressed respecting Nirvâna, as an extinction for ever of all consciousness, if not an annihilation,—as a destruction, not an absorption into Deity, is altogether complete. The observations addressed to him would not have been made, if those from whom they proceeded had been acquainted with the standard authorities to which Mr. Max Müller refers; nor, perhaps, unless there had been a disinclination upon theological grounds to acknowledge that a third of the human races have lived and died for ages without a belief in God, and desiring the extinction of their own souls.

“Caste and Christianity”<sup>13</sup> is an appeal to popular common sense against ‘High-Churchism’ in its various forms; it contains many amusing parallels, and distributes some very hard hits.

“If the Reformation was not sufficiently clear, positive, and advanced, it is the duty of the Christian assemblies of our Church to insist that every doubtful phrase, every ecclesiastical quibble in the spirit of the dark ages, every dubious form, and every objectionable ceremony, shall be at once discarded. Clearness, gravity, simplicity, must be the prevailing rule. In a word, if the first Reformation was not efficient, it remains for this Christian people to make a second.”—p. 8.

So far, so good; but in avoiding idolatry, let us beware of bibliolatry. “Doubtful phrases—dubious forms” may be provisional resting-places for liberty, and even a vague mediævalism is better than a stringent Calvinism.

A third series of the Sermons<sup>14</sup> of the late Rev. F. W. Robertson is fully equal to those which have preceded it. The discourses contained in it abound in the same beauty of illustration and in the same effectual driving home of practical truths. We cannot read the latter part of the last Sermon in the volume on the Martyrdom of John by Herod without applying it in many passages to its noble author, himself prematurely exhausted—it may be, cut off:—

“We are to say something, in the second place, of the apparent failure of Christian life. The concluding sentence of this verse informs us that John was shut up in prison; and the first thought which suggests itself is, that a magnificent career is cut short too soon. At the very outset of ripe and experienced manhood the whole thing ends in failure. John’s day of active usefulness is over; at thirty years of age his work is done, and what permanent effect have all his labours left? The crowds that listened to his voice, awed into silence by Jordan’s side, we hear of them no more. Herod heard John gladly, did much good by reason of his influence. What was all that worth? The prophet comes to himself in a dungeon, and wakes to the bitter conviction that his influence had told much in the way of commanding attention, and even winning reverence, but very little in the way of gaining souls,—the bitterest, the most crushing discovery in the whole circle of ministerial experience. All this was seeming failure. . . . When a great man dies, we listen to

<sup>13</sup> “Caste and Christianity. A Looking-glass for the Times.” By Temple Christian Faber. London: Hardwick. 1857.

<sup>14</sup> “Sermons preached at Trinity Chapel, Brighton.” By the late Rev. F. W. Robertson, M.A., the Incumbent. Third series. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.



hear what he has to say, we turn to the last page of his biography first, to see what he had to bequeath to the world as his experience of life. We expect that the wisdom which he has been living up for years, will distil in honeyed sweetness then. It is generally not so. There is stupor and silence at the last. 'How dieth the wise man?' asks Solomon; and he answers bitterly, 'As the fool.' The martyr of truth dies privately in Herod's dungeon. We have no records of his last words. There were no crowds to look on. We cannot describe how he received his sentence. All that is shrouded in silence. He bowed his head, and the sharp stroke fell flashing down. We know that, we know no more—apparently a noble life abortive."—pp. 313, 4, 5.

But not really abortive, as he went on to declare in glowing words,—not really as that true preacher of the everlasting Gospel has shown—"who being dead yet speaketh." This volume will be followed by one more of Mr. Robertson's "Remains," consisting of notes of expositions of various portions of Scripture, not inferior, it is said, in suggestive value to anything which has already been published.

The "Proceedings of the first Church of England Synod for the Diocese of Melbourne"<sup>15</sup> have been reprinted from the *Melbourne Argus*. The subject is too purely ecclesiastical to engage us much. But with the principles involved in the constitution of the Synod we may express our perfect concurrence; first, as tending to place all religious bodies on an equality, as the Bishop of Melbourne judiciously expressed it in his well-considered Memorial to the Crown, "not conferring on the Church of England any powers which the memorialist and the other members of the Church, on behalf of which he pleads would not gladly see granted to any other religious denominations;" secondly, as recognising lay representatives for essential constituents of a Church Synod. The proceedings recorded are themselves of a meagre description, and the members of the Assembly are still held in the same confessional and liturgical thralldom as their brethren at home. But it is impossible, either abroad or at home, that freedom of discussion, and the progress of enlightened theological opinion should not gain by liberty of meeting and speaking, even on the formal subjects of ecclesiastical organization.

The condition of German philosophy at the present day is that which belongs to a period of repose, of history, of review. It is at such a time, when results of the more active periods are gathered together, summed up, classified, and digested, that the philosophical attainment of the few becomes the inheritance of the many; the abstruse becomes popularized, and a common standing ground is rendered solid, from which some may essay their leap in advance. A lucid exposition of the chief results of modern speculation is given in a sketch by Dr. Schaarschmidt,<sup>16</sup> of modern speculative philosophy—intended to serve as an introduction to a philosophy of history. The great questions of

<sup>15</sup> "Proceedings of the First Church of England Synod for the Diocese of Melbourne," held on the 16th of October, 1856, and the following days. Edited by Richard Perry, Esq. London: Rivingtons. 1857.

<sup>16</sup> "Der Entwicklungsgang der neueren Speculation als Einleitung in die Philosophie der Geschichte kritisch dargestellt von Dr. C. Schaarschmidt." Bonn. 1857.



philosophy are still, as Dr. Schaarschmidt observes, open questions and hitherto unsolved problems. And they are raised when there are presented to us any group of phenomena in any of the special sciences or in ordinary and daily life;—upon any single phenomenon may be raised the question, 'What does it mean? What is its relation to other phenomena—to things—to the whole of things—to me? These questions may be raised, as we have said, either upon the presentation of an isolated phenomenon—so far as any phenomenon can be isolated—or upon contemplation of a history—so far as any history can be complete. In either case, the empirical philosopher, if his opponents will allow him that title, maintains that the fountain of all knowledge to us is the actual; and the medium of our knowledge, experience; that reason is the power whereby knowledge already received is generalized and combined; that at most it can supply the form—not the material of knowledge. In either case, the rationalist replies that the reason is the first to us—that it is the highest faculty because judicial—that it is productive, creative—that whatever comes to it, can only come subject to its laws. Yet for the most part, philosophy seeks for terms of accommodation between reason and experience; and the more so since the futility of the search after the absolute has become evident—whether that absolute be the absolute vague—from which nothing is generated, or the absolute complete, which is unattainable. The effort to effect such an accommodation, or to dispense with some of the imaginary machinery whereby, according to different systems, subject and object are brought into relation, has evidenced itself especially in the theory of Schopenhauer. Herr Bähr supplies an excellent *exposé* of his views.<sup>17</sup> They started from the Kantian basis, and have been modified not so much by the operation of intervening philosophies as by the effects of a detailed observation in physical and social science. He has thus not essayed to spin an universe out of his own brains, but to comprehend one within them. The key to Schopenhauer's theory is to be found in the peculiar sense which he attaches to the word "Will." It is of course perfectly legitimate for any scientific writer to affix new meanings to old words, due notice being given, and clear definitions provided. Yet it is not without danger when the signification of such a word as "will" is so enlarged as it is by Schopenhauer. It is difficult to avoid unintentional inferences, and still more the imputation of unintended inferences drawn from the term in its new sense, and applied to it in the old.

"There have always been attributed to the human soul—to that which man possibly is abstractedly from his outward appearance, two distinct manifestations, *volition* and *apprehension*. Between these many indeed place *feeling*; but even a superficial observation shows that hereby must be understood only the *will on its passive side*—the *will* under a definite condition. If volition be acknowledged to be a power of the human soul, then, like every other natural force, it must be confessed to be present, even when no appearance or evidence of its action is observable in the outer world. There must be confessedly and necessarily bound up with it a passive side thereof,—a re-action against

\* 17 "Die Schopenhauersche Philosophie in ihren Grundzügen dargestellt und kritisch beleuchtet von C. G. Bähr." Dresden. 1857.

external influence, called the *feeling*. Only the confusion of the conceptions, *choice* and *will*, could cause the volition which is derived from perception to be taken for simple and elementary; on the one hand to set the feeling in contrast to volition, as if it were something altogether distinct, and on the other hand to obliterate the sharp partition of the will from knowledge or apprehension."—p. 136.

As a spring exercises the same force when made to give way by extra weight of opposing bodies, which it does when it drives lighter bodies before it, so the *will* receptive, passive, is one and the same with the will productive, active. But not only is the *feeling* thus seen to be another side of the will. Apprehension is so likewise. It is the *will* receptive of outward impressions. A great simplicity in expression is thus obtained for Schopenhauer's philosophy, by his peculiar use of the word "will;" for as it is the hidden thing we call the man, which manifests itself in and through his body, so is it the force, the *qualitas occulta*, the substratum of all other manifestations which make impressions upon him.

The second volume of the present issue of Schelling's works<sup>18</sup> contains the "Philosophy of Mythology;" the first portion of which is devoted to the clearing up of the definition of monotheism, in which it is parted off from theism, pantheism, and polytheism; and the second to the solution of the question, How is polytheism possible, in which he brings out the answer in his own foregone conclusion, that it is only possible as a derivation from monotheism, which it presupposes, or as Biblical theologians would say, as a corruption issuing from it.

## POLITICS AND EDUCATION.

THE all-devouring industry of Germany has fastened on a very interesting but very recondite subject, and one which we should have thought lay more than any other of equal importance out of the natural scope of a foreigner's investigations. The subject is the history and present constitution of the several parts of the English Executive.<sup>1</sup> Dr. Gneist has devoted himself to this task, one of great difficulty, and demanding extreme patience and assiduity of research, simply because he considers, and very rightly, that England cannot be understood unless by a person possessing a knowledge of this subject. Only the first volume of the work has as yet been published, but a summary of its contents will show how extensive is the undertaking which the author has begun.

The volume opens with a sketch of the several offices of state in their earliest historical form. Dr. Gneist describes the manner of life

<sup>18</sup> Friedrich Wilhelm Joseph von Schelling's sämmtliche Werke. Zweite Abtheilung. Zweiter Band. "Philosophie der Mythologie." Stuttgart and Augsburg. 1857.

<sup>1</sup> "Geschichte und heutige Gestalt der Ämter in England mit Einschluss des Heeres, der Gerechte, der Kirche, des Hofstaats, von Dr. Rudolph Gneist." Berlin: Springer. 1857.



in the Norman Court, how Domesday Book was made, how the counties and cities were administered, the scheme of finance and the exchequer, the jurisdiction of the Royal Court, and the several provinces and duties assigned to the chief officers of State. He then passes to the period of transition, when administration began in some measure to be centralized, when travelling justices were sent over the kingdom, and when, on the other hand, the first seeds of constitutional government were planted, and Magna Charta was signed. So the history is carried on through the paths which Mr. Hallam has made in some degree familiar to us, the author pointing out the origin and first form of the Houses of Parliament, the jurisdiction of the several courts, the functions of the Secretaries of State, of the Privy Council, and the Cabinet, and tracing the theory and modifications of the Royal Prerogative.

After the historical sketch is complete, an account—superficial if we consider the possible materials, but elaborate, if we look to the purpose of the author,—is given of the actual working of the different departments of State, the Treasury, the Exchequer, the Ministry of War, and the Admiralty, the three Secretaryships of State, the functions of Parliamentary Boards, those of the Courts of Law and Equity, the position of the Established Church, and the offices about the Court. Lastly, the author examines the political and social position of the English official, and contrasts him with a person of the same class in Germany.

The bare statement of contents so varied, and so important, shows what Dr. Gneist has to offer us, and considering that he is a foreigner, and is obliged to draw all his knowledge from books, without having had any actual experience of English public life, it cannot be denied that he has been very successful. Every Englishman will find very much in this volume which it concerns him to know, and a satisfactory statement of which is not easily to be found. It is a valuable work, and very creditable to its author. But we are bound to say that for the purposes to which an Englishman would like to turn such a book, both as a historical and a practical guide, it falls beneath the standard of high English excellence. It is a subject which no one but a native can really handle in a way adequate to native expectations. Diligent as Dr. Gneist has been, we find him wanting in several important points. He has, for instance, made far too little use of the Latin writers of history, whose incidental descriptions or allusions throw so much light on the political constitution and daily life of the Norman Court. He has a limited knowledge of English law. He is unacquainted with the unprinted traditions of the English departments of State. We do not, therefore, think that his work would, even if carefully translated, meet what many historical students, and many politicians and lawyers in England feel to be a great want, viz., a really good history and account of the English Executive Government.

Dr. Constantin Roessler has published the first part of a treatise on the Nature and Organization of a State.<sup>2</sup> He is a devoted Hegelian,

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<sup>2</sup> "System der Staatslehre von Dr. Constantin Roessler." A. Allgemeine Staatslehre. Leipzig: Facke and Roessler. 1857.



so much so that, in his preface, after saying that monuments have been erected to Schelling and Kant, he suggests that there could be only one monument worthy of Hegel, and that would be if the German nation would make their State "the living temple of the purest idealism." In furtherance and anticipation of so desirable a consummation, Dr. Roessler expounds his theory of a State. Any one acquainted with Hegel's philosophy will see at a glance how completely the disciple is under the influence of his master. He discusses in succession the conceptions of freedom, of morality, and of evil. The contents of morality follow, and we then have an inquiry into personality, succeeded by an account of the communities of family life, of labour, of art, science, and religion, until, at last, we are brought to the sum and climax of all in the State. The value of this work depends so entirely on the value of Hegel's philosophical method, that we do not wish to pass an opinion on its general correctness. It is impossible to dispatch in a sentence or two the possibility of a spiritual or purely ideal philosophy. But we may remark that the disciple does not consult the infirmities of the flesh so much as his teacher. Hegel relieves every part of his treatises on Right, and on the Philosophy of History, with pregnant criticisms on various subjects, numberless illustrations, and a sort of table-talk commentary. Dr. Roessler gives us page after page of unbroken, stiff, unalleviated philosophizing, and this is a hard trial to English readers.

Mr. Mills has collected into a volume five lectures delivered in Queen's College, Cork, on the subject of Currency and Banking.<sup>3</sup> He does not aim at originality of thought, or at novelty in his mode of handling his materials. His object, as he states in his preface, is to publish in a compact and accessible form, and in a treatise specially devoted to this one topic, a statement of the facts and principles on which the Act of 1844 is based. To the policy of that Act Mr. Mills warmly adheres, and he strives, by every means in his power, to show the wisdom, or, as he prefers to say, the indispensable necessity of having our monetary system perpetuated on its present foundation.<sup>4</sup> He expands his subject carefully and fully; and if any one wants to lay his hands on a convenient *résumé* of the opinions on currency generally held as sound by the ruling and leading authorities of the present day, he will find it in this volume.

Many circumstances have recently concurred to show that France has recovered, through repose, some slight wish for independence, and that there is at least a small number of minds who do not find in centralization and despotism the highest form of human well-being. Among the many publications which betray this tendency in its most marked form may be reckoned M. de Chambrun's treatise on "Parliamentary Government."<sup>4</sup> To English readers it wears that aspect of

<sup>3</sup> "The Principles of Currency and Banking; being Five Lectures delivered in Queen's College, Cork." By Richard Horner Mills, Professor of Jurisprudence and Political Economy in Queen's College, Cork. 2nd edition, revised and corrected. London: Groombridge. 1857.

<sup>4</sup> "Du Régime parlementaire en France: Essai de politique contemporaine." Par Adolphe de Chambrun. Paris: Didier. 1857.

commonplace, which must always accompany the development of ideas with which we are perfectly familiar, and of truths which seem to us indisputable. But in a Frenchman it may indicate far more independence of thought to deprecate centralization, and insist on the necessity of political liberty, than to persevere in the usual platitudes about the mission of democracy. M. de Chambrun is not a great writer or an original thinker, but he is a man of sense, courage, and principle. He deplores, as he well may deplore, the despotism which stifles every aspiration of his country, and the corruption of manners on which that despotism is based. If we could suppose a man of no extraordinary powers applying to the society of the present day, the thoughts naturally awakened by the perusal of M. de Tocqueville's great work on the *Ancien régime*, we should have a very tolerable notion of M. de Chambrun's work. He speaks of the Charter of 1814 as the noblest fruit of the genius of modern France: he sighs for an independent clergy, and an hereditary peerage. He deplores the effects produced by the minute division of land; he dwells on the abandonment of the country for the town now noticeable among the rural population of France. We have not discovered in his book anything that can be called either new or really able, but we welcome it as a symptom of the returning good sense of the country, and as a proof that it is not only men of the first rank of thought who can comprehend and maintain the ideas which must be widely propagated if France is not to sink into the lot of decaying Rome, and become the prey of a tyrannous soldiery and a sensualist Court.

Most English readers have heard by this time of the curious adventures and wonderful escape of Felice Orsini,<sup>5</sup> and will be glad to read his memoirs, written by himself, and translated by Mr. Carbonel. Great, however, as is the interest of the story which they contain, these memoirs labour under faults so glaring, as to come under serious disadvantages before the English public. We can hardly understand how any English translator could have allowed so many faults to remain uncorrected. What, for instance, are we to think of a passage in the opening page, where Orsini tells us that at eight years of age he fell from a balcony, on the third floor, into a court, and thus continues—"This fact was impressed most vividly on my mind. When I woke from forty-eight hours of insensibility, and could not understand why my arms were in splints, I remembered nothing: all seemed a dream." If M. Orsini has a vivid impression of a fact which he wholly forgets, what must he have of occurrences which he partially remembers! The book, again, is full of expressions which, to English eyes, appear boastful and presumptuous. We come across such headings of chapters as—"At twelve, I begin to show a strong sense of individual independence." Still, with all its defects, the book is very interesting; the story of his escape from Mantua is, however, so well known, that we shall not recur to it. We prefer quoting the lesson which he

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<sup>5</sup> "Memoirs and Adventures of Felice Orsini." Written by Himself. Translated from the original manuscript by George Carbonel. London: Hamilton, Adams, and Co. 1857.



draws from his long and varied experience, and which, coming from such a man, is well worthy of notice. We should have expected an Italian refugee to have written in a different strain. It shows great honesty, as well as a laudable wish to profit by the past, that an exile should confess that revolutions got up by exiles are almost sure to be failures.

"These expeditions always have the germs of dissolution in them, and however well they may have been prepared, a very small unforeseen accident, the voice of one man alone tending to alarm his nearest comrade in the moment of danger, is sufficient to cause all to be lost. The chief in these cases has no influence, if we except his *moral power*, and it is very difficult to find a body of men who willingly submit. Man is led more by fear than love; so that men should be taken as they really are, and not as they ought to be, leaving dreams aside. It is very rare that such expeditions succeed; without seeking for ancient examples I can witness that since 1843 not one has succeeded. Revolutions should be made within cities, where all are interested, and then the youth are aware of the real state of things, and not be made from without, by a handful of exiles, who form false opinions from the exaggerated reports of some hot-brained individual. Those in the cities should organise themselves, study public opinion, the means of offence and defence, and rise; while the refugees without should maintain the opinion of foreigners favourable to revolution, nominate some officers of ability for the cities, and keep arms ready, which may be consigned when necessary. I would not at first believe these truths, but sad experience has convinced me. What can an expedition of thirty, forty, or a hundred exiles do?"

At the end of the volume will be found a curious collection of documents, illustrating the spy system as practised in Italy,—the foundation on which judicial sentences are pronounced against individuals—the strange light in which ecclesiastical intolerance regards the Jews, and many other kindred topics. These documents are well worth examining, and throw much light on the state of Rome in the years immediately preceding the Revolution of 1848.

Every one proclaims his own geese to be swans, and we may therefore expect a New Zealand colonist to say that New Zealand is the finest place possible. Mr. Hursthouse,<sup>6</sup> who designates himself in his title-page not only as a New Zealand colonist, but as "former visitor to the United States," &c., ought to be able to speak both from actual experience and from the opportunities he has enjoyed of instituting comparisons; and he says that Zealand is the Britain of the South. He certainly has collected a great amount of information, and probably everything that can be known about New Zealand is to be found in his volumes. He describes the physical features of the islands, their climate, the contents of their animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdom. In the latter department they possess coal, gold, copper, iron, and building stone. He then gives an account of the natives; and feeling that the first thing is to arrest their rapid decrease, Mr. Hursthouse says, with something, we think, of provincial exaggeration, that in spite of Parliamentary and Exeter Hall protestations, all that was really

<sup>6</sup> New Zealand; or, Zealandia, the Britain of the South." By Charles Hursthouse, a New Zealand Colonist, and former visitor in the United States, the Canadas, the Cape Colony, and Australia. London: Edward Stanford. 1857.



done by the Home Government during the ten years it had full power, was to shoot 200 of the Maoris, and to build for the tribes six wooden huts. The author himself proposes a variety of schemes for rescuing the Maori, which, he says, might be carried into effect for 4000*l.* a year: and that is not much for a colony to pay in order to retain a supply of cheap labour. Early marriages and unhealthy food are the two most prominent causes of the native decay, and both are to a certain extent remediable by the interference of European enlightenment. A sketch follows of the New Zealand Government, and of the Constitution which has lately come into force. The subsequent subjects are more miscellaneous, and among them is one, in discussing which the author gives us the pleasing assurance that "nature has fitted New Zealand for a brewery." The work closes with an elaborate consideration of the prospects and opportunities of intending emigrants.

Under the uninviting title of "Statistical Details respecting the Republic of Lubeck,"<sup>7</sup> Mr. Everest has discussed the very interesting question, whether the form of government affects in any appreciable way the amount of illicit commerce between the sexes. The author asserts that the purity in republican governments is much greater than under monarchical or despotic; and he has prepared very elaborate tables to prove his point. We confess that we view all such statistical arguments with great suspicion; not that general inferences cannot be drawn in this way, but that the very greatest caution must be exercised. The same tables might be used to show that some other cause than the form of government is at work. And any glaring exception makes us feel great hesitation about the validity of the rule. It appears that, of all the countries in Europe, Sardinia is the purest. Mr. Everest is obliged to admit that this is against his theory, and to pass it by; but after we have heard this one fact, we feel the theory to be at best extremely disputable.

By far the most important work falling within the sphere of this section, which has lately been published, has reached us at so very late a period of the quarter, that we cannot speak of it with the care and fulness which its great merits deserve. We only notice it at all because it is a work so great in its scope, so admirable in its execution, so creditable not only to the author but to English literature generally, that we do not wish to pass it by wholly unnamed. We refer to Mr. Buckle's "History of Civilization in England."<sup>8</sup> The first volume, the only one yet published, a very thick and massive book, contains nothing more than the first part of the general introduction. The author first inquires what are the influences that most powerfully promote civilization generally, and then, what are the chief disturbing causes that retard it, borrowing illustrations from universal history, and more particularly from the one nation in which each of these causes has respectively manifested itself in the most conspicuous manner. This is all preparatory to the treatment of the special subject of the

<sup>7</sup> "Statistical Details respecting the Republic of Lubeck, compared with those of some other European States." By the Rev. R. Everest, A.M. London. 1857.

<sup>8</sup> "History of Civilization in England." By Henry Thomas Buckle. Vol. I. London: John W. Parker, and Son.

work, — the history of Civilization in England. The justness and originality of the thoughts, the vastness of the knowledge displayed, and the variety, strength, and charm of the style, are beyond praise. On a future occasion we hope to lay before our readers an analysis of its contents.

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## SCIENCE.

**T**HE completion of Professor Miller's comprehensive and well-digested treatise on Chemistry,<sup>1</sup> by the publication of the volume devoted to the organic division of the science, will be welcomed as a valuable boon by all such students as desire a wider range of information than the smaller text-books afford. Without being distinguished by any particular originality, either in general plan or in details, this work is eminently characterized by the judgment in the selection and skill in grouping of its materials, which mark the clear thinker and the experienced teacher; and these are qualities of first-rate importance to the construction of a good text-book. In the arrangement of this volume, the author has made free use of the system of classification in "homologous series" which was employed with such admirable results by the late M. Gerhardt, whose views, at the time of the premature termination of his indefatigable and successful labours, were rapidly making their way among chemists, and are gradually becoming more and more widely accepted. That which is abstractedly the best method of classification, however, may not be the best for the purposes of instruction; and we think that the author has used a wise discretion in departing considerably from this method, in order that his readers may be led as naturally as possible from what is more to what is less familiar to them. Thus he has taken his starting-point in a few of the best-known compounds belonging to the vegetable kingdom—sugar, starch, &c., although their composition is less simple than that of some other organic substances; and from these the transition was easy to the processes of fermentation, to the comprehensive group of alcohols, and to the others and other derivatives. So again, in treating these various classes of compounds, the author has preferred to examine successively the different members of any homologous group (such, for example, as the different varieties of alcohol); before passing to the consideration of the derivatives (such as ether, aldehyd, and acetic acid,) from the leading or typical member of the group. For, as he justly observes, the homologous and the collateral series may be compared to a number of ladders placed side by side against a house; the terms of the former succeed each other like the rounds of the ladder, whilst the terms of the derived or collateral series are like those of a second or a third ladder placed by the first;

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<sup>1</sup> "Elements of Chemistry: Theoretical and Practical." By William Allen Miller, M.D., V.P.R.S., President of the Chemical Society, Professor of Chemistry in King's College, London. Part III. Organic Chemistry. 8vo, pp. 852. London: J. W. Parker and Son, 1857.



and it is both safer and easier to ascend or descend the steps of each ladder in succession, than to step across from one ladder to the other. The volume concludes with a general review of the present state of our knowledge of atomic volumes, atomic heats, and the atomic relations of heat of combination; in which the results of several very elaborate series of experiments are brought together and compared, and their bearing upon the higher questions of chemical philosophy are ably discussed.

Among the recent contributions which have been made to geological science by original inquiry, few, probably none, are more interesting and suggestive than the discovery recently made by Mr. Beccles, of the remains of no fewer than *fourteen species*, belonging to *eight genera*, of mammalia, in a stratum of only five inches in thickness, known as the "dirt-bed," at the base of the Middle Purbeck, which forms part of the Upper Oolitic strata in Dorsetshire. A detailed account of this discovery (with other novelties of less importance) is given by Sir C. Lyell, in a supplement to his well-known Manual;<sup>2</sup> and he fairly dwells upon it as justifying the doctrine he has always maintained with such distinguished ability, that the evidence of the non-discovery of Mammalian remains in the greater part of the secondary formations is no sufficient evidence of the non-existence of the class at that period. It is curious that scarcely any other parts of the skeleton than the *lower jaws* of these animals should have been yet discovered,—a fact which, it will be remembered, is true also of the Stonesfield remains, which, for so long a period, were the only known representatives of the mammalian class in the secondary fauna. So far as can be determined from these remains, it would appear that some of the animals to which they belonged were insectivorous or predaceous, whilst another was purely herbivorous: some appear pretty certainly to have been marsupials, whilst the affinities of others are doubtful. It is a most remarkable and instructive fact, that although this particular group of strata had been carefully surveyed, and, as it was believed, thoroughly searched by experienced geologists, the opening of this thin dirt-bed, under the persevering determination of Mr. Beccles, who has caused to be removed many thousand tons of stone that he might get at it, should have revealed in a few weeks the memorials of so many species of fossil mammalia, that they already outnumber those of many a subdivision of the tertiary series, and far surpass those of all the other secondary rocks put together.

It is a good augury for India, that its authorities are seriously bestirring themselves to turn its mineral treasures to account. Of this we have evidence in the publication of the first part of the "Memoirs of the Geological Survey of India,"<sup>3</sup> containing accounts of an important coalfield yielding iron in the district of Cuttack, and of the gold-yielding deposits of Upper Assam.

<sup>2</sup> "Supplement to the fifth edition of a 'Manual of Elementary Geology.'" By Sir Charles Lyell, D.C.L., M.A., F.R.S., &c. 8vo. pp. 34. London: John Murray, 1857.

<sup>3</sup> "Memoirs of the Geological Survey of India." Vol. I. Part I. Published by Order of the Governor-General of India in Council. 8vo. pp. 98. With a map and sections. Calcutta, 1856.



Two palæontological works have been recently brought to a completion,<sup>4</sup> which, although different in plan, agree in the comprehensive account they both afford of all the principal forms of extinct animal life (Bronn's "*Lethæa*" including the vegetable kingdom also) with which geological inquiry has brought us acquainted. Both of these works, moreover, are new and greatly enlarged editions of treatises whose value had already been widely recognised. In the "*Lethæa Geognostica*" of Professor Bronn, the specimens (so to speak) are arranged stratigraphically,—that is, the fossils of each principal epoch are considered apart, so that the palæontologist who desires to understand the entire fauna and flora of each period, as at present known to us, here finds it elaborately and continuously described. The first volume commences with a general introduction by Professor Bronn, followed by a copious index of all the genera and species noticed in the work, and a table of genera, showing what number of species of each present themselves in every one of the principal formations; the bulk of it, however, is devoted to the *Palæo-lethæa*, or fossils of the *Kohlen-Gebirge*, known in this country as the Palæozoic epoch; which division of the work is very ably treated by Professor F. Roemer. The second volume, for which Professor Bronn is alone responsible, embraces the *Meso-lethæa*, or fossils of the Secondary epoch; but this is subdivided into the Triassic, the Oolitic, and the Cretaceous periods. The third volume, also executed by Professor Bronn, embraces the *Cæno-lethæa*, or fossils of the Tertiary epoch, which are not grouped under subordinate divisions. Under each head are copious references to the original memoirs in which the several fossils are described, so that the work, besides the copious information which it itself supplies, serves as a most valuable bibliography. The plates are admirably executed in lithography; and, independently of their value as furnishing delineations of the principal forms of extinct animal and vegetable life, they represent the grouping of these forms as it actually presents itself at each epoch into which geological history is divided.

The work of M. Pictet<sup>5</sup> makes a different use of the same materials, the specimens (so to speak) being arranged, not stratigraphically, but systematically, according to their places in the zoological series. Thus, the first volume, after a general introduction on the principles of palæontology, embraces fossil mammals, birds, and reptiles; the second volume, fishes, insects, crustaceans, annelids, and cephalopods; the third volume, gasteropods and lamellibranchiate bivalves; and the fourth volume, brachiopods, bryozoa, echinoderms, corals, and sponges, with a summary of the applications of palæontology to geological inquiry.

<sup>4</sup> "*Lethæa Geognostica, oder Abbildung und Beschreibung der für die Gebirgs-Formationen Bezeichnendsten Versteinerungen.*" Dritte stark vermehrte Auflage, bearbeitet von H. G. Bronn und F. Roemer. Mit einem Atlas von 124 Tafeln. 8vo. Band III. Stuttgart, 1851-1856.

<sup>5</sup> "*Traité de Paléontologie, ou Histoire Naturelle des Animaux Fossiles, considérés dans leur Rapports Zoologiques et Géologiques.*" Par F. J. Pictet, Professeur de Zoologie et d'Anatomie Comparée à l'Académie de Genève. Seconde édition, revue, corrigée, et considérablement augmentée. Accompagnée d'un Atlas de 110 planches grand in-4to. 8vo. Tome IV. Paris, 1853-1857.

This work, also, is accompanied by an atlas of well-executed lithographic plates, in which the grouping of the specimens according to their natural relations enables us to take in at a glance the principal forms of each zoological type that have presented themselves during the entire period over which geological inquiry ranges. In common with the "*Lethæa*," the "*Paléontologie*" of M. Pictet is remarkable for the copiousness of its references, which include the geological literature of all countries.

It is obvious that each of these two works has its peculiar advantages, which will adapt one or the other to the special object which the student may have in view. He who pursues Palæontology as an adjunct to Geology, will have recourse, by preference, to the "*Lethæa*" of Bronn; whilst he who studies it as a part of Natural History generally, will find in M. Pictet's treatise the arrangement more suitable to his wants.

The last publication of the Ray Society is one of the most interesting and beautiful works which it has issued during the entire term of its existence.<sup>6</sup> There are few groups of animals which are of more special interest to the philosophic zoologist, than that which forms the subject of Professor Allman's Monograph. As he justly observes in the preface, "The highly curious modification of molluscan type which the Polyzoa present, their singular repetition in this type of the physiognomical features and habits of a totally different one (the Zoophytic), the great beauty of their forms, and the facility with which they can in general be observed in a living state, cannot but render them special favourites for every lover of nature, and for the more profound student must invest them with a peculiar significance, and invest their study with a scientific interest which is scarcely surpassed by that of any other group of animals; while the fresh-water species, by certain remarkable peculiarities of structure, throw an unexpected light on the general plan and affinities of the class." To some of our readers it may be necessary to explain that the *Polyzoa* of Professor Allman are the equivalents of the *Bryozoa* of all Continental and of many British naturalists. The former of these terms was proposed by Mr. J. V. Thompson (the discoverer of the metamorphoses of the Cirrhipeds and of the Crustacea, and of the pentacrinoid larva of the Comatula), who clearly perceived the molluscan affinities of the group, and was the first to designate it by a distinct name, which no longer assumed its connexion with polypes. The latter was introduced by Professor Ehrenberg, who included under it, with what are now regarded as Bryozoa, the Foraminifera and other forms of animal life having an entirely different type of organization and who ranked the whole under the polype division of the animal kingdom. But not only on account of his having more clearly descri-

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<sup>6</sup> "A Monograph of the Fresh-water Polyzoa, including all the known species, both British and Foreign." By George James Allman, M.D., F.R.S., Regius Professor of Natural History in the University of Edinburgh. Folio, pp. 119. With eleven plates. London, 1857.



minated the special peculiarities of these animals, may preference be claimed for Mr. Thompson's designation of them; he has also a clear right of priority, since the part of his "Zoological Researches" containing his account of the group was published in December, 1830, whilst the number of the "Symbolæ Physicæ" in which Professor Ehrenberg first announced his views, did not appear until June, 1831. But Thompson was an isolated labourer, prosecuting and publishing his valuable researches (and there are few which have been more valuable in themselves, or more suggestive of other important labours) in a remote part of Ireland, whilst Ehrenberg was at work in the centre of the activity of Europe; and it is not surprising, therefore, that the designation imposed by the latter should have been generally adopted, to the exclusion of that of the former. We quite agree with Professors Allman and Busk, however, in thinking it especially incumbent on British naturalists to stand up for justice in this matter; and nothing is so likely to obtain it as the employment of the term in works of such standard value as Mr. Busk's British Museum "Catalogue of Marine Polyzoa," and Professor Allman's "Monograph of the Fresh-water Polyzoa."

The progressive steps by which our present knowledge of this group has been attained, constitute one of the most curious chapters in the history of zoology. Like the composite structures formed by the true Polypes, those which form part of the Polyzoa were long regarded as of vegetable nature; and no distinction between the two being then known to exist, the animality of both was recognised at the same time. It could only be by the assistance of the microscope, however, that the constituent animals of the latter could be recognised, such is their minuteness; and it was by Trembley, whose researches on the Hydra constituted one of the most important eras in modern zoological science, that the first polyzoon appears to have been recognised. When engaged in the study of the common fresh-water polype, Trembley found in the fresh waters near the Hague a jelly-like mass, from which protruded numerous polypoid bodies, each characterised by the possession of an elegant crown of tentacula, borne on the margin of a crescent-shaped disk; and, naturally supposing the animal to be intimately related to his own pet polype, he termed it the *polype à panache*. Almost immediately after this, the same species was detected in England by Baker, who described it in his "Employment for the Microscope," under the name of the "bell-flower animal." It is not a little curious that, although both Trembley and Baker bestowed upon this new animal a careful and accurate examination, and demonstrated and described all the essential features of polypal structure, yet the significance of its peculiarities remained unrecognised until nearly a century after, when the discovery of a similar type in certain marine polypoid animals arrested the attention of naturalists, and led to the due appreciation of its character. This discovery was made by MM. Audouin and Milne-Edwards, in 1828, as regards the animal of *Flustra*; while at the same time Mr. J. V. Thompson was engaged in an independent series of observations, which led him to perceive the same to be true of many other genera;



and each was struck with the very strong affinities presented by this type of structure to that of the Ascidian Mollusks, especially in the conformation of the digestive apparatus. Gradually it came to be perceived that these affinities are really much stronger than those which link the animals in question to the true polypes; the former having reference to their fundamental plan of structure, whilst the latter relate only to their general aspect and mode of aggregation into composite masses. The most important character, next to that furnished by the digestive apparatus, is afforded by the presence of a nerve-ganglion between the two orifices, exactly representing the single nerve-ganglion which is met with in the same situation in the Ascidian Mollusks; and it was the discovery of this by Dumortier, in 1835, which (in our opinion) first satisfied the requirements of the philosophic zoologist, and justified that removal of the group from the Radiated sub-kingdom to the Molluscan, which is now accepted by every unprejudiced naturalist.

That the common "sea-mat," which every uninstructed collector of marine products unhesitatingly places among his sea-weeds, is not a vegetable but an animal structure, and that it is not even a zoophyte, but is an aggregate of creatures not far removed from the oyster, is one of the most curious facts in zoology; and not less curious is the assignment of a similar place to the unshapely masses of jelly-like substance which are found spreading round the stems or over the leaves of plants growing in rivulets, lakes, or stagnant ponds. It is among these freshwater species that we find the most highly-developed examples of the group,—a circumstance which invests the study of them with peculiar interest; and since, out of the twenty-one at present known, sixteen are natives of Britain, it is obvious that the British microscopist has peculiar opportunities of observing them. These opportunities have been turned to most excellent account by Professor Allman; whose monograph not only does full justice to the labours of his predecessors, but includes the results of a vast amount of original research, whereby new light has been thrown not merely upon details of structure and physiology, but also upon those questions of homological relationship which are of yet higher interest to the philosophic naturalist. Some of these results have been from time to time communicated to the public, in the various memoirs which have proceeded from Professor Allman's pen; but others are now for the first time made known. The description of nearly every British species is "from the life;" and all the figures upon the eleven lithographic plates which illustrate the monograph, and which leave scarcely anything to desire either in regard to completeness of detail or beauty of execution, have been drawn direct from nature by Professor Allman himself. By the publication of such works as these, the Ray Society renders most essential service to British science; and it will be a matter of deep regret to those most capable of appreciating their value, if its operations should be crippled or altogether suspended by a want of that support to which it has earned a rightful claim at the hands of all who are interested in the promotion of natural history in any of its departments.

The new treatise on Histology which we have received from the pen of Professor Leydig,<sup>7</sup> differs from its predecessors in the larger proportionate space which it devotes to the tissues of the lower animals. Generally speaking, these are noticed incidentally only, as throwing light upon the histology of man. Here, however, for the first time an attempt is made to place them all upon the like footing, and to study them in their mutual relations. Perhaps no living histologist was more competent, in virtue of the range of his previous studies, to grapple with such a task, than Professor Leydig; and we welcome his work for what he has successfully accomplished, without too curiously noting its deficiencies, which we shall hope to see filled up by subsequent additions.

The subject of Epidemic Delusions is no less interesting to the philosophic inquirer into man's psychical nature, than that of epidemic diseases is to the intelligent physician. As it is now coming to be generally recognised that the latter, so far from being simple "visitations of Providence" to be accepted with tranquil resignation, are warnings against the habitual pollution of our soil, our water, and our atmosphere, by the foetid miasmata of animal and vegetable decomposition, whose occurrence should stimulate us to the most active efforts for the removal of the noxious conditions,—so should the former, instead of being looked upon as aberrant phenomena, and regarded with pity or curiosity, or with a mixture of both, be considered as the natural results of an imperfect mental development, and be carefully investigated with a view to the detection of the latent sources from which they derive their capability of injurious extension. Two great delusions of the present epoch—*Mormonism*, and the so-called *Spiritual Communications*—are eminently qualified to afford this lesson; but we are scarcely yet in a condition to discuss them in the calm analytical method that we can apply to the dancing and flagellation manias of the middle ages, or to the epidemics of witchcraft in times nearer our own. The volumes entitled "Phantasmata," by Mr. Madden,<sup>8</sup> convey a great deal of information on these subjects, and display a large amount of curious out-of-the-way learning; but whilst they might serve as materials whence a clearer and more profound thinker might extract some precious results, they do not themselves throw much light upon those deeper problems with which the author seems to have essayed at grappling. Thus his chapter "On the Nature and Distinction of various forms of Mental Disturbance," is almost entirely made up of quotations from the works of various writers upon insanity; and the reader, after wading through the whole, will probably come out much more confused than before. Further, the materials are jumbled together without the least arrangement; as will be obvious from the fact that, after commencing with the "Sorcery of ancient times and

<sup>7</sup> "Lehrbuch der Histologie des Menschen und der Thiere." Von Dr. Franz Leydig, Professor an der Universität zu Würzburg. Mit zahlreichen Holzschnitten. Frankfurt a. M., 1857. 8vo, pp. 551.

<sup>8</sup> "Phantasmata; or, Illusions and Fanaticisms of Protean Forms productive of Great Evils." By R. R. Madden, F.R.C.S., M.R.I.A. In two volumes. 8vo, pp. 1094. London, 1857.



its relations to modern Witchcraft," and then treating of the "sacrifice of children ascribed to the early Christians as a religious rite, and to sorcerers in the orgia of their sabbath assemblies at a later period," he goes, *per saltum*, to the visions and revelations of Swedenborg and St. Teresa, and thence to the Inquisition, the only reason for including which in his phantasmata seems to be that it was used as an engine of punishment against magic and sorcery. Thence we are carried to the "Witchcraft monomania" of the fifteenth, sixteenth, and seventeenth centuries, and thence back again to the "Lycanthropy, or Wolf Transformation mania," and the "Flagellation mania" of the middle ages. A large part of the second volume is devoted to the history of Jeanne d'Arc, a subject now, we might have supposed, worn rather threadbare, to which the author does not impart any additional gloss, either by novelty in his facts, or ingenuity in his mode of interpreting them. In fact, these chapters are a very poor compilation, in which the author states the same things over and over again, with very much the air of the mere bookmaker. The remainder of the second volume is occupied by narratives of various forms of religious delusion or Theomania, occurring especially in convents, but prevailing also among Protestant communities.

The *rationale* of all these affections is to our minds sufficiently simple. They are all examples of the possession of the mind by "dominant ideas," to the exclusion of common sense. The particular nature of the delusion will vary with the education of the individual or community, and with the habits of thought and feeling which may be current at the time: thus, in our estimation, the "Spiritualism" of the present epoch is only a more refined form of the same mental aberration as that which manifested itself in those delusions of bygone ages which all intelligent persons now unite in repudiating. The progress of general cultivation has carried us beyond that class of ideas, but it has led us into a new region; and now we have spiritual poetry, and spiritual drawings, and spiritual music, and spiritual prescriptions, all arising out of the abandonment of the minds of the performers to their own phantasies, the reins of common sense being voluntarily abandoned also.

One of the most remarkable examples of this epidemic that has fallen under our notice is the proposal of Dr. Wilkinson to treat Lunacy by Spiritualism.<sup>9</sup> This very clever, but very eccentric, philosopher sets out by freely admitting the fact that Spiritualism has the power of producing mental excitement in nearly all cases, and in many instances real insanity. The lunatic asylums of the United States, we have been assured, contain very numerous evidences of this fact; and Dr. Wilkinson confirms it from his own experience. Now, to our apprehension, what is called Spiritualism is an incipient insanity—just as much so as the Demonomania of the middle ages; and it only needs to be intensified and confirmed, to be recognised as such. Dr. Wilkin-

<sup>9</sup> "The Homoeopathic Principle applied to Insanity. A Proposal to treat Lunacy by Spiritualism." By John Garth Wilkinson, M.D. 8vo, pp. 14. London, 1857.



son, however, thinks differently. Strong in his conviction of the truth of the homœopathic principle, *similia similibus curantur*, he actually proposes to apply Spiritualism to the treatment of insanity; which would be very like giving to a man already intoxicated an additional glass of brandy with the view of sobering him, or to a man dying in the stupor of opium-poisoning an additional dose of the narcotic with the view of arousing him. "Once upon a time," he says, "madness was chained to rings in the floor, and to staples in the wall. By very slow degrees, madness was respected for the sake of the human beings that were folded in its coils, and gentleness took the place of force. Madness grew milder as sanity became more Christian. All we ask of thee now is, to let madness have a further play-ground; to let it wear itself out in its own way, in comparatively healthy exercise." This "comparatively healthy exercise," it is admitted by Dr. Wilkinson, "produces in persons sane but excitable, transient and harmless (!) crises of mental derangement." Surely our sagacious mind-physicians can find some more wholesome exercise for their patients, than that of which the very essence is the abnegation of the self-control which they regard it as their first object to restore.

We believe that the delivery of Mr. Barwell's lectures at the "Working Women's College" constituted the first attempt in this country at imparting public oral instruction on the care of the sick, to the sex which is naturally the best fitted for that duty; and he has done a very useful service by their publication in a form adapted for general circulation.<sup>10</sup> They are conceived in an admirable spirit; and their general tone is thoroughly practical and sensible. Mr. Barwell has had large experience among the poor, both in hospitals and in their own dwellings; and he speaks from his own observation of the evil to be avoided and of the good to be effected, in a manner that shows him to have no visionary standard of unattainable excellence, but a quick perception of what is within the average capacity of womankind. He begins by plainly telling his audience that his object is not to make them fancy themselves *doctors*, but to teach them *nursing*; and he earnestly warns them against that propensity to meddle with physic, which in one way or other most assuredly causes a vast annual sacrifice of life, especially among infants. He obviously puts great faith in hygienic means; and all that he says of them is so sensible that we cannot but wish he had said a little more,—the conservation of health being at least as important as the care of the sick, and the same general principles applying to both alike. So, again, we think that a more special notice of the chief points to be attended to in the management of the lying-in room and the care of infants, with which every woman is pretty sure to be concerned in one way or another, might have advantageously replaced (if time and space were limited) some of the details about the application of bandages, which a nurse is seldom expected to perform, and which she is still more seldom

<sup>10</sup> "The Care of the Sick. A Course of Practical Lectures delivered at the Working Women's College." By Richard Barwell, F.R.C.S., Assistant Surgeon to Charing-cross Hospital. Fcap. 8vo, pp. 171. London, 1857.

likely to do well. Some of those special emergencies, also, which every person ought to be qualified to meet—such as hemorrhage from wounds, the more common forms of poisoning, and the like,—might have been noticed with advantage. But Mr. Barwell has evidently shrunk from endeavouring to teach too much; and we are disposed to think that, in this case, a slight deficiency is better than surfeit. We cannot doubt that the book will become popular among the “working women,” whether high or low, for whom it is intended; and we can earnestly recommend it as one which can scarcely do anything but good—a recommendation which we could assuredly *not* give to those more pretentious treatises which aim at turning into domestic doctors, furnished with a remedy for all diseases to which flesh is heir, those who would find their true vocation in tending such as suffer from them as only women can tend.

“The Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men” commences with an autobiography of the biographer, Arago.<sup>11</sup> This memoir consists chiefly of reminiscences of the author’s youth, from childhood to his becoming Perpetual Secretary of the Academy of Sciences. He was warped at an early age from the study of the classics, and induced to attack mathematics, with the idea of passing the examination of the Polytechnic School. This examination he passed triumphantly, and he enriches his record with anecdotes connected with the examiners, some of them eminent, others not so. It was the habit of one of these latter to make himself acquainted with the answers to his own questions, while he remained ignorant of the method of working them out. The pupils discerned this, and in their replies committed intentionally the most absurd blunders, finally, however, reaching the required result. M. Hassenfratz pronounced the work “Good, good, perfectly good,” and was laughed at by the pupils. This excited his ire, and he once selected an eminent culprit, M. Leboullinger, on whom to wreak his scientific vengeance. “M. Leboullinger,” commenced the Professor, “you have seen the moon?” “No, sir.” “How, sir! you say that you have never seen the moon?” “I can only repeat my answer, ‘No, sir.’” Beside himself, and seeing his prey escape him by means of this unexpected answer, he addressed himself to the inspector charged with the observance of order that day, and said to him, “Sir, there is M. Leboullinger who pretends never to have seen the moon.” “What would you have me to do?” stoically replied M. Le Brun. Repulsed on this side, the professor turned once more to M. Leboullinger, who remained calm and earnest in the midst of the unspeakable amusement of the whole amphitheatre, and cried out, with undisguised anger, “You persist in maintaining that you have never seen the moon?” “Sir,” returned the pupil, “I should deceive you if I told you that I had not heard it spoken of, but I have never seen it.” After this M. Hassenfratz was professor in name alone.

The major part of the autobiography refers to Arago’s adventures in

<sup>11</sup> “Biographies of Distinguished Scientific Men.” By François Arago. Translated by Admiral W. H. Smyth, D.C.L., F.R.S., &c., the Rev. Baden Powell, M.A., F.R.S., &c., and Robert Grant, Esq., M.A., F.R.A.S. Longman & Co.



connexion with his trigonometrical observations in Spain. He was often in danger and difficulty. "At the present day," he says, "they go from Algiers to Marseilles in four days; it had taken me eleven months to make the same voyage. It is true that here and there I had made involuntary sojourns."

A man of the character which this memoir exhibits must possess great personal influence: ardent, prompt, instructed in all directions, with an immense faculty of acquisition, and a power of bringing his acquirements to bear. Arago was born on the 26th of February, 1786; and on the 18th of December, 1809, a few days after his return from Algiers, he was nominated a member of the Academy in place of Lalande. The celebrated Laplace opposed his election. "M. de Laplace could not support the idea that a young astronomer, younger by five years than M. Poisson, . . . . should become an academician before him. He proposed to me, therefore, to write to the Academy that I would not stand for election until there should be a second place to give to Poisson." This Arago refused to do. Delambre, Legendre, and Biot insisted on the devotion with which he had combated arduous difficulties. Laplace finally yielded, and voted for Arago. His account of his presentation to Napoleon gives us no pleasant image either of the Emperor or of the academicians. Arago's influence grew in the Academy. Laplace called him "*the great elector*;" and on the 7th of June, 1830, he became Perpetual Secretary.

Following the autobiography we have biographies of Bailey, Herschel, Laplace, Joseph Fourier, Carnot, Malus, Fresnel, Thomas Young, and James Watt. The characters of these essays cannot be better described than they are in the "Translator's Preface." "In them the reader will find a luminous, eminently simple, and popular account of the discoveries of each of these distinguished individuals, of a kind constituting a brief history of the particular branch of science to which he was devoted." Bailey was distinguished both as a literary man and as a man of science. He shared the vicissitudes of the revolution, and died upon the scaffold. At the beginning of 1778 Mesmer established himself at Paris. His own Government had expelled him, and acts of the greatest effrontery and charlatanism were imputed to him. He published his alleged discoveries, and rendered society mad. Before quitting Vienna he communicated his systematic notions to the learned societies of Europe. The Academy of Sciences of Paris and the Royal Society of London did not answer; the Academy of Berlin pronounced the thing a mistake. It was difficult to examine the cases Mesmer brought forward. His tactics were the same as those of the table-turners and spirit-rappers of the present day. Cases of non-success were explained by reference to the presence of neutralizing bodies. He rejected physical examination, and wished that people should be content with the word of honour and attestations of his patients. In 1781 the French Government determined to submit the pretended discoveries of Mesmer to the examination of four doctors of the faculty in Paris. These solicited the addition to their numbers of a few members of the Academy of Sciences: Le Roy, Bory, Lavoisier, Franklin, and Bailey were recommended to form part of the commission.



Bailey was named reporter. The consequent examination was such as might be expected from the character of the men. They submitted themselves to the treatment of M. Deslon, but felt no effect. Five out of fourteen ailing people felt some effect. The Commissioners investigated the cause of the latter. Dr. Jumelin, they found, could produce the same effects as M. Deslon and Mesmer in a wholly different manner, and without distinction of poles. When the patients see, they refer the effects to the part acted on by the magnetiser; but when their eyes are bandaged, they locate the same impressions at a distance from the point on which the operator fixes his attention. The patient with his eyes bandaged often feels marked effects when they are not magnetising him. "An instructed physician subjected to these experiments feels effects while nothing is being done, and often does not feel effects when acted upon. On one occasion, thinking they had been magnetising him for ten minutes, this same doctor fancied that he felt a heat in his lumbi, which he compared to that of a stove." The Commissioners justly concluded that the effects ascribed to a magnetic fluid were simply effects of imagination. But could imagination produce the convulsions brought about by some mesmerisers? Deslon magnetised a tree in Franklin's garden at Passy; a youth brought there by Deslon himself was informed of this: he ran about the garden embracing the trees; fell down in convulsions under a certain tree, but it was *not* the one which Deslon had magnetised. Deslon selected two particularly sensitive women; they fell into convulsions whenever they thought themselves mesmerised, although they were not. Plain water also engendered convulsions at times when mesmerised water failed to do it. In fact, the reputed magnetism broke down before every test applied to it. In the words of Arago, "We must really renounce the use of our reason not to perceive a proof in this collection of experiments, so well arranged, that imagination alone can produce all the phenomena observed around the mesmeric rod, and that mesmeric proceedings cleared from the delusions of the imagination are absolutely without effect." In all these cases it is worthy of remark that the truthfulness of the witnesses is not questioned; it is only their capacity of referring causes to their effects. In this respect mesmerism differs from spirit-rapping, to the success of which two classes of individuals, of antithetical moral peculiarities, seem to be necessary. We will leave it to the reader's reflectiveness to give to these classes their distinctive names.

"William Herschel, one of the greatest astronomers that ever lived in any age or country, was born at Hanover on the 15th of November, 1738." When he was twenty-one years old he came to England, and the first two or three years of his residence in this country were marked by cruel privations. Lord Durham engaged him as master of the band in an English regiment, and in the year 1765 he was appointed organist to a church in Halifax. In 1766, he was appointed organist to the Octagon Chapel at Bath. Music led him to the study of mathematics, mathematics to the study of optics, and the accident of laying hold of a telescope two feet in length, and seeing by means of it a multitude of stars, which the naked eye could not discern, led

him to astronomy. He endeavoured to procure a similar instrument for himself, found its cost too great, and at length resolved to construct one. He made several, and "Nature granted to the astronomical musician, on the 13th of March, 1781, the unheard-of honour of commencing his career of observation with the discovery of a new planet situated on the confines of our solar system." Herschel had two indefatigable assistants,—his brother Alexander, who carried out his mechanical contrivances, and his sister Caroline. She shared his night-watches, made all the calculations, and copied three or four times all the observations on separate registers, classifying and analysing them. Herschel died without pain on the 23rd of August, 1822, aged eighty-three, leaving upon the competent shoulders of his only son John the burden of his fame.

The biography of Laplace gives us, perhaps more than any other, the impression of vast analytical genius. The material universe was his problem, and this he disentangled with almost superhuman power. He extended his inquiries into the actions of the planetary bodies upon each other, and those of planets on their satellites. He proved the sufficiency of the law of gravitation to account for the observed phenomena, and that by it alone, and without the periodic interference of the Creator's powers, the stability of the universe was maintained. Saturn had been observed to travel slower, Jupiter and our own moon to travel quicker: the former fact indicated that Saturn was receding from the sun, and our system was threatened with the final loss of the planet; the latter fact indicated that Jupiter was approaching the sun, and the moon approaching the earth, and that at some distant day the awful collision would assuredly occur. Laplace came forward and showed that Saturn's slowness and Jupiter's speed were periodic phenomena; that by-and-by the order of things would be reversed, Saturn increasing, and Jupiter diminishing in velocity, their deviation from a mean speed being comprised between narrow limits. From the disturbances of the sun upon our moon, Laplace calculated the distance of the sun from the earth; he also calculated the effect upon the moon due to the flattening of the earth at its poles. From the phenomena of the tides he deduced the mass of our satellite; he proved the stability of the ocean, and showed that it depended on the fact that the mean density of the solid nucleus was greater than that of the sea. "Everything else remaining the same, let us substitute an ocean of mercury for the actual ocean, and the stability will disappear, and the fluid will frequently surpass its boundaries, to ravage continents, even to the height of the snowy regions which lose themselves in the clouds." One other point only of this wonderful record we will refer to: that is the question—Does the gravitating force occupy time for its transmission? If so, Laplace has shown that its velocity of propagation must be at least fifty million times the velocity with which light travels through space. The experiments and speculations of Faraday give this, and other related questions on magnetism and electricity, a peculiar interest at present. Does a magnet acting at a distance require time for the propagation of its force through space? It is a grand question, and seems fairly assailable by experiment.



The interest of these biographies for the general reader is greatly enhanced by the association of many of the men whose lives are given with the political and warlike vicissitudes of their time; and no small instruction may be derived from the fact, that in these men—cultured in science, and competent to apply their culture, France often found her mainstay in time of difficulty. “When coalesced Europe launched against France a million of soldiers—when it became necessary to organize for the crisis fourteen armies, it was the ingenious author of the ‘*Essai sur les Machines*,’ and of the ‘*Géométrie des Positions*,’ who directed this gigantic operation. It was again Carnot, our honourable colleague, who presided over the incomparable campaign of seventeen months, during which French troops, novices in the profession of arms, gained eight pitched battles—were victorious in one hundred and forty combats—occupied one hundred and sixteen fortified places, and two hundred and thirty forts or redoubts—enriched our arsenals with four thousand cannon and seventy thousand muskets. . . . . During the same time, the Chaptals, the Fourcroy, the Monges, the Berthollets, rushed also to the defence of French independence, some of them exuding from our soil, by prodigies of industry, the very last atoms of saltpetre which it contained; others transforming by new and rapid methods the bells of the towns, hamlets, and smallest villages, into a formidable artillery which our enemies supposed, as indeed they had a right to suppose, that we were deprived of.”

Fourier was first a Benedictine: “Not being noble, he could not enter the artillery, although he was a second Newton.” Such was the dictum of the French minister of that day. The *carrière ouverte aux talents* opened itself, however, before him. He became professor at the Normal school, and accompanied Bonaparte to Egypt. Here from the breach of a bastion he recounted the actions of Kleber, killed by an assassin. His principal contribution to science is his Mathematical Theory of Heat, which obtained the prize of the Academy. He became its Perpetual Secretary. “On the 16th of May, 1830, about four o’clock in the evening, Fourier experienced in his study a violent crisis, the serious nature of which he was far from being sensible of; for, having thrown himself, completely dressed, upon his bed, he requested M. Petit, a young doctor of his acquaintance, who carefully attended him, not to go far away, in order,” said he, “that we may converse together; but to these words soon succeeded the cries of ‘Quick, quick, some vinegar; I am fainting!’ and one of the men of science who has shed the highest lustre upon the Academy had ceased to live.”

Next to Fourier comes Carnot, a name rendered prominent by the bearing of his inquiries upon certain theoretic notions regarding the nature of Heat, which are now gaining ground. He was an officer of Engineers, one of the judges of Louis XVI., a member of the committee of public safety, the organiser of armies: he flies, and is succeeded in the Academy by General Bonaparte. He returns, and is appointed Minister of War. He invents a new system of fortification, is appointed Governor of Antwerp, is exiled, and dies at Magdeburg,



in the seventieth year of his age. Malus follows him: he also was a soldier. The discovery which immortalizes his name is that of the Polarization of Light by Reflection, which he discovered while looking through a crystal of Iceland spar at the sun's rays, reflected from the windows of the Luxembourg Palace. Following Malus comes the great Fresnel, "the youthful warrior," as Dove calls him, who, following up the researches of the celebrated Thomas Young, placed the undulatory theory of light on its present strong foundations. But the body of the man was ill-fitted to contain his mind: his health gave way; still, for the purpose of obtaining funds to prosecute his experiments he undertook additional labours. He applied for the post of examiner of the pupils on navigation; his claims were incontestable, but the minister in whose hands rested the appointment asked him a question, on the answer to which the success of his application manifestly depended: "Sir, are you clearly on our side?" Fresnel replied in a general manner; but the minister put the case precisely: "If you were a deputy, by the side of which minister would you sit?" "Monseigneur," replied Fresnel, without hesitation, "by the side of Camille Jordan." He lost the appointment. In the month of June, 1827, he died. Arago carried to his death-bed the Rumford medal, which the Royal Society had awarded him. Eight days afterwards he was a corpse.

Following the biography of Fresnel are those of Thomas Young and James Watt. In a preceding number, in connection with the "Life of Young," by the Dean of Ely, we gave some account of the labours of this eminent man. The character of Watt's achievement is too well known to need a description here. The volume is enriched by valuable notes from the hands of the competent men who have undertaken, and achieved so creditably, its translation.

From the interest which his experiments excited among a large class of the community, the "Memorials of Andrew Crosse,"<sup>12</sup> edited by Mrs. Crosse, will, we doubt not, find numerous readers, and will justify, in their eyes, even apart from the consideration of the affection of the writer for the object of the memorials, the pains she has taken to trace his pedigree, describe his achievements, and put together those passages of his life which illustrate his character. Mr. Crosse was one of those who, owing to the irregularity of their modes of speculation and research, often excite distrust, if not a stronger feeling, in men of more disciplined minds. Such men, however, have one inestimable advantage on their side, the strong love for science, and the daring which high hopes—hopes which might be enfeebled by more accurate knowledge—bring along with them. They have a power of work within them which the more disciplined rarely feel. Their relation to science is that of the fanatic to religion, whose utterances have sometimes a depth and value unattainable by a more severe and orthodox culture. They are often discoverers. Their speculations are usually worthless, but they are a dynamic principle which drives them to

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<sup>12</sup> "Memorials, Scientific and Literary, of Andrew Crosse. London: Longman & Co. 1857.

labour, and amid the resultant *débris* a gem occasionally appears. These occasional achievements are the justification of such men. They experiment in directions which to more critical knowledge would appear hopeless, and in this way often reach the new and unexpected. Let not, therefore, the man of high scientific discipline look askance on these labourers; in a country where so much scope and encouragement are given to individual exertion, their appearance is inevitable. The torrent which heaps sand upon its banks may also reveal nuggets, and if the disclosed gold stands in a high ratio to the silica, the man has not lived in vain, no matter how inordinate the accumulation of the latter may be.

Besides, this book reveals to us Andrew Crosse in a relation different from that of the man of science. It exhibits him as the poet and man of imagination. These "memorials" leave upon the mind the impression of a man of warm and loving nature, in whose character no rudiment of an ignoble tendency was to be found. He was born at Fyne Court, in the parish of Broomfield, on the east side of the Quantock chain in Somersetshire, on the 17th of June, 1784. Not the least pleasant part of the book are those pages where a mother's love for her "little Andrew" breaks out so incessantly. "The ships in full sail on the river Medway were a delightful sight, and made my little Andrew ready to leap out of the chaise, so great was his joy. . . . My poor sick child was carried by French sailors into the boat, and I had no other way of making them know the value of him but by the agony in which they saw me. . . . My little Andrew was joyous beyond expression," &c., &c. God bless all loving mothers, say we; they make even the heart of a semi-fossilized reviewer freshen and live again. Andrew had a great memory; he was a prompt and ardent boy, and partook of his father's character of unflinching integrity. "I like your father," said a person to him once; "he is such an honest man." The little fellow retorted sharply, "Sir, would you have me the son of a rogue?" He went to school and endured the usual crosses and mortifications. He lost his father at the age of sixteen, and soon afterwards, while at school, made his first electrical experiment. He made a Leyden jar of a medicine bottle, and charged it with a broken barometer tube. In 1802 he went to Oxford, and became an inmate of Brasenose College. "I always hated wine," he says, "but I had not the moral courage to refuse joining the parties which were made up by my companions. . . . Oxford is a perfect hell upon earth. . . . I often saw my tutor carried off perfectly intoxicated." He was prompted to experiment on crystallization by the arragonite crystals which sparkled on the walls of Holwell Cavern. "I felt convinced," he says, "that the formation and constant growth of the crystalline matter which lined the roof of this cave was caused by some upward attraction, and reasoning more upon the subject, I felt assured that it was electric attraction." This "conviction" and this "assurance" were equally without scientific basis, but the case illustrates what we have already stated. The speculation, though baseless, prompted experiment, and led to the observation of certain real relations between



electricity and crystallization. This cave also inspired the muse of Mr. Crosse, and he has left a lively and imaginative description of the fantastic appearance of its crystalline walls:—

“Here mineral firs, whose downy foliage shines,  
And feathery grass, with brilliancy combines;  
There groups of monsters, armed with sparry claws,  
Translucent sheets with edges jagged like saws.”

As early as 1814, he had carried conducting wires through the air: at first about a mile and a quarter was insulated. He carried the wire into a chamber which contained a battery of fifty jars, and frequently collected sufficient electricity to charge this battery twenty times in a minute. He thus describes the effect of a dense fog upon his apparatus:—“Having given up the trial of further experiments upon it, I took a book and occupied myself with reading, leaving by chance the receiving-ball at upwards of an inch distance from the ball on the atmospheric conductor. About four o’clock in the afternoon, while I was still reading, I suddenly heard a strong explosion between the two balls, and shortly after many more took place, until they became one interrupted stream of explosions. . . . The stream of fire was too vivid to look at for any length of time, and the effect was most splendid, and continued without intermission for upwards of five hours.” He appears to have astonished the geologists at the meeting of the British Association at Bristol, in 1836. A man with his strong convictions, and warm glowing utterance, talking of the production of quartz crystals by galvanic agency to men whose minds longed for such a refuge from the difficulties of slaty cleavage, and other analogous questions, was sure to take them by storm. Mrs. Crosse evidently lingers with pleasure on this triumph of the man she loved. Perhaps, however, the testimony that speaks highest of his success was the simple remark of John Dalton—that he never heard anything so interesting. He subsequently experimented on the reduction of ores by electricity; on its influence upon the growth of the potatoe; on its effects upon water, wine, milk, &c. The observation, however, which most excited popular attention was that of the acari which were developed in his cells. The first experiment in which they appeared is described as follows:—“A piece of brown flint, which had been exposed to a red heat, was reduced to powder. Of this powder two ounces were taken and mixed intimately with six ounces of carbonate of potassa, and then exposed to a strong heat for fifteen minutes. The fused compound was then poured into a blacklead crucible in an air furnace; it was reduced to powder while still warm; boiling water was then poured on it, and it was kept boiling for some minutes. The greater part of the insoluble glass thus formed was taken up by the water. To a portion of the silicate of potassa thus formed I added some boiling water to dilute it, and then I added hydrochloric acid to supersaturation. . . . The object of subjecting this fluid to a long-continued electric action through the intervention of a porous stone, was to form, if possible, crystals of silica; but this failed. On the fourteenth day from the commencement of



this experiment I observed through a lens a few small whitish excrescences, or nipples, projecting from about the middle of the electrified stone. On the eighteenth day these projections enlarged, and struck out seven or eight filaments, each of them larger than the hemisphere on which they grew. On the twenty-sixth day these appearances assumed the form of a perfect insect standing erect on a few bristles which formed its tail." With regard to this point Mrs. Crosse remarks that "Mr. Crosse never did more than state the fact of these appearances, which were totally unexpected by him, and in respect to which he had never put forth any theory." The rash use which half-informed minds have made of this observation, and the startled bray of the *soi-disant* religious world against the "self-imagined creator," stand on the same level in the estimation of the man of science.

In 1849 the writer of these memorials, Mr. Crosse's second wife, first saw him. "I had expected to find what I revered—a follower of science; I found what I worshipped—a poet." On the 22nd of July, 1850, they were married in London at the church of St. Marylebone. At this time Mr. Crosse was sixty-six years of age, but his letters give evidence of the freshness of his heart and intellect; and the long walks which he and his youthful wife accomplished together, bear testimony to his vigour of limb. Some men can never grow old; the body may yield, but the spirit spreads its blossoms over the material wreck. The lives of men of warm poetic natures; the memorials of Andrew Crosse illustrate this. For five years his soul felt the kindling influence of a young, a beautiful, and an accomplished woman's love; and on the 6th of July he breathed his last in the room in which he was born.

Dr. Nichol has published a Cyclopædia of the physical sciences,<sup>12</sup> which, with some trifling reservation, we heartily recommend as a most useful book of reference. It embraces acoustics, astronomy, dynamics, electricity, heat, hydro-dynamics, magnetism, philosophy of mathematics, meteorology, optics, pneumatics, and statics. In the compilation of the work he has had the assistance of eminent scientific men, whose contributions give to many of the articles the stamp of accuracy and originality. The recent developments of physical science are for the most part embraced by the volume. The mechanical theory of heat, the phenomena of diamagnetism, and magnecrystallic action, Ruhmkorff's coil, Foucault's gyroscope, and other subjects of recent investigation and invention are referred to, and on the whole ably and lucidly treated. As regards reference to names, the distribution of merit which the compiler of a book of this kind must to a certain extent undertake, it would of course be impossible to satisfy all. Under some heads we confess that we should wish to have seen names mentioned which are omitted, and a slight retrenchment in this respect in other cases would be equally satisfactory. But these are trivial matters, and as far as the time which we have been able to devote to its examination permits us to form an opinion of the work, we think it deserving of high commendation.

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<sup>12</sup> "A Cyclopædia of the Physical Sciences." By J. P. Nichol, LL.D. London and Glasgow: Richard Griffin and Company. 1857.

To justify our reservation in the eyes of the author, we would refer him to a single instance, occurring at page 10 of his work. In future additions we feel assured that the contents of the said page will receive suitable modification.

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## HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, VOYAGES, AND TRAVELS.

**M**R. RUSKIN expresses somewhere, in his vehement way, a hope that at no distant time men will cease to trouble themselves with histories written long after the event which they describe; that they will confine themselves to the contemporary narratives of eye-witnesses who relate what they saw, who share in the passions of their own era, and can therefore understand the actors in it. Mr. Ruskin knows how difficult it is to learn the exact truth of the most common occurrence which has taken place in our time; he has observed how spectators contradict each other, how the salient bearings of every story are precisely those on which there is greatest disagreement, and how the same salient bearings are those on which each successive narrator is most disposed to dwell—to which he is most disposed to add some fresh colouring of his own. And when to the difficulty of discovering the mere outward shell of the events we add the far greater difficulty which arises when opinions have changed—when convictions held as certain as the foundations of the earth have been shaken and have passed away, when all habits of thought and conviction out of which actions rise have given place to other habits, and the past has become like a dream which the waking mind struggles ineffectually to recal—we are tempted to regard the historian who, unconscious of the nature of his material and of his own inevitable disqualifications, trips along through the centuries, scattering praise and censure, analysing character, and stitching epithets to names, much as we regard Merlin's spirits in the fairy tale, whose task was to weave ropes of sand and sea-slime to reach to the moon. The great incident of modern European politics—the Crimean war—was carried out under circumstances better fitted to enable us to make ourselves acquainted with its causes and details than any similar matter at a previous time. Official reports and private reports, reports of enemies and of friends, letters of privates and letters of officers, blue-books, and state inquiries, the sustained and powerful surveillance of the correspondents of the press, furnish a mass of material for which we have no parallel in any other war whatever. Yet the result of an elaborate perusal of all these authorities is, rather to close our lips than to open them. The effect of this full knowledge is, to teach us only to suspend our judgment. And how will it stand three hundred years hence, in a changed Europe and a changed England, when the difficulties and the jealousies of foreign states, when the collision of classes at home, shall be no longer understood; when the movements now in progress shall have accomplished their tendencies, and the temper produced by our present ignorance can no longer be



recalled; when the Turks shall have passed away; when the "paramount destiny of Russia" shall have become a fact, or if not a fact, then an imagination long exploded; when Revolution, the dreaded bugbear of a passing crisis, will have either died away into a word, or have long fulfilled a mighty work of beneficence? With such an illustration of historical uncertainty before us, we require but a feeble effort of reflection to perceive that of past times praise is folly and blame is impertinent. Of men long dead we can but produce at best, with the utmost assistance from contemporary documents, shadowy pictures, which rise upon us into some distinctness while we are contented to look at them; but fade away and elude our grasp when we would lift them up upon pedestals as heroes, or arraign them as culprits before a modern tribunal.

There is but one condition under which any tolerable history of a past time can be composed. If a man with some active power of imagination, and unfettered by theories, will select some single period for the elucidation of which there exist copious original authorities,—if, by an assiduous effort of sympathy, he can call up before his mind all the circumstances in their varied bearings,—if he can throw himself successively into the situation of the various actors, reproducing in himself the different feelings, the different opinions, the motives, outward and inward, which were brought to play upon them,—finally, if after having done his best in this way, he can feel that his best is still imperfect, that he is too uncertain even of his facts, and infinitely too uncertain of the causes which have led to them, to erect himself into a moral judge, and must therefore lay out his story to the best of his power, and leave the judgment to his readers,—then, indeed, such a writer may achieve something which will add to the knowledge of mankind; he may do for real life what the dramatist does for the creations of his imagination: he will take the drama for the model of history, as history in turn is the model of the drama. The greatest histories and the greatest dramas, alike, are those in which the writer's opinion least appears; in which the persons are seen acting on each other, through the influence of natural feelings and natural convictions, composed out of true human material—of weakness and strength, good and evil, truth and falsehood. Only thus can good results be produced; and histories which fall short of this character are better unwritten. However excellent their author's intention, they will be unreal accounts of what they represent; and the writers will be as those "who darken counsel with words without understanding." Especially, we are obliged to say, the world is better without those histories where a single thinker professes to give accounts of many centuries—of society under many phases; where the same man will let us into the secret of Celt and Saxon, Norman and modern Englishman,—who, with easy confidence, will show us the saint of the tenth century and the divine of the seventeenth, the baron of Magna Charta and the statesman of the Commonwealth. Such writers show in their attempt an ignorance of the difficulties which they have to contend against,—an ignorance of the conditions of success: they undertake an impossibility.

Mr. Charles Knight is not likely to be angry with us if we apply



these principles to his "Popular History of England,"<sup>1</sup> the second volume of which conducts us from the reign of Richard the Second to the close of that of Henry the Eighth. His book will deserve its name: it will be emphatically popular; and it will gain its popularity by genuine merit. It is as good a book of the kind as ever was written; and secure in his success, Mr. Knight can afford to forgive, or be indifferent to, the remarks which it will be our duty to make. He has many of the qualifications of an excellent writer: his English is pure and natural; his mind is generous, his understanding solid, his love of truth as genuine as his hatred of wrong and injustice. He is industrious, conscientious, and learned in the points which lend to history its grace and attractiveness, in abundant and minute antiquarian knowledge: he is deficient only in sympathy,—in the power of projecting himself into other circumstances, and seeing the same question on more than one side; while at the same time he is a perpetual censor; he is for ever passing judgment, and all but universally unfavourable judgment, on events and actions as they pass before him. In a few instances we shall endeavour to show the result of these tendencies. After the failure of the rebellion in Ireland in 1534–5, Lord Thomas Fitzgerald, disowned by the Irish chieftains, and hunted from place to place, at length surrendered to his relative, Lord Leonard Grey, and three other subordinate members of the Irish Council, Grey undertaking that his life should be spared. Neither Grey nor the Council had any authority to make such a promise: they acted without leave from the King, without even consulting the Lord-Deputy. More than one of the party secretly favoured the Fitzgerald faction. The rebellion had been signalized by remarkable atrocity. The Archbishop of Dublin had been murdered in Lord Thomas's presence. The English pale had been desolated—the Spaniards invited into Ireland. These were the circumstances. The English Government ruled that all promises made by unauthorized officers in their name were made only conditionally. By the Duke of Norfolk's advice, Fitzgerald was thrown into the Tower, and on the outbreak of a rebellion in England, a year and a half after, he was executed. Upon this Mr. Knight has the following passage:—

"That Lord Thomas especially deserved his fate there can be little doubt. That he surrendered upon terms held out to him is admitted by Henry himself; and the King owned that he was embarrassed by this circumstance. 'If he had been apprehended after such sort as was convenable to his deservings, the same had been much more thankful and better to our contentation;' but it was not in Henry's nature, nor indeed in that of the Duke of Norfolk, who counselled delay to stand upon the trifling point of broken promises. In the English rebellion of 1536, *the King bitterly reproaches Norfolk for keeping faith*: 'for you fell to a point with the rebels,' he says, 'when previously you said you would esteem no promise that you should make to the rebels, nor think your honour touched in the violation of the same.' We offer no comment on the execution of Fitzgerald, beyond entering our protest against a doctrine which might be suited to the sixteenth century, but which is somewhat

<sup>1</sup> "Popular History of England." By Charles Knight. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1857.

startling in the nineteenth. 'How far,' says Mr. Froude, with reference to Lord Thomas, 'a government is bound at any time to respect the unauthorised engagements of its subordinates, is one of those intricate questions which cannot be absolutely answered.' Intricate! The English minister who would now dare to put a man to death after assurance of safety from those in authority (as Fitzgerald was assured by the *authorised* representative of King Henry), would be consigned to the everlasting infamy that cleaves to the betrayer; and if an eloquent casuist, some 300 years after the event, should doubt whether the promise of a king's agent is binding upon his principal, he would—so strongly do we believe in the progress of the world in political morality—have to receive his own portion of the natural hatred of dishonour; he would excite the same instinctive disgust with which we read the famous axiom of Machiavelli:—'A prince that is wise and prudent, cannot and ought not to keep his parole when the keeping of it is to his prejudice, and the causes for which he promised removed.'—p. 393.

Disgust and dishonour are hard words. Let us see how far they are merited. To take the passage to pieces:—

"It was not in Henry's nature to stand on the trifling point of broken promises. In the English rebellion the king bitterly reproaches Norfolk for keeping faith," &c.

So says Mr. Knight. Looking to the "State Papers," No. 1, p. 495, we find the King alluding to a proposal of the Duke of Norfolk to keep the rebels in play; expressly warning him, in all his negotiations, "*to have such a temperance as our honour specially shall remain untouched, and yours rather increased, rather than by the certain grant of that you cannot certainly promise, appear in the mouths of the worst men anything defaced.*" In a subsequent letter, reviewing Norfolk's conduct, the King reminds him how inconsistent he had been in making peace with the rebels upon humiliating terms; without striking a blow, when, previous to making them, he had talked so largely and so loosely as to have required such a caution. Mr. Knight is too honest a man to have written as he did had he seen the passage which we have quoted. We trust that so far he will regret his injustice.

To proceed. Mr. Knight italicizes the word "authorised," as applied to the persons to whom Fitzgerald surrendered. What does he mean by these italics? If the King had authorised them to make terms, every word which he says is just, and the execution, and Mr. Froude's doubt as to the propriety of it, were and are alike dishonourable. But it is certain that they were authorised to do nothing of the kind. They were simply persons in an "authority" of a subordinate kind, and the misuse of the word is a sophism to which Mr. Knight ought not to have condescended. It is no business of ours to decide on the point of equity one way or the other; but Mr. Knight's rhetoric seems much out of place. The surrender of Napoleon to the captain of the *Bellerophon* was made under circumstances precisely similar, and the English Government, in precisely the same manner, refused to be bound by an engagement which ought not to have been entered into.

Again, Mr. Knight quarrels with Mr. Froude for pretending that the rebellion had a religious character. He accuses him of having taken his account from "Campion," rather than from "the earlier authority of Stanhurst," being evidently ignorant that Campion wrote ten years



before Stanihurst. But, indeed, if Mr. Knight had read (as he clearly has not read) the letters of Cardinal Pole, he would have found Pole comparing the Irish and English risings to the two failures of the tribe of Benjamin. "Twice," he says, "the servants of God have gone up to battle, and twice they have failed. The third time God will be with them."

Mr. Froude's quixotism has evidently provoked Mr. Knight; again and again he turns upon him; yet seldom, it appears, with better success. Speaking of the social organization, and the system of state interference with trade and labour, he admits that we are not in a position to judge absolutely whether in other times interference was necessary or not. He insists, however, that at present it would be wholly mischievous—that the law of supply and demand must be left to its natural course; and he turns aside to find fault with an exceptional school, which appears too much enamoured of the "ancient discipline,"—alluding to Mr. Froude by name. Now, Mr. Froude says himself that "it would be madness to attempt to revive the old system; that the state of things under which it was possible has altogether passed away; that it would end in nothing but disaster." If it be just to accuse a man of saying what he expressly disowns and protests against, Mr. Knight has stated what he had a right to state.

Again, Mr. Knight repeats the silly story that the Duchess of Milan, when overtures were made for her hand by Henry the Eighth, replied that she had but one head; if she had a second it would be at his Majesty's service. If he had read the "State Papers" he would have found that the Duchess of Milan was entirely ready to marry Henry if the Emperor desired it, and that the negotiation was commenced at Charles's own instigation.

Again, with respect to Lord Surrey, he says that the Duchess of Richinond, Surrey's sister, who gave the chief evidence against him, testified only to some hasty expressions of her brother against the Seymours and "the new nobility," with something about their royal arms. He adds, that Surrey was condemned solely on account of his having worn "the lions of England in the first quarter of his arms, though he showed that he had borne the same arms for many years by a decision of the heralds." Mr. Knight may be excused for not knowing the reasons of Lord Surrey's condemnation, since they are in MS. at the State Paper Office. He has no right, however, to convert his ignorance into a fact; and because he knows nothing, to assert that there was nothing. Lord Surrey's crime, as was deposed by various witnesses, was an intention of seizing the Regency on the death of the King. He had quartered the arms in spite of the warning and formal inhibition of the heralds, that he might assert his claim to so high a post, as being of kin to the Crown; and his sister swore that he had endeavoured to persuade her to induce the King "to cast love upon her," so that she might "bear as great a stroke about the King as the Duchess d'Estampes did in France." We offer no opinion as to the truth of the accusation; we merely inform Mr. Knight what the accusation was, and caution him to abstain



in future from loose and careless assertion. He believes, and we agree with him, that there has been an advance in political morality since the sixteenth century; but historians teach us to question whether there is much advance in that higher morality which shrinks from speaking evil which cannot be substantiated, of the dead who cannot defend themselves. We have no desire, however, to follow further an ungracious task. Except for our admiration of Mr. Knight's many high qualities—our appreciation of the excellent service which he has done, and will do again, for English literature,—we should not have criticised his assertions so narrowly, or cared to dwell upon them.

We turn with pleasure from the precarious uncertainty of a narrative of these remote events to the firm ground of modern times. A second volume of the MSS. left for publication by Sir Robert Peel,<sup>2</sup> falls in simultaneously with another tribute to the great minister's memory, from the pen of M. Guizot, an honourable offering of a brother-statesman.<sup>3</sup> No kind of reading gives us fuller or more entire satisfaction, after we have arrived at middle life, than narratives of events which have fallen within our recollection, written by able men, who were behind the scenes when we were spectators, and will lay open the secret springs of all which then surprised, or pleased, or irritated us. Sir Robert Peel, anxious to clear his memory with posterity, on account of those changes of opinion for which he was so bitterly reproached, drew up with his own hand an explanation of his conduct on the three great occasions of his public life which have most laid him open to obloquy—the passing of the Catholic Relief Bill, the formation of the Government of 1834-5, and the repeal of the Corn Laws. The first of these was disposed of in the preceding volume; the two second form the subject of the present. Our impression on laying down the memoir is, first, one of surprise that there should be so little new to communicate. Peel was always straightforward; his conduct was always open, his motives always simple. There was nothing behind which was withheld from the world, and now our chief feeling is of surprise that for such conduct a posthumous apology should ever have seemed necessary. The last of his great measures has been so utterly successful—has been attended with results so brilliant beyond the most sanguine expectation—that panic has given place to cordial approval. The echoes of the storm have died away; no exasperated party, furious at their expected ruin, any more pour execration on Peel's treachery. He changed his mind on a great subject; but we are all of us agreed that the change was from a bad opinion to a better, and his character, no longer tainted with supposed treachery, is seen under the fair aspect of a great mind, moving slowly forward out of its inherited prejudices, but moving with such power that the nation was dependent on its course. Such change is blamed by no one; rather we recognise it as the necessary condition of healthy life, which, as it multiplies experience, multiplies

<sup>2</sup> "Memoirs of the Right Honourable Sir Robert Peel, Bart." Published by the Trustees of his papers. Vol. II. London: John Murray, Albemarle-street.

<sup>3</sup> "Memoirs of Sir Robert Peel." By M. Guizot. London: Richard Bentley. 1857.

instruction. Consistency, in an age like the present, so fertile in novelty, is an indication rather of feebleness than of strength, and we learn to admire Peel for the very points for which he was blamed, for the resolution, in spite of all the consequences which he foresaw, to be true to himself and his convictions. The following letter to Lord Hardinge, written after the break up of the Peel ministry and the repeal of the Corn Laws, is one of the most characteristic in the present collection :—

“MY DEAR HARDINGE,

“You will see that we are out, defeated by a combination of Whigs and Protectionists.

“A much less emphatic hint would have sufficed for me.

“I would not have held office by sufferance for a week.

“Were I to write a quire of paper, I could not recount to you what has passed with half so much detail and accuracy as the public papers will recount it. There are no secrets. We have fallen in the face of day, and with our front to our enemies.

“There is nothing I would not have done to insure the carrying of the measures I had proposed this session.

“I pique myself on never having proposed anything which I have not carried.

“But the moment their success was ensured, and I had the satisfaction of seeing two drowsy Masters in Chancery mumble out at the table of the House of Commons that the Lords had passed the Corn and Customs’ Bills, I was satisfied.

“Two hours after this intelligence was brought we were ejected from power; and by another coincidence as marvellous, on the day on which I had to announce in the House of Commons the dissolution of the Government, the news arrived that we had settled the Oregon question, and that our proposals had been accepted by the United States without the alteration of a word.

“Lady Peel and I are here quite alone, in the loveliest weather, feasting on solitude and repose; and I have every disposition to forgive my enemies for having conferred upon me the blessing of the loss of power.”

M. Guizot, passing over the same ground without the assistance of the private memoirs, tells the same story in substance as Sir Robert himself. He makes no apologies—he sees that none are needed. He writes with the genuine and hearty appreciation which one honest man feels for another. He takes an English view of Peel’s character—he catches and understands all those features of disposition which the English are in the habit of thinking no foreigner comprehends. His position as Louis Philippe’s Minister placed him in possession of much information closed to the English world on the relation between the Cabinets of London and Paris during Sir Robert’s Administration. Imperial alliances have drowned the recollection of the *entente cordiale* with the Orleans dynasty. We speak evil of the fallen—we contrast the security of the present with the supposed instability of the past. And yet when we read what M. Guizot tells us of his own and his master’s feelings, of the sense of the value of the friendship of England which then as much as now governed the conduct of French statesmen, we find that we are under no peculiar obligation to the Emperor—that Louis Napoleon is but following in the groove which his predecessors marked out for him. The once



famous "Pritchard Indemnity," the Tahiti Protectorate, and the Spanish Marriages are all touched upon in this volume. M. Guizot does not flinch from either subject, or attempt to conceal that they created, each of them, a temporary disagreement. He defends, however, his own conduct and that of Louis Philippe in plain, honest language; and now that we are able to review the ground impartially, the French Government, it is clear, did but act in a manner which their own interests might legitimately lead them to consider just, and our opposed interests might equally entitle us to condemn. Even the present miserable disgrace of the Court of Spain does not destroy the value of M. Guizot's vindication of himself. The question is too long to enter upon in this place; as a specimen of the book we will give rather a few warm words on the late King of France:—

"It will be the glory of Louis Philippe that, in the midst of a strong revolutionary ferment, he boldly proclaimed and constantly practised this policy (of peace). All the merit of this conduct has been attributed to his prudence and to a skilful calculation of personal interest. This is a mistake. Even when large allowances have been made for interest and prudence, all has not been explained, nor all said. The idea of peace in its morality and grandeur had taken very deep root in the mind and heart of King Louis Philippe. The iniquities and sufferings which war inflicts on men, often from slight causes or for the sake of vain combinations, were revolting to his humanity and his good sense. Among the great social hopes, I will not say the beautiful chimeras with which his epoch and his education had fed his youth, the idea of peace had struck him more powerfully than any other, and always retained its influence over his soul. Peace was in his eyes the true victory of civilization, a duty incumbent on him as man and as king; he thought it a pleasure and an honour to fulfil that duty far more than from any considerations of safety. He rejoiced at the accession of the Conservative Cabinet to power in London, as affording a guarantee not only of peace, but of an equitable and tranquil policy, which in its turn is the only guarantee of true and lasting peace."

The French statesman writes the life of the English Minister. "A British Officer" reviews the character of the Emperor of France.<sup>4</sup> Were there indications visible in this gentleman of any power of sarcasm, or of any disposition towards it, we should be inclined to look upon his book as a satire on Louis Napoleon's English admirers. It is an elaborate panegyric from end to end—an account of the Emperor's life as a series of expanding circles of genius, virtue, and glory from his infancy to his present throne. The strain of stupid seriousness in which the British Officer writes, forbids us to doubt that he is entirely in earnest. It may be enough for us, therefore, to say, that the expedition to Strasburgh and Boulogne are described as the result of a profound desire for the peace and settled government of France, tainted by no intrigue, disfigured by no personal ambition, arising solely out of a noble conviction that Louis Philippe's Government was not conducted upon principles which promised enduring solidity, and therefore that it was his duty to the world to interfere.

The seizure of the Orleans property was again a stern act of duty, in which the Emperor did violence to his amiable feelings. Had the

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<sup>4</sup> "Napoleon the Third. Review of his Life, Character, and Policy." By a British Officer. London: Longman & Co. 1857.



obligations of his position permitted him, he would have been delighted to be generous—but duty called.\* He suppressed his weakness—he was nobly inflexible. The author does not add, as a further proof of his great nature, that in this conscientious act of robbery he set aside by his own will the decision of the Court of Cassation—that all the legal authorities in France ruled against the claim—the self-sacrifice was indeed most heroic, when even of such a plea duty would not allow him to avail himself.

Louis Napoleon is a man, made up like the rest of us, of good and evil. The end of his career may cover the memory of the beginning of it. The use which he makes of power may teach us to remember less harshly the red stream through which he waded to arrive at his throne. But if we judge him rightly, he would himself disdain the miserable flattery which will see no evil in the crimes of princes; and not contented with honouring such real good as can be found amidst the baser metal, will have the very vices of an Emperor accepted for gold.

We talk largely of intellectual progress, of the decay of prejudice, and the spread of enlightenment, and yet the thoughts of men who alike speak in the name of virtue and profess only to care for truth and justice, are still far as the poles asunder. When from ordinary writers we pass to Mr. Helps, we seem to enter another atmosphere. Here we find no passionate panegyric, no passionate invective. Full of admiration for what is good, full of scorn for what is base or cruel, Mr. Helps allows neither his sympathies nor his aversions to disturb his judgment. He looks full at the facts which he describes, he relates what he sees faithfully and literally, and the result is an account of human things as rational as it is rare; where, in the same person, qualities of good and evil are seen mixed together as we all know them to be mixed in real life, but rarely find them in books. To go no further, every man knows things of himself, which, if known to the world, and known without the redeeming side, would make him appear a very miserable creature; for the same persons are capable of doing and feeling good things, and also are, or have been, capable of doing very bad things. We experience it and partially understand it, and in any honest account which we could give of ourselves both tendencies would have to be acknowledged and allowed for. In history, on the other hand, when we find bad actions, we say, "there is a bad man." We draw him consistently; we will not credit him with good of any kind. Again, we will not allow a blemish in our heroes. We will have the good altogether good—the bad altogether bad; or, if we cannot escape from inconvenient facts, we explain away, dilute, distort, invent motives. We seem unable to endure the aspect of human nature as it really is.

Mr. Helps has encountered this arduous problem in one of its most difficult illustrations, in the characters of the Spanish conquerors of America in the sixteenth century. The third volume of his growing work<sup>5</sup> carries down the story to the occupation of Peru, and the great figures

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<sup>5</sup> "The Spanish Conquest in America." By Arthur Helps. Vol. III. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1857.

of the leaders pass before us in review across his pages. Cortez, Alvarado, Vasco Nunez, Pizarro, the armed conquerors on the one side; on the other, the far greater silent band of heroes, with bare feet and shirts of hair or serge, following in the track of the warriors, powerless to stay the destruction, yet with aching hearts labouring painfully to bind up the bleeding wounds and soften what they were unable to prevent. Men like Las Casas and Betanzos are the salt of humanity, and it is indeed strange, at a time when the worthlessness of the Catholic ecclesiastics had compelled half Europe to rise in fury and hurl them out as a plague no longer endurable, to find in a new country others of the same order, professing the same faith, and wrapped in the same superstitions, putting out virtues beautiful as those of the saints in the exuberant youth of the Church. But though as a phenomenon it is perplexing, with the characters of such men there is no difficulty. Their actions witness for them. Mr. Helps has merely to tell us what they did, and we admire and reverence without reserve.

With the other—with the conquerors—he has a more difficult task; and without the least wishing to pay Mr. Helps exaggerated compliments, it is our duty to say that, except in Shakspeare, there is no book in which the larger and more varied forms of human nature can be better studied than in these pages. Mr. Helps' intention was to write an account of Indian slavery, making all other features subservient to this social one. It happens here, however, as so often elsewhere, that what is intended to be secondary, takes in fact the first place. We recognise fully the tragedy of the Indian story, but prominent distinct individual human beings ever most seize on the imagination, and especially those in whose powerfully-developed natures good and evil co-exist in so large proportions. Here is Mr. Helps' great success. His character of Cortez is one of the finest pieces of historical workmanship which exist. Fully he perceives and shudders at the cruelty, the unscrupulous ambition, the rapacity of this great commander. Speaking of the execution of Quatemotzin and the King of Tlacuba, he mentions a saying of Bernal Diaz, that Cortez after this was "melancholy, depressed, and sleepless," and he adds, "it is some satisfaction to imagine that bloody deeds, even such as have but the lesser stain of policy, render thick and heavy the air around the beds of those who, to avoid the phantasms of such deeds, need the forgetfulness of sleep far more than other men."

On the other hand, when Cortez was accused of having poisoned Ponce de Leon, we find a passage which should be scored with branding irons into the brain of every modern historian:—

"Calumny, which can not only make a cloud seem like a mountain, but can almost transform a cloud into a mountain, was often busy with the name of Cortez. This is the third time—I almost scorn to mention it—that he was accused of poisoning persons whose existence was supposed to be inconvenient to him. Any man, however, who is much talked of will be much misrepresented. Indeed, malignant intention is unhappily the least part of calumny, which has its sources in idle talk, playful fancies, gross misapprehensions, utter exaggerations, and many other rivulets of error that sometimes flow together into one huge river of calumination, which pursues its muddy, mischievous course unchecked for ages."



Again, after describing Cortez's appearance—his tall, pale, lean, deep-chested figure—his face, with the thin dark beard and hair—the expression in his features of Spanish melancholy, haughty except when he looked at a man, and then changing to softness—the vein on his forehead, which swelled when he was angry—his curious habit also at such times of throwing off his cloak—but showing his passion only in signs and never in words, which were always moderate—his composure, firmness, prudence, dignity—Mr. Helps goes on thus:—

“Amidst the infinite variety of human beings not merely can no one man be found exactly like another, but no character can be superimposed upon another without large differences being at once discernible. Still there is often a vein of similarity amongst remarkable men which enables us to classify them as belonging to the same order. Cortez, for instance, was of the same order as Charles the Fifth and Augustus Cæsar. Each of them had supreme self-possession: the bitterest misfortune never left them abject. The highest success found them composed to receive it. Each of them, though grave and dignified, was remarkable for affability with all kinds of men. All three were eminently tenacious of their resolves, but at the same time singularly amenable to reason: which is, perhaps, the first quality in a ruler. Charles the Fifth was much the least cruel; but the cruelty of the others was never wanton, never capricious, never divorced from policy. They had all three long memories, both of benefits and injuries. They were firm friends and good masters to their subordinates, but could not be accused of favouritism. Cortez had perhaps more poetry in him than was to be found in either of the others. He had the warlike element which is discernible in Charles the Fifth, but was certainly a greater commander, and possessed more readiness and flexibility. Finally Augustus Cæsar, Cortez, and Charles the Fifth, were of that rare order of men in whom there is perpetual growth of character—who go on learning—to whom every blunder they commit is a fruitful lesson—with whom there is less that is accidental than is to be observed in the rest of mankind—and of whom humanity, with much to regret, cannot fail to be proud.”

“A Life of Martin Luther,” by Mr. Worseley,<sup>6</sup> is as good a book as is likely to be written by a man who is deficient in imagination and intellect, and at the same time unconscious of his deficiency—who regards everything which he describes from the point of view of modern Protestantism,—who knows nothing of the spirit of the sixteenth century, nothing of the passions which agitated it—to whom the mighty earthquake of the Reformation meant only the establishment of a mild evangelical orthodoxy, and the great men who fought and conquered for it appear but as counterparts of the gentle and harmless inanities who annually frequent the May meetings in Exeter Hall. In the sack of Rome by the army of the Duke of Bourbon (to take one specimen out of a thousand), while every atrocity, Mr. Worseley tells us, was committed by the Spaniards, the fierce wolves of the German forests, whose avarice and fury were sanctified by their fanaticism, and in the midst of blood, and rapine, and murder paraded through the streets with an image of the Pope lashed to a prostitute—these men, he says, we are to believe, “turned themselves to the harmless recreation of raillery and satire,” contented themselves

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<sup>6</sup> “The Life of Martin Luther.” By Henry Worseley, M.A. London: Bell and Daldy. 1856.



with a masque under the walls of St. Angelo, an extempore sermon, and a procession in glory of Luther. This is folly. No good can come of falsehood in the best of causes, and amiable men must be taught to look for some occupation better fitted to their abilities than writing histories of men and times which their minds cannot grasp.

A novel with an historical appendix attached to it, on Cromwell and the Civil Wars,<sup>7</sup> is not without some merit. As a composition it is not worth much; but Mr. Stewart, if not a very clever, is a just-minded man. He looks for truth where it is, and not where it is not; and looks, therefore, to tolerable purpose. The story is an imitation of "Woodstock." Scott's figures are copied as closely as the writer's ability would allow. Markham Everard, Roger Wildrake, the old Knight, have each their feeble counterfeit; and, in fact, in this aspect of the matter little good can be said for Mr. Stewart. If he can be contented with the praise of taking a just, sober, and sensible view of the subject, we bestow it on him freely.

The books on our list follow one another incongruously. The next which calls for notice is a Life of Sir Edward Parry, whose name is scored so distinctly on the map of the world, that many future generations will ask for some account of him.<sup>8</sup> Thirty-eight years ago Lieutenant Parry, being then a young man, planted the English flag on Melville Island, almost within sight of the spot where, in 1852, the *Investigator* was left to perish in the ice. Parry was the first to discover that Lancaster Sound was an open passage into the Polar Sea, and penetrated through it fifteen degrees west of any point reached by any earlier navigators; the captain of the *Investigator* completing the circle from the other side, linked his course to his predecessor, and finished the problem which had vexed mankind for centuries. Lieutenant Parry's was the greater exploit, as a glance at the map of the Polar Sea will show, as that map stood before and after the expedition of the *Hecla* and the *Griper*; and the name of Parry will remain in history with the names of Drake and Davis, Cook and Franklin. Of himself, as he appears in his son's pages, we have only to say that he was worthy of his work: a pious, simple, straightforward, resolute man,—a man in whose presence, it was said, "trifles died a natural death,"—made of the true material of which English great men have been always made. It is, perhaps, ungracious to find any fault with so good and interesting a monument of affection as a son's biography of his father. We could wish, however, that Parry's Life had been written by some one else than a clergyman. We are told that at the time when his great work was accomplished, though a devout man, he had believed in God rather as a Creator and Father than a Redeemer, that in after years, like Cornelius, he was taught a more perfect way; and this more perfect way we hear very much of. The plain sailor was converted into an ardent and enthusiastic pietist; and in the

<sup>7</sup> "Oliver Cromwell. A Story of the Civil War." By Charles Edward Stewart. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1857.

<sup>8</sup> "Memoirs of Rear-Admiral Sir W. E. Parry, Knt." By his son, the Rev. Ed. Parry. London. 1857.

adjustment of the narrative this feature of his character is pushed into excessive prominence.

This seems to us a mistake. Parry's real excellences grew out of the same quiet sense of duty which always belonged to him. His views of doctrine were matter rather of opinion than of character; and, on the whole, of a rather narrow opinion. His reading was slight. His intellect had not been trained to deal wisely with questions which the wisest and ablest men most feel the difficulty of answering; and the various forms of Christian belief have each happily produced so many genuine examples of excellence, that it is safer, wiser, truer, to dwell upon the points in which they agree, than on those in which they differ.

When, on his return from his first great expedition, Parry wrote to the clergyman of a London church, in the name of his crew, "being desirous of offering up our public thanksgiving to Almighty God for the many mercies which we have received at his hands," he was as far advanced, perhaps further, in essential knowledge, than when, twenty years after, he wrote to a friend—"The doctrine of sacramental grace, though very acceptable to the natural heart of man, is clearly a device of the devil to ruin souls. The Tractarians lose sight of Christ out of an erroneous reverence for his ordinances," &c.

The second volume of Sir Francis Palgrave's "*History of Normandy*,"<sup>9</sup> carries us down over a further period of ninety years, from 912 B.C. to 1002. We are still far from the Conquest, where to most of us the chief interest of the story will begin. In so brief a notice as we can afford here, we can give no idea of the results of the profound learning and labour exhibited in the two volumes already completed; yet we cannot pass over their appearance without making an acknowledgment to the author of a work which, though never likely to be popular, will ever command its fit though few admirers. It is true that any account of a period so remote from our own will never be satisfactory—will never convey any full and distinct image. From the English historian of the middle ages we turn to the writings of contemporary chroniclers, to the "*Lives of the Saints*," or to the *Nibelungen Lied*, and we feel ourselves at once in an atmosphere of which the historian has given us no idea; of which no idea can be given in the language of modern thought. If we would understand the men of those times, we must study them in their own work, their own laws, their own words. No one, however, can be more impressed with the perception of the necessary imperfection of his narrative than Sir Francis Palgrave himself; and therefore (in our opinion very wisely), he again and again throws himself individually forward; he interleaves his narrative with pages of reflections. He allows us at once to see that he is describing those old times, not as they objectively were, but as they appear to himself; and he shows us at the same time the temper of his own mind; enabling us to judge for ourselves how far the conclusions of such a mind are likely to be

<sup>9</sup> "*The History of Normandy and of England*." By Sir Francis Palgrave. Vol. ii.



of value. We may say at once, it is not a mind likely to find favour with modern enlightenment. The strength is not of a sort which is now appreciated: the weakness is of a kind which will be appreciated very readily indeed. At the same time, Sir Francis is very serious, very earnest and anxious to be just; and, in reality, he is more just than he knows. We will give a specimen of his style, and venture one or two remarks upon it. He is speaking of the *Acta Sanctorum*, and of the tendency to an unwise hero-worship in the old hagiologists. He proceeds—

“Posthumous biography—posthumous memorials in every variety, guise, and form are pervaded by this debilitating, deluding, and mischievous influence. To lie like a pedigree might be a proverb; to lie like an epitaph is so. Could we imagine the disembodied spirit grieving on the profane adulation bestowed by man upon man, how deep would be the affliction—how poignant the sorrow sustained by the most humble and lowly-minded amongst philosophers becoming cognizant of the inscription upon his tomb,

‘Nature and Nature’s laws lay hid in night,  
God said Let Newton be; and all was light.’

“Every concealment of a blemish detracts from the living verity of the portraiture. No truthful representation of any popular hero can approach the fine ideal of popular fame. The heroic Protector was in the right when he directed courtly Lely to delineate him with every roughness, every pimple, every blemish, every scar; he knew the picture would not be himself without them. Rare indeed are the sitters gifted with a Cromwell’s contempt of favour seeking, and the unburdened ease of the artist who should work according to the spirit of his rough injunctions would testify to their unpalatableness. It is the clever dissimilitude which renders the likeness agreeable. We depreciate the heliograph because it is honest as the sun. But the historian need not place himself under such coercion; he is not compelled to paint for a patron’s pleasure: his primary vocation is to instruct, nor should he blench at the risk of displeasing. Let him not fawn either upon the living or the departed. He will be thanked in the long run. Let him bide his time. He is in nowise responsible for the defects of his personages; still less is their vindication obligatory upon him. This conventional etiquette of extenuation mars the utility of historical biography by concealing the compensation so mercifully granted in love and the admonition given by vengeance. Why suppress the lesson afforded by the depravity of ‘the greatest, wisest, meanest of mankind,’—he whose delilements teach us that the most transcendant intellectuality is consistent with the deepest turpitude? The labour of the panegyrist come after all to nought. You are trying to fill a broken cistern.”

This is a characteristic passage; elegantly written, and justly conceived. It is, however, but half of the truth; and as half the world is always in shadow, so perhaps are the minds of the majority of men. Their constitution does not permit them to be fully lighted. First, as to the occasion of these reflections. Our own experience of the “*Lives of the Saints*” would not lead us to describe them as panegyrics. Most of them describe the history of persons who have gone wrong in early life—have fallen into sin, often into great crimes—who repent and live the rest of their years in a different manner: and this, we suppose, is often true enough to human experience. In some men vice and virtue co-exist; in some, also experience does its work; men who have been licentious in their youth, become serious and sober. It is



no extravagance to represent them as having become virtuous and good. But while we all agree that panegyric is ridiculous—that we ought to see men as they really were, with “the scars” and “the pimples,”—what is to be done in cases where unpopular persons have been painted with scars which never belonged to them? Equal amounts of misrepresentation are created by prejudice, whether it be favourable or unfavourable. Cromwell chose to be painted with the wart upon his cheek, because the wart was really there; but suppose there had been no wart, except in the painter’s imagination? Or suppose that “the greatest and wisest of mankind” was not after all “the meanest.” If the fault was there, let it receive its due amount of censure; but let us know what the fault was, and how great it was. If there is reason to think that in the trial of Essex, Bacon was not, after all, influenced by servility and selfishness, is it idle extenuation to place the story in its real light? If the receiving presents of money had been the universal practice of preceding chancellors, may we not be yielding to another temptation—a temptation to prove by a great example our own little moral theory,—that “the most transcending intellectuality is consistent with the deepest turpitude,” if we leave out of sight, in judging Bacon, a fact which alters the whole complexion of the charge. Let us have the truth—the real man—neither brighter than he was, nor blacker. Alas! we all agree in words that we desire truth; but it must be a truth which fits in with our preconception. We repeat, however, what we said above in this article—that undeserved praise is at least safer than undeserved accusation, and that it is worse to calumniate the dead than to calumniate the living. The living can answer for themselves. The dead are silent till they and their accusers meet elsewhere.

The Chevalier Bunsen, in his retirement in Germany, has finished his great work on Egypt,<sup>10</sup> which, by the aid of Egyptian monuments and records, accompanied by an analysis of all ancient languages, literatures, and traditions, is to prove, first, that the established Asiatic and Greek chronologies are a mass of incoherence and assumption; secondly, that in more than one important instance, materials exist to justify positive conclusions of a widely different kind; thirdly, that we approach towards a demonstration that the human race has existed upon this planet upwards of twenty thousand years, and apparently on the evidence of language can be traced to a common stock. The book has called up a storm of controversy, in which we have no desire to mingle by a contribution of opinion which would be necessarily valueless. M. Bunsen tells us truly that there is no one living who has not much to learn from his book before he is in a position to condemn it, and that no one has a right to express any judgment upon it, favourable or otherwise, who is not well acquainted with the Egyptian language, hieroglyphics, and other memorials. We acknowledge the justice of the warning, and our own deficiency:

One more historical book of genuine value we have to mention,

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<sup>10</sup> “*Ägypten’s-Stelle in der Welt-Geschichte.*” Gotha. 1857.

combining with our notice a few words of sorrow that the author of it has passed away from among us before his time,—that we shall hear his voice no more. We believe that we live in an age of general enlightenment, but the available knowledge which makes this age different from other ages after all belongs but to comparatively very few persons, and the work is done by a still smaller number. The multitude, happily for themselves, believe what the few wise tell them; whether they know it or not, they obey implicitly their few leaders; and one of these last can be ill spared, least of all in the midst of his labours, with the promise given by his powers but half fulfilled. So, however, it is; Mr. Kemble will write no more books on this planet. A collection of State Papers is the last contribution which he will ever make to English literature.<sup>11</sup> It is a work, like Mr. Kemble's earlier publications, of plain sterling value; not ambitious of popularity, but a genuine addition to our historical knowledge. The true student of modern European History will find it invaluable. The dilettante will gather from the by-paths to which it will introduce him, curious fragments of new information; only those who read for amusement, and for nothing else, will find themselves disappointed. The period is an extremely intricate one—intricate because events were marshalled under no leading principles, but followed the thousand impulses of personal passions and petty selfishnesses. All which an editor can do, however, to make the story clear, with introductions, notes, and memoirs, is done most excellently. We recommend the book with our best emphasis, as belonging to the best of its kind.

Sir John Bowring, whose hand needlessly, or inevitably, has fired a train that in all likelihood will shatter in pieces the oldest empire in the world, has simultaneously given us a picture of himself in a less formidable capacity as the negotiator of a commercial treaty with the Siamese. He has published the journal of his expedition, and accompanied it with much additional matter, commercial, historical, statistical, theological, on the present condition of that little-known country, tossed together with the utmost looseness; and though we gather from the book a considerable notion of Sir John Bowring's scattered ability, the picture, as a whole, is of a most Chinese description: finished, and ably finished, in its details, but without arrangement, perspective, light, and shade—without any sort of unity or intellectual method.

Nevertheless, with much difficulty, by passing and repassing from volume to volume, a real insight is to be gained from this book into the condition of Siam,<sup>12</sup> where the same curious process is taking place which is distinguishing Asiatic civilization from the Dardanelles to the Eastern frontier of China; which peacefully or violently is super-fusing the arts and knowledge of Europe over the feebler systems

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<sup>11</sup> "State Papers and Correspondence, Illustrative of the Social and Political State of Europe, from the Revolution to the Accession of the House of Hanover." Edited, with Historical Introduction, Biographical Memoirs, and Notes, by John M. Kemble, M.A. London: J. W. Parker and Son, West Strand. 1857.

<sup>12</sup> "The Kingdom and People of Siam, with a Narrative of the Mission to that Country in 1855." By Sir John Bowring. London: J. W. Parker and Son. 1857.



of Oriental barbarism. By a law of nature, when a weaker people come in collision with a stronger, the inferior have to bend; where ignorance comes in collision with knowledge, ignorance has to bend; and the long sealed nations of the East, involuntarily opening themselves to the inroads of commerce, are forced into contact with elements too strong for them, and must either perish or submit to a metempsychosis. With respect to Siam, Sir John Bowring is sanguine. He finds the country governed by two princes, both of whom speak and write the English language—who read Sir Walter Scott's novels, and understand the mysteries of political economy. The prime minister discusses the principles of international exchange; exhibiting in his argument, Sir John tells us, "intelligence of a very high order." At all events, it is quite clear that the Siamese, both princes and people, understand that England is a great and powerful country, and that the strength of England is due to national character—to habits of life, and thought, and action which it will be well for them to understand and imitate.

On one point only they seem to decline our instruction: the religion of the Christian missionaries seems to them little more rational than their own: a common civilization, they hold, may be compatible with a different faith; the religious book of the Europeans may be the best for Europe; the religious books of Buddha the best for Siam. Both prescribe the same duties of morality—of love and good-will among men—of obedience to the Father of heaven. The arguments of the missionaries fail wholly to convince them that God is exclusively pleased with any one peculiar theory of him, or peculiar method of serving him. It is remarkable that the Christian religion found better favour two centuries ago in Siam—that civilization, in the modern sense of the word, does not make the work of conversion more easy.

"I have taken," says Sir John Bowring, "from the reports of the missionaries, a few examples of their mode of conducting a controversy. 'Will God pardon a great sinner—a murderer—and reward him like a virtuous man? If so, he is not just.' 'What you say is very good, but we wish to see how you persevere.' 'If God be the Father of all, why did he not reveal his will to eastern as well as western nations?' 'If miracles were worked to convert your forefathers, why do not you work miracles to convert us?' 'You say we are all lost if we do not listen to you. This is dangerous teaching; will it not offend the King? You say that God will be angry with those who do not believe you. Ought God to be angry on this account? Is he a good God if he is angry? You say God is very mighty and benevolent, and that he makes his sun shine equally upon the just and the unjust—how then can he punish sinners everlastingly in hell? How are we to know that your books are true? You tell us so; and we tell you our books are true—and why do you not believe us if you expect us to believe you?' On one occasion one of the Buddhist priests said to the missionaries, 'Do you think you will beat down our great mountains with your small tools?'"

The quarrels between the Catholic and Protestant missionaries are an obstacle to the success of both. The Siamese naturally suggest that it will be time for the Christians to preach to others when they have learnt to agree among themselves; and unfortunately they have an argument against conversion of a yet more telling kind.



On the authority of a witness whom Sir John Bowring considers competent, he tells us that the slaves in Siam are better treated than servants in England; that whenever they are emancipated they always sell themselves again; that they are regarded as the children of their master; are consulted in all matters as members of the master's family, and are rarely, or ever, ill-treated. There is, however, an exception to this. Speaking of the accounts of Siam given by a resident Roman Catholic Bishop, he writes—

“Despite of what the Bishop says about the humanity and virtues of the Roman Catholics in Siam, *I believe that no slaves are so ill-treated as those of Christians*: and he should, when mentioning the cruelties practised upon Christian slaves by the Siamese, have made some mention of the opposite case.”

We could wish that Sir John Bowring's duties had left him leisure to weave his matter in a closer texture. If not as good as it might be, it is still, however, exceedingly good, and at the present juncture very well-timed. Let us add, that it is illustrated throughout with portraits, engravings, beautifully finished imitations of illuminated drawings, and fac-similes of their Siamese Majesties' English letters.

A last book remains,<sup>13</sup> Mrs. Gaskell's *Life of the Authoress of Jane Eyre*. When in these late years we have listened to loud discussions upon education, as if for the first time a perception of a new duty was dawning upon us, we have often thought that in the essential part of the matter we were still groping in the dark, as if for the education, not of the character, but even, of the intellect, other things were of more importance than books, or than any teaching which can be gained from books: that, for instance, an apprenticeship to a trade, the acquirement of some mechanical art, which shall enable a man to stand firm upon his own feet, to earn his living by solid industry, contributes more to the sinew of his mind, will enable him in the common business of life to see more clearly, judge more soundly, act more wisely, than the acquisition of encyclopædias of information, or the ability “to answer questions” in all the histories, and languages, and sciences. “*Jane Eyre*” is one of the most “intellectual” books (we use the word intellectual in its strict pure sense) which the present generation has seen; and the authoress was an indifferently taught child of a Yorkshire clergyman, whose nervous understanding was formed in doing the work of a house-servant in her father's house—in sweeping rooms, scrubbing floors, blacking stoves, and baking bread; in coming thus in close contact with the genuine facts of life—emphatically earning her living with the labour of her hands. Often when crippled by poverty, obliged by want of means to go without “the advantages” which others had, and which seemed of so mighty benefit, she regretted that she was not as they were, a favourite of fortune. Yet the compensations of life are larger than they seem. Her education, such as it was, made Charlotte Brontë, although not a person of ex-

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<sup>13</sup> “*The Life of Charlotte Brontë*.” Author of “*Jane Eyre*,” “*Shirley*,” “*Villette*,” &c. By E. C. Gaskell, Author of “*Mary Barton*,” “*Ruth*,” &c. Second Edition. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., Cornhill. 1857.

traordinary gifts, yet capable of accomplishing a work which no other woman of her age could equal.

We have no space to enter into details, nor, after the reception which the world has given to this book, is there occasion for our doing so. In days like these, however, possessed as we are with so much vague unrest, living in the midst of change, with all things round us in motion, and no sure abiding-place for our own faith and convictions, the picture of this young girl,—growing up in a hard atmosphere, thinking only of her duty, with no peculiar religious emotions, with none of those excitements with which common people stimulate their languid wills, but quietly in each hour doing what each hour required, the same in trouble and in success, in the flush of her fame as an authoress peeling potatoes for “Tabby,” her father’s one servant, teaching in the Sunday-school, and visiting the poor,—this picture is at once elevating, assuring, and composing. In the midst of collapsing creeds, habits changing, the perplexed entry into a new era, we are here upon the solid ground of humanity, which is the same to-day as yesterday. We see before us, in the most modern form of the nineteenth century, the moral battle of life fought out and nobly won. The estimate which men form of this world varies from age to age. At one time, it is but a shadow, and “man’s true abiding-place” is elsewhere. At another, we make much of the world; we make progress in the arts which smooth our life upon it; we examine its laws, and dwell upon its structure; it is a thing of moment to us, and our presence on it is a substantial reality. But, under all circumstances, one aspect of existence here will be of it as a state of discipline, where our characters are tried and schooled—for what end we do not know, or what is to result of it; but the fact is plain matter of experience, and to the graver thought which looks beyond the edges of time into the blank infinity which envelopes it, this is the thing, after all, of chiefest moment connected with us. What we are! how we live! what we make of ourselves! Other things are of light importance by the side of these.

And thus it is that the story of a life bravely spent has an unequalled charm for us. It nerves our courage, and shames our cowardice, and while teaching us little which can be expressed in words, works upon us like an invigorating atmosphere. Plutarch’s biographies were the instructors of the Pagan world; the lives of the saints were the theology of the monasteries. In the heroes, and the confessors, and martyrs, men saw before them examples of what they, too, might become. These forms have passed away, but the substance remains; and, little as Charlotte Brontë knew it, she was earning for herself a better title than many a St. Catherine, or St. Bridget, for a place among those noble ones whose virtues are carved out of rock, and will endure to the end.

Of Mrs. Gaskell’s share in this matter a few weeks since we would gladly have said much. She herself will now desire that we should say as little as possible. Another edition, we trust, may soon give her an opportunity of cancelling the pages which the world will be slow to forgive—which she herself should never forgive. The character of



Branwell Brontë she saw through the eyes of those whose natural affection after his death obscured or excused his faults. But, irrespective of all else, the conception of this youth as a fallen genius, a great intellect ruined, is a mistake into which an ordinary woman might have fallen, but which Mrs. Gaskell ought to have avoided. The lineaments of an entirely worthless vagabond appear in his features from the beginning to the end.

### BELLES LETTRES AND ART.

**S**ELDOM has a writer made appeal to the public for poetic honours with the pertinacity and constant ill success of Mr. John Edmund Reade. A fourth reprint of his poems<sup>1</sup>—for which we are entirely indebted to his unshaken faith in himself—now demands a revision of the repeated verdict, and seems to declare that, while we refuse to rank him among the poets of his land, we must continue at issue with him. Not Wordsworth among poets, not Mahomet among prophets, had a greater fund of the buoyant confidence that whispers future triumph during present defeat, than Mr. Reade: and in him it is the more marvellous, as it must exist without external support—in complete isolation. They, at least, had their little circle of worshippers, gradually extending; but Mr. Reade, as far as we can hear, is alone; and we will say of him that, if the Muse was ever starved into surrender, or could be won by simple ardour, in the face of the maxim of Horace, he would deserve all the renown that might accrue to him. It would be better, perhaps, to pass the volumes over in silence and leave time to do its certain work, but that, although the safer process, implies a contempt we do not feel for Mr. Reade's powers and accomplishments. He is a man of steadfast ambition, and does solid work. Had he set his mind with the same consistent energy to prose that he has expended on producing laborious verse, he would hardly by this time have lived to be ranked with the mob of gentlemen who groan under the imputation of writing with ease. There are two reasons why his poetical attempts should never be popular. In the first place, the themes are pitched too high—the mark is far beyond the arrow's flight. "Italy," "Man in Paradise," "Cain the Wanderer," "Revelations of Life," attest the loftiness of his aim, and too signally exhibit the shortcomings of his genius.

"Who aimeth at the sky shoots higher far  
Than if he meant a tree,"

As the old poet writes; but then, in earthly ambition, he hits nothing. The Spenserian stanza in "Italy" is smooth, well rounded, and properly regular—all the qualities of the surest opiate—altogether unawakened by fire, force, or original thought. What resistless impulse of the muse, what grand new idea, tempted Mr. Reade to select such a subject as "Italy," after "Childe Harold?" Or was it not selected,

<sup>1</sup> "The Poetical Works of John Edmund Reade." New edition. In four volumes. London: Longman & Co. 1857.



and conceived, moreover, in absolute imitation? Could he have surpassed, or in any way have recalled, Byron, there was some justification for him; but as it stands it must be considered a faint servile echo of the great poet, which we choose rather to look upon as amiable, than utterly pretentious. This vice of direct imitation is the most fatal objection to Mr. Reade's success, and would have ultimately tripped him had he possessed more winning aids to reach the public ear. It is a vice belonging not so much to the general execution, as to the prime conception. A young poet may be allowed to copy the style of the great masters of his art: nay, he will attain strength and boldness from the devotion—they are the ladders that uplift him to the empyrean of his free powers: but we insist on the conception being his own—he may work at another man's mill, but he must bring his own grist. Mr. Reade is not a young poet; yet we still find him publishing poems directly and every way due to Byron, Wordsworth, Tennyson—due in manner, in form, in origin. Here is a sample—"Life and Death in Eden:"

"Life, glorious spirit! walked by Eden's stream,  
Exultingly, and with a bounding tread;  
Flowers grew beneath his footsteps, his breath shed  
Vitality on air; his lucent eyes  
The sky and air reflected in their gleam:  
He stretched his hand forth, and, in ecstasies  
Of joy absorbed, exclaimed, 'All this is mine!'  
A deep voice sighed behind, 'Not wholly thine!'  
He turned, within his shadow on the ground  
Another walked, a potency that drew  
Its life from him, and gave: beside a yew  
He stood, and rolled his solemn eyes around:  
'Thou hast well said, but we must share one throne;  
Thou quicken'st, but canst not preserve the breath  
Thou givest, frail and fleeting as thine own;  
Thy birth and resurrection are from death;  
All through my gates their being still pursue;  
I did the work thou canst not do alone;  
I destroy not, nor wither, but renew."

This is very well; but it is almost a paraphrase of the "Love and Death" of the Laureate. In a younger man we should have said that the way the tone and thought of him who makes metaphysics beautiful to us is here caught, might be a sign of promising ability; but the very cleverness is condemnation to a writer of established years. In the mechanism of his art—as the above extract shows—Mr. Reade is sufficiently capable. To take him from his books, he has a cultured mind, a gentle heart, a trained intellect, right feelings: with such a combination of gifts, one who has lived long enough to publish four editions should bear with equanimity to be told that he is not a poet.

What have we done to deserve three hundred and thirty-five pages of closely-printed rhymed heroics on the final argument of Providence with man, "The Last Judgment, a Poem in Twelve Books?"<sup>2</sup> It is really

<sup>2</sup> "The Last Judgment. A Poem in Twelve Books." London: Longman & Co. 1857.

something to make the shade of Pollok burst with envy. Listen to this:—

“The righteous and the wicked all arise;  
 These with dismay, and those with sweet surprise;  
 These struggling fierce, with slow, reluctant pain,  
 Those swift and eager their reward to gain;  
 These howling with ten thousand terrors stung,  
 Those with hosannas bursting from their tongue.”

Angelico does it better; but you see that, if this poet could only paint to your eyes his notion of the frightful forms of the wicked, and the beatitude of the good, he is just as much in earnest and determined about the contrast as was the old monk of Fiesole, or as is Mr. Spurgeon; but with all the will in the world he has not their power, nor will he ever have it, though he, to use his tremendous couplet—

“Through eternal ages heave and swell,  
 Inflated with the atmosphere of hell.”

We should presume him to be a disciple of Mr. Spurgeon; and if that great orator were some day to leave his hungry flock in the lurch, and put on singing-robes, he could hardly scatter damnation around him with a more dulcet indifference.

The tragedy of the “Cruel Sister” is not to our taste; but there are some sonnets at the close of the volume which are both good sonnets and good poems; and it is less difficult to write a bad tragedy than a good sonnet. The following is very graceful and complete:—

“Sunset was glimmering on the last red leaves,  
 When through the twilight of the gnarled boughs,  
 The fading light still clinging to her brows,  
 I saw her wending homeward with the sheaves  
 Heaped on her shoulder, raising her loose sleeves,  
 So her white arm like a white crescent shone,  
 Grasping the rustling ears. Then one by one  
 The children wandered from their cottage eaves,  
 And gathered the stray wheat that she let fall,  
 And clapped their little hands when she would call.  
 And all things innocent and dutiful  
 Smiled to her smile, and seemed to grow more fair,  
 She passing with the twilight beautiful  
 Upon the mellow sheaves and her fair hair.”

The fault of this young poet—for he is evidently young, with a precocious facility of verse—is that his fancy is at present overborne by the picturesque. His volume will make no impression from lack of any palpable stuff. When he has lived and felt, we have no doubt he will do something, for the promise is abundant.

Mr. Bell has proved himself a competent editor of our poets, and in his last volume he has enriched the series and done good service, by a judicious selection of the songs and ballads of our peasantry, wherein he who cares to know the people of England as they used to be, and

might be again, will find them painted to the life by their own hands. As we look through the volume,<sup>4</sup> merry England seems to revive before us. The plenitude of animal spirits, the humour broad and sly, the devil-may-care jollity, the rarely spoken but deep tenderness of heart, the perfect contentment of mind and contemptuous comparison of other and higher conditions with their own, all these ancient characteristics of our peasantry are here, and make us too sensible that while one portion of the people of England has greatly advanced, another has sadly retrograded. It is as if the greensward had withered, the hedges no longer blossomed may, and a blight had fallen on rural England. The people who could produce and carol ditties such as these, might challenge the world to match them in spontaneous gaiety and songfulness. Some are really excellent metrical studies, and have poetical worth, but they are chiefly remarkable for the picture of plain English nature they present, and show clearly enough that if we have not a Burns or a Béranger, it is our own fault. The people will sing, are glad too, and will furnish themes in plenty: that they reject the drawing-room ballads now in vogue, is a sign they have yet some healthy faculty left. The country housemaid may have once sung "I'd be a butterfly," and "Oh no, we never mention her," but Hodge never took it up, and Madge was already corrupted by her mistress's cast-off gown, when she forsook the song of the "Milking-pail." The absence of any shade of melancholy throughout is curious; melancholy is "drowned;" dull care they bid "begone," and in terms sufficient to scare it; it is in fact a Celtic, not at all a Saxon, quality. The "Clown's Courtship" ends—

"To marry I would have thy consent,  
But faith I never could compliment;  
I can say nought but 'hoy, gee ho,'  
Words that belong to the cart and the plough," &c.

Harry, after an unsuccessful wooing of Malley, instantly bethinks himself of solace with "Margery in the valley," altogether in the right wholesome way: a healthy-minded people, wisely keeping all their hearts for their children—not such fools as to break them, or even let them be troubled about such a business-like affair. The "Rural dance about the May-pole," is one of the best examples of vigorous pastoral song in the language:—

"Come, lasses and lads, take leave of your dads,  
And away to the May-pole hie;  
For every he has got him a she,  
And the minstrel's standing by;  
For Willie has gotten his Jill,  
And Johnny has got his Joan,  
To jig it, jig it, jig it,  
Jig it up and down."

<sup>4</sup> "Ancient Poems, Ballads, and Songs of the Peasantry of England," &c. Edited by Robert Bell. London: John W. Parker & Son. 1857.



“ ‘Strike up,’ says Wat; ‘Agreed,’ says Kate;  
 And I prithee, fiddler, play;  
 ‘Content,’ says Hodge, and so says Madge,  
 For this is a holiday.  
 Then every man did put  
 His hat off to his lass,  
 And ever girl did curchy,  
 Curchy, curchy on the grass.

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“ ‘Let’s kiss,’ says Jane, ‘Content,’ says Nan,  
 And so says every she;  
 ‘How many?’ says Batt; ‘Why three,’ says Matt,  
 ‘For that’s a maiden’s fee.’  
 But they, instead of three,  
 Did give them half a score,  
 And they in kindness gave’ em, gave’ em,  
 Gave’ em as many more.”

“Old Adam” we have always dated from the days when Mary Wollstonecraft began to agitate about the rights of women. A gentleman of our acquaintance heard it in his youth sung by an old crone down the streets of Chertsey, and there is a slight variation in one part between her version and Mr. Bell’s. Thus she used to give it in the most wavering of cracked voices:—

“ She wasn’t tuk out of his head, sir,  
 To rule and to govern a man;  
 Nor she wasn’t tuk out of his foot, sir,  
 By man to be trampled upan.  
 “ But she was tuk out of his side, sir,  
 His equal and partner to be;  
 For we learn from our holy guide, sir,  
 That man is the tap of the tree.”

A charmingly inconclusive close. Mr. Bell has it—

“ But as they’re united in one, sir,  
 The man is the top of the tree;”

which is more logical, but misses the rhyme.

The song of old George Chapman, interpreting Homer,<sup>5</sup> comes upon us in its fourteen-syllable fulness, like the continuous rushing in of long-ridged waves to land under a strong south-wester. Its peculiar qualities are now clearly settled, and to those who can or cannot read Homer in the original it will be alike acceptable.

In the very delightful series of Essays on Homer and his Translations, by Professor Wilson,<sup>6</sup> the merits of the four great translators are genially discussed, and Chapman has his full meed of praise accorded him by a man who could thoroughly sympathize with him,

<sup>5</sup> “The Iliads of Homer, Prince of Poets,” &c. Done according to the Greek, by George Chapman, with introduction and notes. By Richard Hooper, M.A. London: John Russell Smith, Soho-square. 1857.

<sup>6</sup> “Essays Critical and Imaginative.” By Professor Wilson. Vol. IV. William Blackwood & Sons, Edinburgh and London. 1857.

and had much of his spirit. Wilson leads off with a literal version, and then compares the passage with Sotheby, Cowper, Chapman, and Pope. Here and there Chapman is unrivalled, and probably, had he given the like careful revision to the latest books that he bestowed upon the earlier, he would have carried the crown. Single lines of his stand out like very jewels plucked from Homer's mine; but he runs them too much into one another for the form of verse he chose, and the general effect is disjointed, and makes one, for general reading as a poem, prefer even the elegant monotony of Pope. Cowper is our favourite. He is, after Chapman, the most animated; and, on the whole, the most accurate. It is a question whether blank verse is suitable for a translated epic. It must needs be cold and stiff; requiring, more than any kind of verse, original fire—that constant, welling, forceful flow which we have in Milton, and nowhere else, and which seems to be in itself an inspiration, dependent on the primal impulse of the muse, the body to the soul, not to be divided without death. Nor will hexameters do, as readers of Voss have experienced. They are heavy in German, a language better adapted to this measure; they are impossible in English, even allowing the continuous trochaic terminations of the lines. There is a fine ballad swing in the fourteen-syllable verse which conveys much of the wandering minstrel spirit and glorious antique freedom of the original, besides assisting us to length of verse, a requisite where hexameters are to be translated. The rhymed heroic couplets are too cramped. The translator is compelled to sacrifice strength to grace, freedom to finish, and presents Homer to us in a court dress, in which Greece does not know him, and he is thought spurious by his best friends. Homer is yet to be done into English.

We have two American books this quarter on matters of British literary controversy, one a century old, and destined never to be settled; the other, considerably younger, a tremendous onslaught on established faith, which will waste its fury against the rock, and pass away in froth. Mr. Dowe is of opinion that Junius is Lord Chatham,<sup>7</sup> and elaborately undertakes to prove it. The notion is not original, but it has never before been so cleverly stated. On one ground the hypothesis is strong. No man of that age had such reasons for concealment as Chatham, supposing him to be Junius; few possessed the force of will that would have nerved them to forego so much fame. He was also the greatest political genius of his day, and certainly there are some curious coincident expressions and phrases in his published orations, and in occasional passages from Junius: the sentiments, and the lofty Pittite arrogance with which they are delivered being throughout similar. But here, we think, the case is against the great minister. Chatham would hardly have been the man to have repeated, almost word for word, whole sentences that he himself had previously expressed elsewhere. His mind was

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<sup>7</sup> "Junius: Lord Chatham. A Biography, setting forth the Condition of English Politics preceding and contemporary with the Revolutionary Junian Period, and showing that the greatest Orator and Statesman was also the greatest Epistolary Writer of his Age." By William Dowe. New York. 1857.

too vigorous and abundant to have retained the form, even had he cherished the ideas. It was much more likely to have occurred to his secretary to reproduce them, either intentionally or not. Mr. Dowe cites the attack made by Junius on Chatham, as a fine instance of the cunning that conceals cunning. It is a sort of manœuvre likely to lead off the scent all but cool observers, and in politics cool observers belong to the next generation. Junius, we may be sure, did not hate Chatham, or his attacks on so prominent a personage would have been more frequent and more fierce. Again, from this it seems possible that Francis wrote the letters, and probably with Chatham's cognizance. There is no external evidence in favour of Chatham, and there is some little show of it for Francis. \* \* But Mr. Dowe supplies strong internal evidence to fortify his argument, stronger than that adduced on behalf of Lord Lyttelton or Lord Temple. The case is a good case, and we leave Mr. Dowe to break his lance with Mr. Macaulay and the "Quarterly Review." He is by no means a weak adversary, and tilts well.

If Miss Delia Bacon had thought proper to conduct her argument<sup>s</sup> against the dramatic, or poetical, existence of Shakspeare with the precision and to write with the clearness of her compatriot, Mr. Dowe, the theory she puts forth would have been entitled to greater consideration than it will obtain among those who read the English language and are not much bemused in German metaphysics. Hyphens, brackets, involutions of all kinds abound, and bewilder the traveller from paragraph to paragraph, while the more to perplex and confound him in his darkness, strange italics are perpetually being bawled in his ear; and around him unexpected, inexplicable capitals go off with a bang. It is a perfect study of emphasis; but we cannot think the lady to have always dashed her pen under the right word. We rarely get a clue to her mystic meanings. As sometimes in society one comes across people who accompany the commonest remarks with glances of intense abstract signification, so Miss Bacon will italicize prepositions, conjunctions, and articles, until these appear to contain the very marrow of her ideas. Now and then she reminds us of Miss Toppit, in "Martin Chuzzlewit," and passages occur where, in the words of that wonderful woman, "Mind and matter slide swift into the vortex of immensity. Howls the Sublime, and softly sleeps the calm Ideal in the whispering chamber of the Imagination. To hear it sweet it is. But, then outlaughs the stern Philosopher, and saith to the Grotesque, 'What, ho! arrest for me that agency. Go, bring it here,' and so the vision fadeth."

Nevertheless, the spirit which prompted Miss Bacon to cast down from its eminence on her library-shelf the bust of Shakspeare, was, in some respects, as Mr. Hawthorne challenges us to admit, one of high intentions, however affected by mania, and she must, despite the silly phrases of contempt she uses, be guarded from the repugnance that the world feels for such sacrilegious hands as seek to set up one idol in

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<sup>s</sup> "The Philosophy of the Plays of Shakspeare unsolved." By Dean Bacon; with a Preface by Nathaniel Hawthorne. London: Groombridge & Son. 1857.



place of another long worshipped. The argument is that certain Elizabethan wits, headed by Bacon and Raleigh, did plot together to enlighten the people of England, and teach them the excellencies of free government; so to undermine the despotism of the Crown they served; and that to this end they chose the drama for their mask, and "that thing," "that creature," "Jester Will," as their instrument. Miss Bacon informs us that at a future day she intends to lay before us a mass of crushing external evidence, by which, we suppose, she means facts, to ratify her assertion, as opposed to every flimsy suggestion that could have made the mind start off at a tangent. The idea of so lofty and subtle a conspiracy as this she attributes to the great men of Elizabeth's age, is creditable to Miss Bacon's imagination. We have thought highly of them, but not so highly as that. When she furnishes us with facts we shall be happy to answer them. Mr. Hawthorne's preface is extremely eulogistic of the lady, as was Elijah Pogram's speech to Mrs. Hominy. We cannot see that he exactly subscribes to her doctrine; but he does enough to blind the general reader, if the book should command such an individual. Meantime, as there is an English claimant to the distinguished honour of disputing the paternity of the Shakspeare plays, and as Miss Bacon is proud of her discovery, we may as well help the announcement of its being incontrovertibly her own. Before Mr. Smith's pamphlet addressed to Lord Ellesmere appeared, Miss Bacon had broken ground by a preliminary article in an American magazine, and had, even before that, we are given to understand, paraded this present book round London, but could not successfully urge its acceptance upon any of the great publishing houses.

To a mind wearied with these muddy waters, Mr. Bathurst's scholarly little treatise on Shakspeare's versification<sup>9</sup> is a pure refreshing spring. It does not require critical notice from us, and we hand it over to the poetical student.

Mr. Ruskin's annual remarks on the Royal Academy pictures<sup>10</sup> are this year noticeable for the severe criticism on Millais, as wholesale in condemnation as in laudation last year. On the whole, the judgment is just; but we should have preferred not to have had it pronounced with so much epigrammatic force:—"It is possible to stoop to victory; it is also possible to climb to defeat; and I see with consternation that it was not the Parnassian rock which Mr. Millais was ascending, but the Tarpeian." Was it imperative to speak this so that it lingers like a trumpet-tone in the memory? The picture is indeed monstrously imperfect; but, setting aside the symbolism, for which Mr. Ruskin has always such strong predilection, and which was certainly not the artist's leading idea while he painted it, however deeply the spell of his imagination has made it suggestive, there is, we are inclined to

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<sup>9</sup> "Remarks on Shakspeare's Versification in different Periods of his Life, and on the like Points of Difference in Poetry generally." London: John W. Parker & Son. 1857.

<sup>10</sup> "Notes on some of the Principal Pictures exhibited in the Rooms of the Royal Academy and the Society of Painters in Water Colours." By John Ruskin, M.A., &c. Second edition. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.

think, more poetry in the head of the old knight than in anything Millais has hitherto done. That hard, grizzled head, rough with many a fight, getting grey with a full harvest of chivalrous labours, and its quick, far-glancing blue eye, that can be so terrible in battle, so tender to childhood—a rough, weather-beaten head, not possessing great qualities, perhaps, but high knightly ones, ready for all enterprize in honour's behalf,—it is in itself a chapter of romance, and proves reaches in the artist's soul immeasurably surpassing anything else in the Academy. The twilight landscape—the solemn purple hills and autumn foliage quivering in the stillness—is wonderful, and a fitting framework for the stately show. It may still be made a great picture. It was undoubtedly finished in haste for exhibition. Mr. Millais is one of the few English painters who have any dramatic capability at all, and of those few he has the greatest; but it has this year, in the “Escape of a Heretic,” led him to an excess of portraiture, though not, we think, of action. The scene in the cell is full of fire; but it is decidedly unpleasant long to face that “hush!” of the lover's protruded lips. Mr. Ruskin objects to the lady's foot. There may not be much Arab arch in it, but it is good flesh, and her face is finely rendered. Mr. Millais has surfeited on praise: the wholesome correction he has this year received from his warmest admirers will, we have no doubt, send him back to that old system of patient labour which founded his fame, and without which his genius will be as an untended lamp.

There is no fault to find with the remainder of the notices: they are genial and discriminate. Mr. Ruskin might have drawn attention to the head of “Montaigne” (Wallis), masterly in conception and execution, and altogether a most enjoyable picture—one that they who love the old wise Gascon are not likely to forget. He has rightly complained of the way it is hung, which throws a meritorious work into false light.

“A Handbook of the Gallery of British Paintings in the Art Treasures Exhibition”<sup>11</sup> will be a useful companion, not only to those who are visiting Manchester, but to all who may require a succinct account of the English school of painters. It is evidently written by a man whose judgment may be trusted, so skilfully interweaving biography with criticism, that we know the men while we are studying their works. He is devoted to no particular style, and can therefore treat of any one with consummate fairness, from Barry to Turner, down to the pre-Raphaelites. We have never seen the pre-Raphaelites more justly dealt with. Their opponents belabour them with scornful abuse, and the interpreters of their system do not seem to be able to speak without extravagance. The author of this handbook, by his appreciative treatment of our earlier masters, justifies his right to point out the high peculiar merits of the pre-Raphaelite school. The criticism on Holman Hunt's “Claudio and Isabella,” his “Two Gentlemen of Verona,” “Hireling Shepherd,” and “Awakened Conscience”

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<sup>11</sup> “A Handbook of the Gallery of British Paintings in the Art Treasures Exhibition: being a Reprint of Notices originally published in the *Manchester Guardian*.” London: Bradbury and Evans. 1857.



is eulogistic without exaggeration, and, brief though it be, most comprehensive. The handbook cannot fail to be popular with artists, and deserves to be widely known to the public.

In opposition to the title-page of the "*Roua Pass*,"<sup>12</sup> we must express our belief that the authorship is feminine. The prominent male characters are undeniably women's men; that is, they are a woman's idea of what men are, mixed up with certain salient manly characteristics, which may have been conceived from observation, and are possible to us. Basil Harold will pass; Auber is a little more daring, and, for an outline, not bad; but Marchmoram, what shall we say of him? We will let the authoress speak.

"His eyes were literally the light of his countenance; ~~for when~~ cast down, in one of those absent moods he was subject to, darkness came over their expression. They were eyes of hawkish brown—a colour that deepened almost to blackness with rage, and softened with love. When excited, and he was fearfully excitable, they lighted into a strange fire: you felt it was his brain that sent those burning flashes through his eyes, and their wild light would enkindle in your own soul congenial sympathies. . . . Marchmoram's face might have been handsome, but for that critical feature the mouth—the index of character. It was an ugly, unlovable mouth. The lips were thin, red, and firm, and sometimes drawn ascetically: smiles sardonic, sarcastic, Satanic, and scaphic wreathed them by turns."

Sufficient this for a single man shooting in the Highlands! and dangerous, one would say, to ladies not too much occupied with sport. Dangerous Marchmoram proves to Esmé, a very charming heroine, and one of three, Highland damsels all, daughters of John Neil MacNeil, laird of Glenbenrough, who have love-passages with the men, and are not disappointed, with the exception of Esmé, who is sacrificed to Marchmoram's ambition. As a set-off to our objection to the men, we admire this lady's women exceedingly. The girls are graceful, and simple; their conversation natural, and full of spirit; wherever they appear, true to our first conception of them, and developed artistically in numberless little observant instances. Lady Ida pairs with Marchmoram. She is, however, less of a Semiramis than he of a British Lara. Miss Christy Macpherson is a humorous national sketch, and the company not working in the story are pleasantly touched, and keep the background properly.

The "*Roua Pass*" is a good novel—the best of the season. The authoress, an idealist in treatment, and one by instinct, has a close acquaintance with the peculiar life she depicts, and loves nature warmly. Exquisite bits of Highland scenery abound, and there are sweet as well as amusing social interludes. Our highest admiration must be reserved for the style. It is not new for a woman to write powerfully; but, in general, when they are powerful, they are, or have been, morbid. They have a French love of detail,—part due to themselves, part to the study of Balzac, and this is brought to bear indiscriminately upon character and localities. The authoress of the "*Roua Pass*" is averse to dissection. Her mind is healthy and active. Her pen

<sup>12</sup> "*The Roua Pass; or, Englishmen in the Highlands.*" By Erick Mackenzie. 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.



flows on with delightful ease, and we hope not to seem ungallant in terming it masculine freedom. Nothing can be more simply elegant than her language, yet it is without labour, inevitably apt, and full of light and shade. The style would seem to be a spontaneous reflection of a clear, lively intellect, and a strong, firmly-seated heart. We should scarcely think the "Roua Pass" her first work: it affords us every reason to believe it will not be her last.

"Below the Surface"<sup>13</sup> is not at all an anatomical novel, as many might be led to expect from the title; its dealing is entirely confined to things above the surface; neither the substrata of society nor the mechanism of the mind are laid open to us; and if it had been called "Life in the Shires" it would have fulfilled its aim, and have caused no disappointment. It may not be a success, perhaps, for an author to make himself better liked than his book; but, in the present instance, the amiable and manly tone—the evident pure upright spirit that breathes through every page—wins upon us where the story fails and power is wanting. The main fault is a certain thinness of style; and this is especially marked in the more stirring scenes. The author is no dramatist. He sketches well a hereditary Puritan, a scheming lady-mother, a flighty governess—when at his ease: but he does not quite grasp his reader at the exciting moments. His knowledge of the *bourgeoisie* seems to be derived from Bulwer, and the chapter describing the funeral of Mr. Usherwood is worthy of that novelist's pen—which is not high praise. The story is made to hinge on the loss of a child, and on the connubial difficulties of a couple that must ultimately come together again—as they do so often in novels, so seldom in life. The novel is, in point of story, sufficiently amusing, and jogs on comfortably to the end; doubtless, however, story was a secondary consideration with one who was planning a social satire, and had set himself to demolish work-houses and lunatic asylums. But why relinquish the pamphlet, the ancient, approved, and honourable weapon of controversy, in order to over-freight fiction with a load that sinks it? Here is another novel of "purpose," well intended, well written, but failing in both ways—the fiction is burdened by the fact, and the fact rendered dubious and weak by the fiction. We shall begin at last to feel like those unhappy boys who have had much medicine administered to them in sugar-shy of the adored sweets. Surely, the public must be in an unwholesome condition, if this is the only means to move them. It is manifestly unfair; the statement cannot but be one-sided. We have a race of writers now who imagine they would be disgraced by simply telling a story. They deliberately look out for some political or social object to annihilate, that will at the same time dignify the events they are condescending to relate; and also—last, not least—secure to them a large and zealous sect as readers. One or two may have higher motives; the author of "Never too Late to Mend" was certainly in earnest, and so is the author of "Below the Surface," whom we thank for a pleasant book, and respect as a brave, high-minded man, hoping to meet him

<sup>13</sup> "Below the Surface. A Story of English Country Life." 3 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.

again on his old ground (if rumour is right in ascribing the novel to Sir Arthur Hallam Elton); for here his ability and courage are all but wasted, and fruitless. It is not every knight can take the minstrel's seat; even when this is done, the knightly aim and the bardic faculty are rarely found in harmonious union, save when fired by the immediate calls of country; and there is no longer a distinction between patriots. Let writers with a purpose not forget that when they make use of fiction to develop their views, these, not to appear contemptible, require the display of narrative and dramatic power; and even when possessed of such aids, they are but cunning advocates hoodwinking the jury in a larger and more licensed court.

"Photo the Suliote"<sup>14</sup> is not a novel, but an admirable narrative, part historical, and written with great vigour and freshness, recounting the adventures of the son of Lambro Tzavellas, one of the last band of that heroic race of Suliote mountaineers who resisted, till finally overwhelmed, the designs and treacheries of old Aly Pasha of Joamina. One cannot hope that at this day any warm interest will be specially excited on behalf of the gallant Greeks; it must be taken rather as a picture than as a plea: but Mr. Morier's aim was good and honourable. His description of the two opposing parties, of the country, the habits and dispositions of the savage Suliotes, and of the degraded renegades and dependents of the grim Albanian despot, is such as must have sprung from living acquaintance with the people and the land; and the contrast between a state of wild freedom, bare with all its excesses, and the total corruption of slavery in its hideous viciousness, is perpetual, and so presented as not to need artifice in the colouring. Nor does Mr. Morier (and we thank him) weaken the effect by preaching from the text at all. He is sure of his hand. He does not endeavour to be picturesque, but is so perforce. We transcribe the scene where seventy Palikaria, under the conduct of Tzavellas, marching as allies of the Vizier, are betrayed into his trap. They had been purposely led a fatiguing journey, and have abandoned their arms to slake their burning thirst in the river Calamas—all save Dhimo, a crafty veteran, who is careful to keep his musket dry, reloads, and seats himself apart from his comrades in the dusk of evening.

"The Fall of Glizani is a remarkable feature in the wild and picturesque valley of the Calamas. It is produced by a sudden depression of the level of the country which forms the basis of the mountain whence it springs, and which, extending for some distance to the right and left of the river's bed, assumes the appearance of an immense natural terracc. To a spectator placed on the opposite heights near Zitza, the stream of the Calamas is discernible, slowly gliding in various meanders upon the upper level, till it reaches the edge of the terrace, when, leaping into the vale below, its course becomes as impetuous and violent as it was before smooth and gentle, until, as if fatigued with their own rage, the waters gradually relapse into a softer flow lower down the valley, but still continue partially ruffled with the shock, till they are confounded with a thousand other mountain streams in the Ionian Sea.

<sup>14</sup> "Photo the Suliote. A Tale of Modern Greece." By David R. Morier, Esq. 3 vols. London: Beeth. 1857.



A slope, thickly covered with the ilex, forms one side of the fall; on the other is a green bank, worn into a multitude of precipitous forms by the continual spray, which rising in a white mist conceals the bottom of the fall, and hovers above the edge like a thin fleecy cloud, the shape varying with every gust of wind. . . . The sun was now set behind the near mountain of Shootisla, whose lengthened shadows, thrown across the valley, imparted a deeper tint to the dusk, leaving nothing distinct amid the monotonous gloom but the broad white foam of the ever-restless waters. None of the Suliotes had yet thought of resuming their arms, which lay still unloaded, scattered along the river's bank; but when they had all drunk their fill, fatigued more than satiated with the draught, they threw, or rather let themselves drop on the ground, at the spot where each happened to be, caring for nothing; but at last to stretch out their wearied limbs in listless and undisturbed repose.

"The chief and his son chose their resting-place at a short distance apart from the rest, just upon the rise of the wooded slope already mentioned as forming one side of the fall. 'Thou wilt, doubtless, not be loth, Photo, to partake of our mehmandar's promised good cheer, which thou hast stoutly earned to day,' observed Tzavella, while the lad was employed in loosing the thongs of leathern sandals which confined his swollen feet. 'Truly not, father,' replied the young soldier, 'provided I be not required to stir another step towards it: but I see no preparations yet, except that there be some one yonder from the melokhi to tell us the Papàs's kibab and wine are ready.' As the youth spoke, Tzavella could just distinguish by the dubious light the figure of a man slowly moving in the space which interposed between himself and his comrades. 'It must be that indefatigable fellow, Dhimo,' exclaimed the chief, 'who, as if he had not had exercise enough to-day, seems busy collecting the arms of the Palikaria.' 'To make himself a pillow, I suppose,' interrupted Photo. 'But now I see other men, father: look, they are creeping along the right. They are none of ours—they must surely be some of the Vezir's troops who were to join us on the road.' Tzavella, at this discovery of his son's, had started to his feet: but before he could reply to his conjecture the men, whose numbers seemed to be increasing every moment, were seen suddenly to rush forward, as if to seize with the velocity of the tiger's spring the prostrate and defenceless Suliotes. 'Treachery! base treachery!' exclaimed the chief, and levelled his pistol at the thick of the assailants, less with the hope of its taking effect than of rousing his comrades to a sense of their danger. 'Curse on that water which has ruined all!' said he, whilst his pistol hung fire; then, drawing his sword, 'Follow me close, boy, and remember thou art a Suliote; thou must sell thy life the dearer for having enjoyed it so short a space.' The youth made no reply, but, casting aside his cumbrous capota and grasping his sabre, he sprang forward before his father, no longer mindful of the recent fatigue, and eager only to prove himself worthy of his origin. But vain was the generous resolution of them both."

They are overpowered, and Dhimo alone escapes:—

"Dhimo was in the act of stepping down to recross the stream. His form, seen against the last gleam in the western sky, was still visible on the opposite bank. In the same instant the eyes of all the Suliotes were turned towards him, and every man, struck by the thoughts of the danger which menaced his native glen, from the perfidy of which his own capture was the first symptom, shouted, as by a common impulse, 'Dhimo, cross not! Fly—fly to our place! Tell them we are betrayed! Fly! fly!' The shout, which was meant to warn the soldier of his peril, was that which aggravated it; for the captors, who had been too much occupied with securing their prizes to perceive the one that remained, now, for the first time, turned their attention towards him, and, in an instant, above three hundred shots were discharged at



Dhimo. One of the Albanians advanced to the water's edge, and took a deliberate aim. . . . Dhimo was prepared by his friends' shouts and his enemies firing, and was beforehand with the Turks. There was hardly light enough for him to have distinguished his foe, even at so short a distance, had not the white drapery which forms the peculiarity of the Albanian costume offered to his aim a spot still perceptible amid the surrounding gloom. With a steady hand and eye Dhimo levelled his musket in that direction, and fired. Then, without stopping to ascertain the effect of his shot, he leapt from the bank, and was lost to the further view of friends and foes."

The Suliotes are led captive to Joannina, and there, to deliver them, Tzavellas engages with Aly to obtain the submission of his brethren, leaving his son Photo as hostage for the fulfilment of the promise. The main interest then centres in the fortunes of Photo. Tzavellas outwits the pasha, and Mr. Morier gives a translation of his original letter to Aly—a letter worthy the best heroes of old Greece. But this stroke of diplomacy is at the expense of his son Photo, left to the mercies of the thwarted despot. He is rescued by the Papàs Samuel, a well-drawn character, who devotes himself to the task. Love, as a passion, is absent; Photo is too young to know how well he loves the Kyra Angelica, and she is too good to give him more than a sister's affection—too good to exist, as they say; for it seems strangely universal the belief that women so good as Angelica are not healthy women, and render us the breath of but dying flowers. Nevertheless, Mr. Morier deserves credit for the picture. Ignatios, Bishop of Arta, is the one figure of repose and peace amid so much strife, Angelica being overshadowed by her foreseen fate. There is grim humour in the scene between the Papàs Samuel and the Delhi dervish, "a ferocious, reckless profligate, whose vices were occasionally exasperated to the pitch of rabid mania by the excitement of opium," yet a privileged person, and living in the odour of Moslem sanctity. The Papàs proves too much for him; but it is a splendid combat, wherein the elements of fire and water take part against the infidel in a fashion that would have been once sung differently. Oriental litigiousness is also comically brought out where the old black woman, one of the heroes of the renegade Mehemet Effendi, knocked over by Photo in his flight, appears before the Cadi to demand justice, with her "Hak, hak! Justice, justice, O Cadi! I have been killed; I have been murdered; I have been spit upon; I have been watered upon; I have been pelted, lapidated. Ahi, ahi, wèh, wèh, hak, hak, O Cadi!"

We admire this work very much: still it is rather the lucubration of a skilful amateur than the production of a master. Better material was never given to the novelist: it is one of those subjects that might have been built up into a grand and lasting performance; but we would not seem ungrateful to Mr. Morier for the few hours delightful reading he has furnished us, and we can honestly say of his book—what can rarely be said of any—that it deserves to be rescued from the three-volume limbo of the libraries, and reprinted in a permanent saleable form.

It was aforetime a feat of boldness to sell a bull with the naked fist, or to stand single in the breach against assaulting foes; but few examples that antiquity can offer us exceeds in dogged, determined courage

the publishing of an avowed romance<sup>15</sup> in these days of common-place and self-anatomy, when the age will be satisfied with looking at nothing but itself, and thinks the aspect of a predecessor not reflecting its own, anything but interesting. Mr. Doubleday has forsaken politics, and and plunged into Venice, *temp.* 1590. His devotion disarms criticism. We do not learn from him only that under a dry statistical strata may boil hot springs of passion, and story-loving credulousness; but it is well when the instance lives before us. Doubtless this gentleman read Monk Lewis in his youth, and acquired early the romantic taste and feeling, of which we are pleasantly sensible throughout the "Eve of St. Mark." That, however, is all the eulogy we can bestow on it. Romantic imagination Mr. Doubleday has not. The story begins well, draggles on, and ends lamely. The excitement of good situations is extinguished under bushels of words; and Mr. Doubleday has the unhappy prosaic habit of seizing his reader now and then, and droning about the sensations and mutual position of lovers during an interview, instead of dramatizing it. Here is a random specimen:—

"The mingled and varied emotions to which she had been so many hours exposed . . . . . had given her unusual animation. The personal exertion she had been compelled to make had given her cheek a heightened glow. To the graces of her fine figure and the ease of her movements, the tumult of her feelings had given additional animation. In short, never probably had this charming woman seemed more charming. . . . . These graceful negligences only added, however, to the fascinating *tout ensemble* of the being upon whom the enthusiastic Raymond Delancy now gazed; and what marvel can be felt that such a sight partially overset the faculties of him who beheld it?"

What marvel, indeed! But the reader is all the while thinking of the faculties of him who wrote it; for this redundancy of print amplifies unnecessarily what we should have been made previously to apprehend and be sure of. We have quoted a portion of the long-winded passage to justify our opinion. Mr. Doubleday cannot be spoken to as we should address a younger man. It is no shame to him that this is not the sort of work he excels in.

We are not among those who have had faith in Herman Melville's South Pacific travels so much as in his strength of imagination. The "Confidence-Man"<sup>16</sup> shows him in a new character—that of a satirist, and a very keen, somewhat bitter, observer. His hero, like Mr. Melville in his earlier works, asks confidence of everybody under different masks of mendicancy, and is, on the whole, pretty successful. The scene is on board an American steamboat—that epitome of the American world—and a variety of characters are hustled on the stage to bring out the Confidence-Man's peculiarities: it is, in fact, a puppet-show; and, much as Punch is bothered by the Beadle, and calmly gets the better of all his enemies, his wife in the bargain, the Confidence-Man succeeds in baffling the one-legged man, whose suspicions and snappish incredulity constantly waylay him, and in counting a series of victims. Money is of course the great test of confidence, or credit

<sup>15</sup> "The Eve of St. Mark. A Romance of Venice." By Thomas Doubleday. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.

<sup>16</sup> "The Confidence-Man: his Masquerade." By Herman Melville. Authorized edition. London: Longman and Co. 1857.



in its place. Money and credit follow the Confidence-Man through all his transformations—misers find it impossible to resist him. It required close knowledge of the world, and of the Yankee world, to write such a book and make the satire acute and telling, and the scenes not too improbable for the faith given to fiction. Perhaps the moral is the gullibility of the great Republic, when taken on its own tack. At all events, it is a wide enough moral to have numerous applications, and sends minor shafts to right and left. Several capital anecdotes are told, and well told; but we are conscious of a certain hardness in the book, from the absence of humour, where so much humanity is shuffled into close neighbourhood. And with the absence of humour, too, there is an absence of kindness. The view of human nature is severe and sombre—at least, that is the impression left on our mind. It wants relief, and is written too much in the spirit of *Timon*; who, indeed, saw life as it is, but first wasted his money, and then shut his heart, so that for him there was nothing save naked rock, without moss and flower. A moneyless man and a heartless man are not good exponents of our state. Mr. Melville has delineated with passable correctness, but he has forgotten to infuse the colours that exist in nature. The fault may lie in the uniqueness of the construction. Spread over a larger canvas, and taking in more of the innumerable sides of humanity, the picture might have been as accurate, the satire as sharp, and the author would not have laid himself open to the charge of harshness. Few Americans write so powerfully as Mr. Melville, or in better English, and we shall look forward with pleasure to his promised continuation of the masquerade. The first part is a remarkable work, and will add to his reputation.

From the "Confidence-Man" to "Magdalen Stafford,"<sup>17</sup> and "Ashburn,"<sup>18</sup> is the change from a stony heath to sunny meadows. They have both the merit of being in one volume, and have neither of them any other interest than what is attached to the quiet fortunes of meditative, colloquial heroines, ruminating on their feelings, and seldom moving from one spot to chew the cud of fresh fancy. They are very pure reading, and can be conscientiously recommended to young ladies. Masculine readers may not feel so much excitement about country damsels destined to marry the first man they love, and to love him ever after, with no further hindrance to their immediate junction than the lack of a little plain, straightforward speaking—a verge they are trembling constantly up to, constantly shrinking away from. There are some of us who have seen how unmistakeably the youngest of women can speak with one of their thousand tongues, when they are inclined to let their emotions be specially known; and to such it might be a wonder why, lady and gentleman willing, the lovers are kept asunder so long: but we are not adepts in the mysteries, and doubtless it is right and well that they should be mutually ignorant, since so many stories are founded entirely upon this principle and plot; and once accept the possibility, which a maiden of tender years unhesitatingly does, such incidents as "a morning drive," a "talk in the shrub-

<sup>17</sup> "Magdalen Stafford; or, a Glean of Sunshine on a Rainy Day." London: Bell and Daldy. 1857.

<sup>18</sup> "Ashburn. A Tale." By Aura. London: Saunders and Otley. 1857.



bery," a "county ball," are thrilling almost to fever, to say nothing of runaway horses, and impromptu tauromachia in a field. "Magdalen Stafford" is the best written book of the two, and contains occasional passages of nice description.

A reprint of "Stories and Sketches," by James Payn,<sup>19</sup> brings to our mind that there was once a young poet of Trinity of that name, who promised well, but has long been silent. His stories are not so good as his sketches, which are smart and amusing—possibly, a little too much in the popular style of one of the periodicals they first appeared in. Mr. Payn does not lack ability to produce a sustained work, and whether in poetry or in prose, we shall welcome it gladly.

We have all of us so many sad Crimean memories, that the song of a heart bereaved by the late war does not require genius to make its lightest word move thousands deeply; and when the sorrow is unaffectedly simple in utterance, it may of itself claim a passport into numerous households without any rich arrayal of verse. "The Lost Friend"<sup>20</sup> is the title of a set of little tender poems written in memory of one of England's dead heroes. The author recalls the spots where they have walked together, the grace and nobleness of his ancient comrade, and it is impossible not to share and sympathize with a grief so unstrained in expression, and full of quiet sincerity:—

"We are so happy, dear! and yet  
 These sudden memories will arise:  
 E'en now I may not quite forget  
 The light of his warm hazel eyes,  
 That shone around me in my youth—  
 Yours hardly veil a tenderer light.  
 We are so happy!—yet, in truth,  
 I would that he were here to-night,  
 "Who sleeps not in our English earth,  
 The English earth he loved so well,  
 The soil to which he owed his birth,  
 The soil for which he fought and fell.  
 And thou canst not, red Russian land,  
 A nobler form than his enfold,  
 Whose death I learned when this right hand  
 From his last grasp was scarcely cold."

The same string is still harped on, but where communion of feeling is established there can be no monotony:—

"Soon borne on wires across the gloomy sea  
 Came tidings.—Let me feel thy hand  
 In mine, my Helen, nearer still to me;  
 For, Helen, we speak of him in the land  
 He never more may look upon. They told  
 Me he was dead, and on my life fell cold  
 The shadow of that lone Crimean grave,  
 O'er which no English elm may ever wave.

<sup>19</sup> "Stories and Sketches." By James Payn. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.

<sup>20</sup> "The Lost Friend, a Crimean Memory; and other Poems." By Colburn Mayne, Esq. London: John Chapman. 1857.

“A shade that only passed when on me slept,  
 Last spring, the sunlight of thy love;  
 But from my heart went not his image, kept  
 Until we meet again above.  
 For separate still from every household god  
 Is that dear image of a faithful friend,  
 Whose head is pillowed on no English sod.  
 Now, Helen, now my tale is at an end.”

When we come to the “other poems” the charm is broken. The author appears rather as an admirer of the arts than as a poet.

“*Indische Skizzen*,”<sup>21</sup> is the modest title as opposed, says the author, to *Indian Studies*, of a very excellent series of articles reprinted from a German periodical. One of them, “*Modern Investigations on Ancient India*,” has already been translated into English (published by Williams and Norgate), and is the most interesting, although we would not say the most valuable, of the series; for the articles on “*Buddhism*,” and on the “*Relations of India with Occidental Lands*,” may, perhaps, rank higher in importance. Herr Weber is well read in English works on India, but, excepting a trifling hint or so from Jones, Wilson, and Prinsep, he does not owe us much, nor is there much to be borrowed from us. The Germans have latterly turned their attention to Indian research with their usual intellectual ardour, and our thanks are due to the German Oriental Society for the encouragement they have held out to the studious investigations of their countrymen. We trust that the remaining three essays will appear in an English form.

When the first feeling of proud congratulation and delight following the discovery of their national epic, the “*Lay of the Nibelungen*,” had somewhat cooled, there was not among Germans, as there might have been elsewhere, a reaction—an attempt to prove the whole a fabrication, or fortuitous concourse of particles of verse. On the contrary, the entire body of professors set to work to discover its origin, and render the treasure comprehensible to the German race in all its bearings. Differences of opinion naturally ensued, and then came a great battle, which has raged with a vehemence only possible to German professors, and is not yet appeased.

The pale morning beam of historic light shed by Tacitus on Germany, making darkness visible, was, till the discovery of the *Nibelungen* and of the traditions that were its source, all that existed to relieve the dead obscurity that enwrapped those primitive races, and gave us, moreover, but a cold outer view and uncertain glimpses, however priceless. These traditions supply the want, and shine down like stars against the night of Old Germany, showing us the habits and inner life of the people and their kings at the period of the incursion of the Roman legions—hereditary princes heading their tribes in the fight, or lending their presences to the happy nuptial festivals, or winning their brides by great deeds of arms; combating giants, monsters, dragons; costly weapons, renowned in song, being fur-

<sup>21</sup> “*Indische Skizzen. Vier Bisher in Zeitschriften Zerstreute Vorträge und Abhandlungen.*” Von Albrecht Weber, nebst einer Schrifttafel. Berlin: Ferd. Dümmler's Verlagsbuchhandlung. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.

nished them from the smithies, and Odin lending them luck. It is the same people described by Tacitus, only we know them more fully, and breathe for the first time the true German atmosphere—the grossest or the most delicate of any. Here we have them in their wild, weird humour, too; a humour that yet distinguishes them, and excites laughter even while the hair is on end—possibly the greatest achievement which an imaginative German prides himself on producing; and frightful to listen to, with implicit faith in those ancient forests of Rhineland and Westphalia, from the recitation of a grey-beard minstrel grimly earnest. The heart of the forest still lives in every German breast.

Herr Raszmann, in his "*Deutsche Heldensage und Ihre Heimat*,"<sup>21</sup> has collected all those traditions from which the song of "Siegfried, the Dragon-slayer" was composed; a labour of love, not entered upon for the purposes of controversy: commenced, as he tells us, anterior to the present literary hubbub, and to prove an epic unity in the Sagas, their primal German origin—notwithstanding the claim put in by the North—and so to arrange the legends as best to exhibit how the Nibelungen was built up into the grand song as we have it now. He has printed at the end of the work a number of popular Märchen from Grimm, having undoubted reference to the story of the German epic hero; and he is justified in his hope that the book will find favour not solely with the learned, but in extended circles. A comparison between the Scandinavian Sigurd and the German Siegfried, shows that, however fond of blood the poet who wrote the lay may have been, he could conceive and set forth a perfect hero, and was so far cultured as to represent his heroine other than a scold. Sigurd is faithless and perjured; he has little claim to our sympathy—none to our respect. Siegfried is chaste and generous; a character not excelled in pure nobility by the knights of chivalry.

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<sup>21</sup> "*Die Deutsche Heldensage und Ihre Heimat*." Von August Raszmann. Erster Band. "*Die sage von den Wolsungen und Niflungen in der Edda und Wolsungssaga*." Hannover: Carl Rümpler. 1857. London: Williams and Norgate.



THE  
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REVIEW

OCTOBER 1, 1857.

ART. I.—FEMALE DRESS IN 1857.

1. *The Ladies' Gazette of Fashion.* Berger. London. 1857.
2. *The World of Fashion.* Improved Series. Patronised by the Queen. Simpkin and Marshall. London. 1857.
3. *Costume in England; A History of Dress.* By F. W. Fairholt, F.S.A. Chapman and Hall. London. 1846.
4. *Tracts of the National Dress-reform Association (United States).* By Harriet N. Austin. 1856.

THREE years and a half ago, when treating of Manners and Fashion, this Review made the avowal,\* "There needs, then, a protestantism in social usages;" and the writer proceeded to point out how the ridicule played off by the humorists of society against our most glaring social follies must inevitably overthrow them. "Signs are not wanting that some change is at hand. Ridicule has always been a revolutionary agent. That which is habitually assailed with sneers and sarcasms cannot long survive. The time is approaching, then, when our system of social observances must pass through some crisis, out of which it will come purified and comparatively simple." Thus it appeared in 1854 that we had reached such a pitch of extravagance in our tastes and notions that we could honestly make ourselves more absurd; and that the intervening years, the greatest of those social earthquakes, that of female dress, has become so much more conspicuous than all the others, and has produced so much

the expected crisis must be very near indeed, and the conventional protestantism must be ripe for promulgation, if reform is really to come about by such means. We see reason to believe, as we shall presently show, that the prophecy of 1854 was a rational one; and we venture to hope that the fathers and husbands of the rising female generation will have less to suffer in mind and in purse from the follies of their fair relatives than our neighbours of the present day. We do not desire to preach on that easiest of all topics—the sin of extravagance in dress—because every woman is already aware of everything that can be said. We are not going to repeat the fearful story of the poor dressmakers, with their dazzled and aching eyes, their confused brain, their feverish hands, and difficult breathing; nor is it our business at the moment to echo the warning of Miss Edgeworth's dreadful tale of "the Dun." All has been said that can be said on these heads; and every fine lady could repeat it all as well as we could, just as every gamester could preach against gaming, and every sot against intemperance. The gambler and the sot would go and lose themselves in their respective sorts of madness the next night—over-tempted or self-deceived; and the fine lady fails to perceive why the truths she hears or utters should retrench a decoration or enlarge a covering. It is a case in which preaching does no good, because it is one in which reason bears no sway.

Five years ago, we were all saying that wars were over—that, having established ourselves in the ways of peace, and experienced its blessings of progress and plenty, we should find means to settle international difficulties otherwise than by war. Yet, we have passed through one war, are involved in another, and expect to witness and perhaps be drawn in by several more.

Seven years ago, in the same way, we were confident that the barbaric ages of dress were over for ever. We had attained (and this was true) a rational and tasteful mode of dress, more favourable to health and convenience, and further removed from exaggeration of any kind than at any time within living memory; and we might laugh at the follies of English dames, from the Lady Rowena to our own grandmothers, without dread of being ourselves laughed at for any lapse into absurdities which look like insanity to a succeeding generation. Yet we are already entangled among absurdities and extravagances which can hardly be surpassed by anything Mr. Faitholt himself could cite out of his historical study of "Costume in England." We doubt whether in any age of our national history, or on any spot of the globe, a more indefensible mode of dress could be pointed out than we have displayed before us at this moment in the "World of Fashion," published by Simpkin and Marshall, and



(as the title-page declares) patronised by the Queen; and in the "Ladies' Gazette of Fashion," distinguished by its faithful presentments of the actual mode of upper-class dress. Putting aside *Punch*, and every kind of caricature, we have plenty of prints of existing ladies before us every day to meditate upon with more leisure than the mind can obtain in parks, Crystal Palaces, and Ohiswick Gardens, where we have met the originals; and a quiet contemplation of the garb of 1857 can leave no other conviction, we are confident, than that, if our ladies were rational five years ago, no more reliance can be placed on reason than on caprice. But the truth is, dress is not a matter in which reason has ever yet had much concern. It may be occasionally reasonable; but it is not therefore determined by reason. A variety of passions or feelings may be implicated in dress; and any one of them is more likely than reason to institute or spread a fashion, except at some season of equipoise or neutrality, when the judgment has a chance of rule for once. As judgment and taste go together, it seems rather surprising that reason should have so little to do with dress; but the fact is so: and, in the supposed realm of taste, we see that arbiter set aside, together with the judgment, on the first interference of any emotion. The female world which, in the absence of any particular perturbation, some years ago dressed in gowns of an easy length and breadth, of moderate weight in the skirt, and a natural division at the waist, now plays the fool in a costume which barbarians might mock at;—and all this because Paris is charming to the imagination and venerable in the traditions of the toilette, and because the womankind of Paris is now ruled by a second Josephine, with whom dress is her favourite branch of the fine arts, and who is also a sprightly witch, well inclined to try how far she may go in caprice with the world at her heels, and to put to the proof the power of her beauty in making fools of "all ladies in all lands." A crowd of emotions—curiosity, wonder, admiration, and all the feelings which go to make up what we call *romance*—have urged the women of England, Russia, and America, and perhaps a good many more, into extravagant exaggerations of the caprices of an extravagant beauty. One article alone, the full skirts, will remain a monument of their impressibleness. It was convenient to the graceful empress to disguise her figure for a time; and every dowager, and every young maiden just emerged from the schoolroom, adopted the device without any consciousness of the absurdity of the imitation. Thus are our ladies proving themselves no wiser than their great-grandmothers, though they planned themselves for a time on being so. Their feelings have carried them away into a fanaticism of fashion which *Punch* may expose, but can hardly caricature.



Glancing at the fashions for 1857, what do we see? On the head is a something, the purpose of which it would be difficult to discover by reason;—a structure of silk or straw, adorned with flowers, ribbon and lace, crowded on the angle of the jaws and the nape of the neck, and with its fore part just reaching the crown of the head. We have Mr. Spurgeon's authority for the effect to the eye of the spectator in front. Being advised to preach against the prevailing folly in head-gear, he paused as he stood up on the platform, looked round him, and said, "I have been requested to rebuke the bonnets of the day: but—upon my word—I don't see any." This is the bonnet of the summer of 1857—pinned to the head in some troublesome way—leaving the face exposed in a manner which one need not be a Turkish parent to disapprove, and causing the hair to be powdered with dust, and the head and face to be alternately heated and chilled by sun and wind, so that the physicians are easily believed when they declare that cases of eye-disease, of toothache, and neuralgic pains of the head and face, are beyond all precedent in their practice. For many months past English women and the ladies of America, where the extremes of heat and cold are greater than with us, have been subjecting themselves to the inconveniences of going out bareheaded, with the added annoyance of an apparatus which heats and worries the back of the neck. The broad-brimmed hats are a piece of good sense in the midst of a mass of folly. *Punch*, and other satirists, may quiz the hat as a device for looking young; but the ridicule touches only the elderly wearers, and leaves the hat unimpeached. Some quizzical specimens, plumed and be-ribboned, and so turned up and twisted about as to serve no more useful purpose than the prevailing bonnet, may be seen here and there: but the simple original hat, with a brim which shades the eyes, and a crown which protects the head, is worthy of all approbation, while it is exceedingly becoming to young wearers. As to older people,—if they sensibly decline wearing the bonnet which exposes their grey hair to the very crown, and feel that the hat is too jaunty,—why do they not recur to the indigenous, serviceable, becoming, unobjectionable English straw-bonnet of all times? Not the fancy chip, or the open shell-work of straw, filled up with silk, but the veritable straw fabric (Tuscan or Dunstable at pleasure), which will outlast all changes of fashion in a climate like ours. There is no occasion to wear it in coal-scuttle fashion, like holy District Visitors, so that a pious woman is always to be looked for at the end of a long bonnet; nor do the milliners insist on all ladies going bareheaded. The straw-bonnet admits of all reasonable modifications; and that of five years ago, enclosing the face modestly, and covering the head comfortably, gratified good

taste then, while it satisfies sound reason now. Instead of it, we daily see old ladies in one of two extremes:—either their lank jaws are exposed by the dark strings of a slouching hat, or their wrinkled faces and grey hair are encompassed with blonde and artificial flowers, as the trimming of the little excrescence called a bonnet in our day. One would think that no woman could fail to perceive that wreaths and garlands are a youthful adornment, and that no one should wear artificial flowers who could not fittingly dress her hair with natural ones: yet we see dowagers with roses and foliage clustering round their cheeks at every turn.

The mantle is, perhaps, the best idea among the fashions of the day, and now and then we see one worn by a sensible woman which fulfils all reasonable conditions; but the majority of them are so made as to partake of all the disadvantages of the existing gown. It used to be thought, and it will be thought again, that everything in the cloak way loses its character, and therefore its tastefulness, by being fitted to the figure. A modern mantle which is confined at the waist, and has sleeves inserted in a tight armhole, is certainly not a veritable mantle, whatever else it may be; and when we see it, as in this summer of 1857, cut down to a mere band round the chest, extending no higher than the point of the shoulder, and turning into a sleeved jacket below, we have no more to say to it as a respectable member of the mantle tribe. But to respectability in the eyes of taste, it usually forfeits all pretension by its parade of ornamentation. Its fringes, and bugles, and braids, and gimps, and laces, and buttons,—its frillings, and quillings, and puffings, and edgings, and slashings, are too meretricious for any garment of the cloak order, or for permanent fashion, though this article is perhaps the least objectionable of the whole suit now favoured by the caprice of the day.

The madness runs riot in the gown—(to use the old-fashioned word which is more distinctive than the technical use of the term “dress”). The consciousness of the whole public enables us to be brief on this head. When we enter on the topic of the gowns of 1857, every reader’s “prophetic soul” warns him what animadversion to expect on tight waists, bare shoulders and arms, cumbrous and encroaching skirts, and an apparatus for their management which is in every way objectionable. The costliness, the clumsiness, the ugliness, the affectation, the stiffness, the noisiness, the complete reversal of the objects and attributes of dress in the “dress,” evening and morning, of the present fashion seems to be generally admitted: therefore we shall not insist on them at any length. The plain facts of the case are these. The gown of 1857 is made of the most expensive materials obtain-



able. Ladies who used to dress handsomely on thirty pounds a year, now find that sum insufficient for their gowns alone; and middle-class young ladies, who have hitherto been satisfied with twenty pounds a year, are now driven to their wits' end to keep up with the mode at all: and they have recourse to cheap showy silks that will not last, or light gauzy materials requiring a style of petticoat which makes the dress a costly one after all. Maid-servants, who have before deposited something in Savings Banks every quarter, now feel morally compelled to buy twice as many yards as formerly for their gowns. "It is but ninepence a yard," the mistress says, when the gown is a print; but the gowns are not all prints; and if all require eight or ten breadths in the skirt, the difference at the end of the year to a girl whose wages are ten or twelve pounds, is not small. Even the cheap print gowns require so much making, and are so troublesome to wash and iron, that the custom is a tyrannous one to those on whom it weighs least. As for the most numerous order of its victims,—that of middle-class ladies,—this year, 1857, will be a mortifying or disastrous one in the family history of too many households. The cost of dress has become so disproportionate to other items of expenditure as to create serious difficulty in the homes of men of business, who have hitherto been able to provide their wives and daughters with whatever was needful to a moderate complacency. The rich silks of the day, under their various names, of which every lady now thinks one at least absolutely necessary, cannot be had for a wife and daughters, with the prodigious trimmings which are equally indispensable, under a less sum than would maintain a country clergyman, or half-pay officer and his family. The paraphernalia of ribbons, laces, fringes, and flowers, is more expensive than the entire gown of ten years ago. It is not our purpose, as we have notified, to go into the serious moral consideration of the case, or we might disclose a decline of respectability in this class, as well as in ranks above and below, which would make other hearts as heavy as our own. Our readers can imagine, if they do not know, the process of decadence: exhausted credit, debt, secret gambling, in one shape or another, and even theft in the form of a great spread of shop-lifting, and the purchase of stolen goods. Of these things we might say much; but our theme is the bad taste of the fashion. The middle-class man, then, finds his house and garden too small. The dinner-table will not accommodate the old number; and if a leaf is inserted, the waiting-maid can hardly get round,—a process the more difficult from the number of breadths in her skirt, and the extent of stiff cord in her petticoat. The most delicate flowers in the garden are cut off by the ladies' hems as they walk the path, and the little greenhouse is no place for such tragedy.



queens; they cannot move without knocking down half-a-dozen pots. If the children are young, the parent dares not commit more than one at a time to the charge of the nursemaid, for a neighbour's child was actually swept into the water from a bridge by a stiff skirt which went flaunting by,—the wearer being unconscious of the mischief. If he walks with his wife, he has to be on his guard all the time. If the wind blows, he is fettered by her superfluity of garments; and if it rains, no umbrella can cover them both. If the weather is settled fine, the lady's train raises a cloud of dust, and sweeps the path of all loose filth as they go. If they enter the parks, the steel rim of her petticoat cuts his leg as they squeeze through the narrow gate; and if they try the high road, there is too much probability that the whole apparatus may become inverted by a sudden gust catching the balloon. Umbrellas get turned wrong side out; and the existing skirt is much more easy to invert. If it is to be a drive, and not a walk, the good man runs the risk of being dismissed as a haughty actress dismissed an old friend. With a vehement prohibitive gesture she drove him back from the carriage-step, with "Pardon me—I and my dress occupy the carriage." The same women who in their youth marvelled at the slavery to fashion which induced their grandmothers to kneel in the carriage for a drive of many miles to save their lofty head-dresses, now banish husband or father to the box, or compel them to walk, to make room for the accommodation of flounces and steel springs. Sunday is changed. The children cannot go to church, because mamma leaves no room for them; and papa has to stand aside, in the face of the congregation, while his lady is effecting the difficult enterprise of entering her pew. Are the ladies aware that the dulness of church is relieved to bachelor gentlemen by the amusement of watching, and afterwards discussing, the comparative skill of the ladies in passing their pew-doors? We are concerned to find that a new method of getting up Prayer-books and Bibles for church use enables the ladies to find their own amusement while apparently engaged in worship. It seems to be really the fact that the ladies' Prayer-books have a small mirror bound up with the cover,—probably of about the same size as that in the hat-crowns of dandies, which they consult while devoutly covering faces on entering their pews.

In the present travelling season, the trip is found a pursuit of pleasure under difficulties, unless the ladies will retrench their garments. It is now a common thing to take more places everywhere than the number of individuals requiring them; and on cross roads, where coaches and posting are the only means of conveyance, the gentlemen have no chance of room unless the ladies take more places than they want. On the Scotch, English,

and Irish lakes, the decks of the small steamers are unsafe for children and other unwary passengers amidst the sweep of hoops and hidden clothes-lines. It is out of the question for the ladies to trust themselves to a pony for a mountain ride, while carrying a balloon about their waists; and they cannot climb to the ridges in a dress as heavy as themselves, and longer than their own heels. If they venture on foreign travel, the prevailing fashion compels a kind and amount of custom-house search highly distasteful to any family man. And where is the recompence of all this? If it is troublesome at home that no wardrobe or closet will hold the household gowns, it is no compensation to witness the effect of those dresses in company. An admiring father, who till lately delighted in his daughter's grace and lightness of movement and her elegant figure, now sees her deformed and trammelled, whether at the piano, in the dance, or simply sitting on the sofa. In the first case, she can perform only at arm's length: in the second, she steers about like a great steamer on the river, which all boats get out of the way of with all speed; and in the third case, the spectator is reminded of nothing so much as the old way of bathing at Bath, when the ladies waded about in the ponds, finely dressed to the shoulders, while hoops and the waters concealed all below the waist. A girl at a party now looks like a romp half hid in a haycock, or the aconite pushing up its blossom between two leaves; we fear we must add like a hunchback, all ruffed and frilled as hunchbacks are wont to be. There is an anecdote told by one of our travellers in the United States of a dress-maker in a New England village who, on being reproached about the fit of the gowns she made, replied that she did not see how she could do more than she had done: she had obtained the proportions of the Venus de Medici, and if the ladies were not satisfied with what would fit *her*, why, then their taste was not to be admired. What would the Venus de Medici and her devoted dress-maker say to the spectacle of a pretty slim girl so smothered in apparel that, as she sits, she seems like a person up to the armpits in feather-bed?

As to the hidden apparatus requisite for the management of such a mass of clothing, it is really too well known to require much description. When a man has gained £10,000 by such an invention as a lady's petticoat, his commodity becomes an object of study at once; and no doubt the gentlemen have contemplated the petticoats in the shop windows—crinoline, gutta percha, and steel—with as much interest as the lady-customers within. The gutta-percha tubing (to be inflated by persons who despise their ancestors for stuffing their nether garments with bran) seems not to answer very well, judging by the proposals made to buy it up for transatlantic telegraph purposes. Not only may the steel



birdcage, which seems the most eligible, be seen in the shop-windows, but, in the apartment above, an occasional experiment, or a course of practice, may be seen of drawing up the hoops by a string over the left shoulder, to enable the wearer to sit down. More harmless were the hoops of the Grandison days, when, as Harriet Byron shows us, the ladies made room for the gentlemen in carriages, and for their own circumference in sedan chairs, by slipping the hoop upon the left shoulder. More accommodating were the fair ladies of a century ago than our contemporaries, we fear; for they would bear a remonstrance which we have no idea would be at all respected now. When the "Messiah," as yet unheard, was to be rehearsed, in Dublin, under the guidance of Handel himself, publicly, for the benefit of certain charities, the advertisement of the rehearsal ended thus: \* "Many ladies and gentlemen who are well-wishers to this noble and grand charity, for which this oratorio was composed, request it as a favour that the ladies who honour this performance with their presence would be pleased to come without hoops, as it will greatly increase the charity by making room for more company." Three years later we find the committee, on a similar occasion, declaring that if the ladies will lay aside their hoops "for one evening, however ornamental, the hall will contain an hundred persons more, with full ease." The grammar is here not so good as the sense and spirit of the notice; but it might not be amiss to read it according to the construction, for that would certainly be an ornamental evening on which the ladies should lay aside their folly,—the brightest evening of the year. Now that even Parliament has listened to inquiries and appeals about the crowding to which the Queen's visitors are subjected when Her Majesty holds a drawing-room, we may hope that one of the inferences natural to the occasion will occur to the sovereign and her visitors at once,—that if the drawing-room were attended by ladies in gowns, and not by dresses with women in them, there would be more room, if not enough. Each saloon "will contain an hundred persons more, with full ease," no doubt; and perhaps twice or thrice as many. The ladies have a right to expect all practicable convenience when they pay their respects to their sovereign; but then, again, if they each demand a circumference in which Falstaff could have cut capers, they need not complain of compression. The Queen might fairly tell them this; but she would do the thing more effectually by setting the example of a truly tasteful mode of dress. She is far within the limit of the prevailing barbarism and extravagance. Her bonnet is worn on the head, and her bills are paid quarterly; and in both these matters her sub-

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\* "Life of Handel." By Victor Schoelcher, pp. 248-250.



jects would do well to imitate her; but a more eminent service yet remains for her to render to the women of her kingdom,—to restore a rational, prudent, and tasteful style of dress, such as was encouraged by her only a few years ago. She might do it in a month—unless queens are slaves to their dress-makers, like old dowagers and young misses; or as the *paterfamilias* of all ranks is to the undertaker in the matter of funerals. If, according to the popular notion of a queen, she can do as she likes, she might put an end to the abuse in a month. No doubt the abuse will go out, as such follies do, at the lower end of society; and when a sufficient number of servant-maids, and labourers' daughters have been tempted into folly or sin, and have exhibited the new style in its extreme, high-bred ladies will begin to remember that dress was made for woman, and not woman for dress, and will revert to considerations of convenience and fitness; in other words—to good taste. But the interval may be long. Three years elapsed between the two notices about hoops just cited; and it may take more than three years for “the vulgar” to disgust “the genteel” by a reflection of their follies: whereas the Queen, by simply giving a turn to their feelings, might put an end to the folly in a month. By reforming the court dress of this country, she might abolish the chief obstacle to a redress of our barbarisms. While such a monument of folly as our court dress remains in high places, it will be difficult to bring dress under intellectual and moral regulation. The Queen need not apprehend any charges of democratic tendencies for such an act as reforming it. Her uncle, George IV., abolished hoops at court not so very long ago. To be sure, they formed a contrast with the contemporary fashion of scantiness of skirt, which was abundantly absurd, whereas at present the servant-maids seem likely to transcend the court ladies in bigness and weight of clothes; but, if a Tory king could alter so time-honoured a custom in highly conservative days, it seems that a popular Queen, liberal and moderate in mind, manners, and conduct, could carry her personal good sense into the costume of her own sex at her own court.

Every child in an educated household has heard ridicule of the fashions of the first half of this century (not to go back to the days of high heels, pomatum, toupees and turbans, hoops and patches), and some fashions which we ourselves have witnessed seem to us, in the dispassionateness of our latter days, remarkable enough, though less vexatious than the mode we are complaining of. We say vexatious, and not unaccountable, because the existing fashion does not appear to us altogether unaccountable. Nothing is ever so in itself; and the word is a mere confession of ignorance. Without going over the ground traversed

in this "*Review*" on a former occasion, of the *rationale* of modes in dress and manners, we may just say that the same spirit of the age which has created Crystal Palaces, monster ships, and every kind of provision for the million, might naturally generate, and evidently has generated, a tendency towards the vast in popular taste. Men must make prodigious fortunes, and precipitately; and women must dress sumptuously, and on an enormous scale. It would not greatly surprise us to see more borrowings from the eastern hareems,—even the pattens, which give height, and which may be rendered a very ornamental article of personal furniture. It would be rather difficult to manage stilts, or we might have them as successors to the high heels of the last century, and be favoured with a new flight of deportment masters, to show how to manage them. But the patten of the harem, with its inlay of mother-of-pearl and its jewelled fastenings, might give height to correspond with the width, which is now disproportionate. It is true, the eastern patten is used for a purpose—for walking over marble floors sprinkled from the fountain; but never mind the use, if ladies, finding their *ensemble* abundantly broad, desire to have height in proportion! If their grandmothers went tapping about in high-heeled shoes, why should not their descendants go balancing about in resplendent pattens? There would be at least as much reason in this as in another practice derived from the harem. The practice of painting the eyelids with kohl, as an item of dress, is told wherever eastern ladies are described. The purpose is the same that was answered among our grandmothers by hair-powder and rouge—to give an adventitious brightness to the eyes. The advertising columns of our newspapers show how the same aim is treated in these days, when powder could not be worn without eccentricity, except in the form of slight sprinklings of gold-dust. Advertisers offer a preparation of belladonna, in order to "give brilliancy, vivacity, and the power of fascination to the eye." The *Lancet* at once laid hold of this abuse, and offered warning of the consequences to the eye, of paralysing the iris and expanding the pupil, and then exposing the organ to a strong light, for purposes of "fascination." It would be incredible that such a practice should become common, if we did not know how extensively arsenic is used in some civilized countries, for the sake of freshness of complexion and other factitious signs of youth. If it be really true that the kohl of the harem has sent belladonna into the boudoirs of England, it is a small thing to anticipate that our ladies may take lessons from the same quarter in making themselves tall.\*

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\* While writing, we are informed that we are surrounded by ladies who really do wear high-heeled shoes. Our authority is indisputable,—the disclosures of a chiropedist whose business is in a most flourishing state from



But, we were about to review the leading points of the fashions of our century. Our own recollections go back to nearly the beginning of it. The old ladies had then their own style, rather peculiar, but not eccentric. When we name the leading points—the muslin handkerchief crossed on the bosom outside, the muslin apron, the ruffles at the elbow, and the long gloves or mittens, the mob-cap within doors, and the small high-crowned black bonnet with mantle to match out of doors, our readers will recognise their grandmothers, or the family portraits of them. The more modern style was one which our innocent infancy supposed to be new, but which we perceive must have been perpetuated or revived from the “modern antique style” which prevailed in revolutionary Paris. It answered to the Frenchwoman’s conception of classical attire. The gown, of a thicker or thinner white cambric or muslin, was nearly as scanty as might be, rather short in front, but expanding into a droll little train behind. The breadths of the skirt were gored so sharply as to leave only a little fulness in the rear, and none elsewhere: so that the mystery of dressmaking in those days was so to fasten the skirt to the body as to cause no horizontal creases from the stretching of the front breadth. The waist was then of “the natural length,” or perhaps somewhat shorter. The sleeves were tight, and set into the smallest practicable armhole, so that all active women were liable to be out at elbows, or to feel their dress giving way under the arms. In evening dress, long heavy necklaces were worn, and armlets and bracelets when the sleeves were short. The hair of the young ladies we do not remember further than that large curls were on the forehead. The head-dress of the middle-aged was not so easily forgotten. Some wore a small turban, with a stiff little bunch of coloured feathers, or a puffing of muslin, or a rosette of lace in front, immediately over the brow; but more odd was the effect of the cap of the time. It was frequently made of broad satin ribbon, joined longitudinally in strips, so that it as strongly resembled a pudding-mould as Mambrino’s helmet did a barber’s basin. A bow of ribbon, coming down upon the frontal sinus, distinguished the front from the back. As for the hair, a few curls might force their way out under the rim; but where the “back hair” was stowed away we cannot imagine. It is

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the increase of bunions, as the inevitable consequence of high heels. The natural action of the foot is destroyed, and so much strain thrown upon the great toe joint, as to cause inflammation and establish a bunion. Our ignorance of the existence of high heels in our neighbourhood will be excused if it is remembered that the *chamfure* of ladies has long been a mere tradition, and that the substitute to the eye—a hem or flounce, which is always dragged or dusty, is an object which an observer would be glad to overlook and forget.



probable that the revolutionary "classical crop" had put an end to "back hair" till a later date than we are treating of. Out of doors the ladies could not exhibit much grace in such a dress. The old-fashioned frilled or flounced little cloak was very well; but the modern spencer was ugly. If it did not sit close, it was ill-made; and if it did fit close, it conveyed an impression of heat in summer and of cold in winter. It looked stifling and yet bare. The bonnets had the high crowns perpetuated in the true Quaker bonnet; but the brim was small, and the trimming was all huddled on the front. The shoes were pointed at the toe, very apt to pinch, and not at all apt to fit; for making them right and left was not yet dreamed of.

\* As England did not want new territory at the Peace, and asked for none, Bonaparte was fond of mocking her folly in securing nothing amidst such a scramble. England's answer was that she simply wanted peace. She gained something more, however. It is on record that what France gave to England after the Peace was—the shoulder-piece, French gloves, and right-and-left shoes;—three inestimable things, certainly, and especially the first, if we did but make proper use of it. We use it in the manly shirt, and in the feminine dressing-gown; and the cloaks of all sensible people are found to have shoulder pieces, especially if they be of any considerable weight. The distinctive virtue of the shoulder-piece is that it causes the main weight of the dress to depend equably from the shoulders. There have been times when we have trusted that the principle and practice were fairly established among us; but at this hour we see, with no insignificant pain, that a prodigious weight is hung from the hips of almost every woman we meet. Some few make it depend from the waist, which is better; but the shoulders seem to be made no use of. It is not only the absurdity of this which is painful; it is the thought of the next generation, which cannot but be injured by the unnatural practices of their mothers in tightening the part of the body which ought to be the very last to suffer compression, and in throwing the burden of a mass of clothing on the loins, instead of the strong shoulders which present themselves naturally for the duty. Before the virtues of the shoulder-piece were dreamed of, the shoulders had some employment during the reign of short waists. There is no need to describe that fashion. It stands for posterity in Lawrence's portraits, and in those prints of the Princess Charlotte which will be preserved as long as English loyalty endures. Her crown of roses was only a small enhancement of the existing mode of dressing the hair. Though not quite so much in the form of a diadem, the hair and its adornments were erected on the fore part of the head, giving a somewhat proud or defiant look to the face, but leaving a dis-

mally ugly curve behind. The back of the head, from the nape of the neck to the crown, was wonderfully like a cocoa-nut on end, with its fibres well oiled down. As for the garments, it was a good that tight-lacing was not necessary; but it was certainly much practised, and nothing could well be more hurtful than bringing the confinement of the waist up to (literally) the armpits. As the waists grew shortest, the bodies grew lowest, till the fashion became as offensive to moral as to artistic taste. The skirt was short at that time; and we believe the great improvement in the English *chaussure* may be assigned to that date. Shoes began to be square at the toes, indeed, and to come higher up the instep; but they fitted better, and hosiers presently offered great improvements in stockings. The silk showed embroidery, and the cotton were of open work. Queen Caroline's hat and feather are as well known as her daughter's crown of roses, and the short waist of both. That hat was a fair specimen of its time; but it was soon forgotten in the large bonnets which held their ground for several years. The human face in its bonnet looked like the peacock's head in the centre of its halo of tail. The bonnet was an edifice, and therefore in bad taste, while it afforded no adequate shade, and was terribly in the way on all public occasions. The earliest prints of the Queen after her accession represent an expanse of brim, fringed with lace, which modern misses consider the extremity of barbarism; but we can tell them that it was moderation itself in comparison with what their mothers had just before been wearing.

With the huge bonnets came in a style of fuller garments altogether. The distinctive moment was when the skirt began to show fulness in front. It was the merest trifle at first, while the unaccustomed eye pronounced the effect to be clumsy: but it rapidly gained on public favour, as it ought to do, if only it had stopped short of the present extravagance. There have been interludes, since this marked period set in. For a short time there was a passion for short skirts, which would have lasted long enough to convince English women, as French women have more than once been convinced, of the comfort, cleanliness, and convenience in every way of a dress which, as it were, carries itself, instead of being a burden on the wearer, or an offence to lovers of cleanliness; but the accession of a sovereign lady of short stature extinguished the general hope of a rational length of skirt. At one time, the full skirt, suddenly shortened, resembled very strongly the Bloomer dress of America, only without the full trowsers, which are indispensable in an established costume of that character. The trimmings have varied much and suddenly. At one time every dress of silk or other solid material had a knee-deep trimming, besides robings



of arabesques and leaf-patterns, so wrought as to occasion prodigious labour to dressmakers, who could not be repaid by any amount of money that they could ask, for their expenditure of time and eyesight. The natural consequence followed. Dressmakers say, in confidential chat, that one mode must compensate another,—a profitable one must follow one of hardship, as they cannot vary their charges extensively; and it is clear that the dressmakers must take care that one fashion does compensate another. Thus, a period of perfectly plain, though rather full skirts succeeded to the arabesque trimmings; and, even where there was a trimming, it consisted of simple folds, by degrees growing into the flounce. That the rational and becoming mode of so few years back should have already passed into the madness to which the witch-empress has exalted it, is more than some of us could have believed if a ghost had come from the grave to foretell it to us.

Yet, we have no good ground to show for its being otherwise. There is nothing in the education of women in this country which can secure them from ill-regulated impulse in personal pursuits, on the one hand, or from barbarism in taste on the other. Experience shows that when they find themselves suited with a rational and tasteful fashion in dress they do not abide in it, but exchange it for a worse quite as readily as they exchange a worse for a better. The general cultivation of the reason, and the particular education of the taste in early years, would extinguish the follies of female dress and manners; and we have no belief that anything else will. We see the effect of the cultivation of the taste in the furniture and adornments of our dwellings, from the highest to the humblest which admits of any adornment at all. In the city tenements and the rural cottages where, in our youth, we were accustomed to see brown plaster cats with bead eyes, and yellow and green parrots, and scarlet and green castles, ranged on the mantel-shelf, we now see the beautiful things sold by the Italian boys. Instead of a red-faced George III., and a squinting Lord Wellington, we find some pretty or humorous woodcut from a cheap publication. The picture on the tea-tray is less monstrous, and the bed-furniture less gaudy. Much remains to be done; but the improvement in popular taste within one generation is so great as to indicate pretty clearly what might be hoped from putting good ideas and good models of dress, as well as of other arts, in the way of girls, as a regular part of their education. Why should not they be enabled to see, as people of genuine accomplishment see, that dress has a purpose and a use which must determine the style of its beauty; that countries which have different climates, and nations which have different occupations, cannot, with any propriety, have the same dress, any



more than the same architecture; and that no costume but an indigenous one can ever be really good and beautiful?

In the United States, an unripe citizen, who has scorned through Europe before settling down as a country lawyer in the back of his State, builds himself a wooden house in the massive Grecian style, though he has a German barn, with six-and-twenty windows in it, for a neighbour, on the one hand, and a Dutch dwelling, with its spacious stoup, on the other. In Louisiana, between a dusty road and a muddy, mirror-like bayou, a British immigrant builds himself a house just like the one he lived in at home; red brick, without a yard of porch or verandah, or anything that can give shade. And so on, in the matter of domestic architecture, when impulses and emotions are active, and judgment and taste undeveloped. The case is parallel with that of Englishwomen in regard to dress. The remedy is the same in both instances. The reason must be brought to bear on the object and uses of the dwelling or the dress; and then the taste, if duly cultivated, will readily perceive what ornamentation naturally grows out of the use. We would fain think that our countrywomen may attain in time that true self-respect, which will destroy the last degree of resemblance between them and the aboriginal savages,—a resemblance which they themselves at present perpetuate. We need not point out the analogies between savage and fashionable decorations: they are obvious and mortifying enough, from the duchess who makes holes in her ears, as the Keejee woman makes a hole in her nose, to hang jewels by, to the maid-servant who this summer has had an entire clothes-line hemmed into her petticoat, thereby likening herself to the squaw who winds herself about with a hundred yards of wampum. We would rather refer our countrywomen to the more refined works of nature than to the silly and excited savage. Throughout the range of animated nature, the splendour of ornamentation is assigned to the male, while a quiet grace is the appropriate charm of the female. Throughout the universe of birds and insects it is so; and among the superior animals the same order is very marked. It would be well for women if they could perceive the wisdom of conformity to that order in their own case; for it is incontestable that the grace which they lose in making dress more than an adjunct cannot be compensated for by anything in the dress itself. Let them try for themselves in regard to the most graceful creatures of other races. Wrap up an Arabian horse in the gayest trappings of the old hobby-horse—and what is the effect? Devise a dress for the deer which shall trammel their limbs, and where is their charm, be their caparison never so splendid? Is the hooded falcon more beautiful, with its peet feather on its crown, than when it can use

its brilliant eyes at will? Imagine for a moment the absurdity of subjecting any other creatures, as our women subject themselves, to the rage of the day. We call ours an iron age. We have our iron railways and ships, our palaces framed in iron and our iron staircases, and even houses, as a security against fire; our iron cables and telegraph wires putting a girdle round the earth; and we cannot stop here, but frame and case the female form in iron, as the currier would defend his besieged town with an apparatus of leather. The stays had steel stiffenings before; and now the head-dress can be kept on only by a profuse employment of long pins. The bouquet has a metallic foundation like everything else, and each blossom and leaf is supported on a wire. And so is each prominence and movement of the prodigious skirts; for our ladies are actually caged in steel, and merely cover their cage with gorgeous silks, which are no more really clothing than the brougham in which they ride. It is a mournful climax with which nature caps the absurdity. When the tender creatures are worn out with the weary toil and folly of their unnatural mode of life, and their pale blood and lax fibre must be restored, the iron must be taken as medicine—the steel goes into the stomach. Place the most bewitching of the animal creation under similar conditions of artificiality, and what will become of their grace and charm? Everywhere else than in the human case, the value and beauty of objects reside in themselves and not in their accessories; and so it should be with the human object, whose accessories should always be too subordinate for distinct notice. This is what Dr. Johnson meant when he said that those persons are best dressed of whose dress no account could afterwards be given. This is what Beau Brummell meant when he said that a man whose dress you notice in the street is an ill-dressed man. This is what our countrywomen will perceive to be true when their minds are duly brought to bear on a subject to which a most unnecessary amount of time is at present devoted without any creditable result.

Meantime, there are grounds for some degree of hope of a mitigation of existing evils. The repeated failures of the silk crop must so enhance the cost of the most expensive fabrics, as to compel an economy which will probably be veiled under a complete change of fashion. There is always an outstanding probability of political changes in France; and it seems to be the general impression that the probability can hardly be stronger than it is now. It would be the smallest consequence (in regard to the dress question) that the exhibitions of fantastical fashions would cease at the Tuileries. A more important consideration is, that the social corruption fostered in France by the autocratic rule of the last six years—a corruption fearfully on the increase

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from year to year—would give way to that earnestness, and that power of self-denial and frugality, which the French have always shown themselves capable of on critical occasions. It is with some humiliation that we refer to the fortunes of France as a condition of improvement in England: but such are the real grounds of the case. We are bound to the course of French fashions in the matter of dress; and we see no sign anywhere, from the highest lady in the land to the maid-of-all-work, of an impulse to independence—strictly personal as the matter is.

It is otherwise in another country, where the fine ladies are even more enslaved to Paris fashions than in our own. In the United States a Dress-reform Association has for some time been organized, and it appears to be prospering well. Physicians of eminence support it, and that is a favourable sign. No little courage is required to wear a new set of garments in a community where men are at least as indisposed as they are here to allow women to judge of their own affairs, and where the majority of women are at least as superstitious and timid under the dictation as they are here: but American women have a stronger stake in dress-reform than perhaps any others. The ladies have more work to do, and certainly less health and strength for their tasks. It is so serious a burden to them to wear trammels and instruments of torment under the name of clothes, that they may well show more courage than others in throwing them off. The general style which is proposed by the Association seems to be, by universal admission, good. It covers the human frame lightly and warmly, and admits of the changes necessitated by temperature with the utmost ease. It leaves the limbs and trunk free for their respective action, while it is as modest as any dress that was ever devised. Besides the sort of beauty which it derives from its fitness and ease, it embraces the best points of costumes approved by the experience and sanction of ages. There is no use in talking of the Bloomer dress in England,—so successful were the unmanly and senseless attempts made in 1851 to discredit it. The original trick by which it was rendered disreputable, and the unworthy treatment it received in the popular publications of men who regard themselves as moralists, will remain conspicuous among the laches and sins of their time. And better moralists—men who were indignant at the bigotry and tyranny of such conduct in Englishmen; who by no means relish similar treatment of their own dress in Eastern countries—did not assert the rights and wrongs of the case so boldly and strenuously as they ought to have done. The name of “Bloomer” had therefore better be dropped, as it seems to be by the American Association; but the thing remains, in substance, though with some diversities. Our anticipation is, on the whole, that it



will spread in a country where new enterprises and changes of custom have a better chance than with us. The aim of the organization is briefly set forth in the second Article of its constitution, in these words :—

"The objects of this Association are to induce a Reform in Woman's dress, especially in regard to long skirts, tight waists, and all other styles and modes which are incompatible with good health, refined taste, simplicity, economy, and beauty."

These are sensible objects, and while they are promoted with all proper regard to individual liberty and taste, they will have our hearty goodwill. We can wish nothing better for our countrywomen than that they may attain to a degree of independent good sense which will qualify them for a similar reform on their own behalf.

We rejoice to find that the feminine follies which we have frankly denounced have been assailed by the witty shafts of an American satirist. His method of attack is so skilful and effective, while his spirit is so genial and excellent, that we feel assured our readers will thank us for placing "Nothing to Wear" side by side with our own protest against the Female Dress of 1857.

## NOTHING TO WEAR.

### "AN EPISODE OF CITY LIFE.

"Miss Flora M'Flimsey, of Madison-square,  
Has made three separate journeys to Paris,  
And her father assures me, each time she was there,  
That she and her friend Mrs. Harris  
(Not the lady whose name is so famous in history,  
But plain Mrs. H. without romance or mystery)  
Spent six consecutive weeks without stopping,  
In one continuous round of shopping;  
Shopping alone, and shopping together,  
At all hours of the day, and in all sorts of weather;  
For all manner of things that a woman can put  
On the crown of her head or the sole of her foot,  
Or wrap round her shoulders, or fit round her waist,  
Or that can be sewed on, or pinned on, or laced,  
Or tied on with a string, or stitched on with a bow,  
In front or behind, above or below;  
For bonnets, mantillas, capes, collars, and shawls;  
Dresses, for breakfasts, and dinners, and balls;  
Dresses to sit in, and stand in, and walk in;  
Dresses to dance in, and flirt in, and talk in;  
Dresses in which to do nothing at all;  
Dresses for winter, spring, summer, and fall;  
All of them different in colour and pattern,  
Silk, muslin, and lace, crape, velvet, and satin,

Brocade, and broadcloth, and other material,  
 Quite as expensive and much more ethereal;  
 In short, for all things that could ever be thought of,  
 Or milliner, modiste, or tradesman, be bought of,  
 From ten-thousand-francs robes to twenty-sous frills;  
 In all quarters of Paris, and to every store,  
 While M'Flimsey in vain stormed, scolded, and swore,  
 They footed the streets, and he footed the bills.

The last trip, their goods shipped by the steamer 'Arago,'  
 Formed, M'Flimsey declares, the bulk of her cargo,  
 Not to mention a quantity kept from the rest,  
 Sufficient to fill the largest-sized chest,  
 Which did not appear on the ship's manifest,  
 But for which the ladies themselves manifested  
 Such particular interest that they invested  
 Their own proper persons in layers and rows  
 Of muslins, embroideries, worked under-clothes,  
 Gloves, handkerchiefs, scarfs, and such trifles as those;  
 Then wrapped in great shawls like Circassian beauties,  
 Gave GOOD-BYE to the ship, and GO-BY to the duties.  
 Her relations at home all marvelled, no doubt,  
 Miss Flora had grown so enormously stout  
 For an actual belle and a possible bride;  
 But the miracle ceased when she turned inside out,  
 And the truth came to light, and the dry goods beside,  
 Which, in spite of collector and Custom-house sentry,  
 Had entered the port without any entry.

And yet, though scarce three months have passed since the day  
 This merchandize went, on twelve carts, up Broadway,  
 This same Miss M'Flimsey, of Madison-square,  
 The last time we met was in utter despair,  
 Because she had nothing whatever to wear!

NOTHING TO WEAR! Now, as this is a true ditty,  
 I do not assert—this, you know, is between us—  
 That she's in a state of absolute nudity,  
 Like Power's Greek Slave, or the Medici Venus;  
 But I do mean to say, I have heard her declare—  
 When, at the same moment, she had on a dress,  
 Which cost five hundred dollars, and not a cent less,  
 And jewelry worth ten times more, I should guess—  
 That she had not a thing in the wide world to wear!

I should mention just here, that out of Miss Flora's  
 Two hundred and fifty or sixty adorers,  
 I had just been selected as he who should throw all  
 The rest in the shade, by the gracious bestowal



On myself, after twenty or thirty rejections,  
Of those fossil remains which she called 'her affections,'  
And that rather decayed, but well-known work of art,  
Which Miss Flora persisted in styling 'her heart.'  
So we were engaged. Our troth had been plighted,  
Not by moonbeam or starbeam, by fountain or grove,  
But in a front parlour most brilliantly lighted,  
Beneath the gas-fixtures we whispered our love.  
Without any romance, or raptures, or sighs,  
Without any tears in Miss Flora's blue eyes,  
Or blushes, or transports, or such silly actions,  
It was one of the quietest business transactions,  
With a very small sprinkling of sentiment, if any,  
And a very large diamond imported by Tiffany.  
On her virginal lips while I printed a kiss,  
She exclaimed, as a sort of parenthesis,  
And by way of putting me quite at my ease,  
'You know I'm to polka as much as I please,  
And flirt when I like—now stop, don't you speak,—  
And you must not come here more than twice in the week,  
Or talk to me either at party or ball,  
But always be ready to come when I call;  
So don't prose to me about duty and stuff,  
If we don't break this off, there will be time enough  
For that sort of thing; but the bargain must be  
That, as long as I choose, I am perfectly free,  
For this is a sort of engagement, you see,  
Which is binding on you but not binding on me.'

---

Well, having thus wooed Miss M-Flimsey, and gained her,  
With the silks, crinolines, and hoops that contained her,  
I had, as I thought, a contingent remainder,  
At least, in the property, and the best right  
To appear as its escort by day and by night:  
And it being the week of the Sruockups' grand ball—  
Their cards had been out a fortnight or so,  
And set all the Avenue on the tiptoe—  
I considered it only my duty to call,  
And see if Miss Flora intended to go.  
I found her—as ladies are apt to be found,  
When the time intervening between the first sound  
Of the bell and the visitor's entry is shorter  
Than usual—I found—I won't say I caught—her  
Intent on the pier-glass, undoubtedly meaning  
To see if perhaps it didn't need cleaning.  
She turned as I entered—'Why, Harry, you sinner,  
I thought you went to the Flashers' to dinner!'  
'So I did,' I replied, 'but the dinner is swallowed,  
And digested, I trust, for 'tis now nine and more,

So being relieved from that duty, I followed  
 Inclination, which led me, you see, to your door.  
 And now will your ladyship so condescend,  
 As just to inform me if you intend  
 Your beauty, and graces, and presence to lend  
 (All which, when I own, I hope no one will borrow)  
 To the Stuckups', whose party, you know, is to-morrow ?'

The fair Flora looked up with a pitiful air,  
 And answered quite promptly, 'Why Harry, *mon cher*,  
 I should like above all things to go with you there;  
 But really and truly—I've nothing to wear.'

'Nothing to wear! Go just as you are;  
 Wear the dress you have on, and you'll be by far,  
 I engage, the most bright and particular star  
 On the Stuckup horizon'—I stopped, for her eye,  
 Notwithstanding this delicate onset of flattery,  
 Opened on me at once a most terrible battery  
 Of scorn and amazement. She made no reply,  
 But gave a slight turn to the end of her nose  
 (That pure Grecian feature), as much as to say,  
 'How absurd that any sane man should suppose,  
 That a lady would go to a ball in the clothes,  
 No matter how fine, that she wears every day!'

So I ventured again—'Wear your crimson brocade,'  
 (Second turn up of nose)—'That's too dark by a shade.'  
 'Your blue silk'—'That's too heavy;' 'Your pink'—'That's too  
 light.'

'Wear tulle over satin'—'I can't endure white.'  
 'Your rose-coloured, then, the best of the batch'—  
 'I haven't a thread of point lace to match.'  
 'Your brown moire antique'—'Yes, and look like a Quaker;'  
 'The pearl-coloured'—'I would, but that plaguey dress-maker  
 Has had it a week'—'Then that exquisite lilac,  
 In which you would melt the heart of a Shylock'—  
 (Here the nose took again the same elevation)  
 'I wouldn't wear that for the whole of creation.'

'Why not? It's my fancy, there's nothing could strike it,  
 As more *comme il faut*—' 'Yes, but, dear me, that lean

Sophronia Stuckup has got one just like it,  
 And I wont appear dressed like a chit of sixteen.'  
 'Then that splendid purple, that sweet Mazarine;  
 That superb point d'aiguille, that imperial green,  
 That zephyr-like tarleton, that rich grenadine'—  
 'Not one of all which is fit to be seen,'

Said the lady, becoming excited and flushed.

'Then wear,' I exclaimed, in a tone which quite crushed  
 Opposition, 'that gorgeous toilette which you sported

In Paris last spring, at the grand presentation,  
When you quite turned the head of the head of the nation,  
And by all the grand court were so very much courted.  
The end of the nose was portentously tipped up,  
And both the bright eyes shot forth indignation,  
As she burst upon me with the fierce exclamation,  
'I have worn it three times at the least calculation,  
And that and the most of my dresses are ripped up!'  
Here I ripped OUT something, perhaps rather rash,  
Quite innocent, though; but, to use an expression,  
More striking than classic, 'it settled my hash,'  
And proved very soon the last act of our session.  
'Fiddlesticks, is it, Sir? I wonder the ceiling  
Doesn't fall down and crush you—oh, you men have no feeling,  
You selfish, unnatural, illiberal creatures,  
Who set yourselves up as patterns and preachers.  
Your silly pretence—why what a mere guess it is!  
Pray, what do you know of a woman's necessities?  
I have told you and shown you I've nothing to wear,  
And it's perfectly plain you not only don't care,  
But you do not believe me' (here the nose went still higher).  
'I suppose if you dared you would call me a liar.  
Our engagement is ended, Sir—yes, on the spot;  
You're a brute, and a monster, and—I don't know what.'  
I mildly suggested the words—Hottentot,  
Pickpocket, and cannibal, Tartar, and thief,  
As gentle expletives which might give relief;  
But this only proved as spark to the powder,  
And the storm I had raised came faster and louder,  
It blew and it rained, thundered, lightened, and hailed  
Interjections, verbs, pronouns, till language quite failed  
To express the abusive, and then its arrears  
Were brought up all at once by a torrent of tears,  
And my last faint, despairing attempt at an ob-  
ervation was lost in a tempest of sobs.

Well, I felt for the lady, and felt for my hat too,  
Improvised on the crown of the latter a tattoo,  
In lieu of expressing the feelings which lay  
Quite too deep for words, as Wordsworth would say;  
Then, without going through the form of a bow,  
Found myself in the entry—I hardly knew how—  
On door-step and side-walk, past lamp-post and square,  
At home and upstairs, in my own easy chair;  
Poked my feet into slippers, my fire into blaze,  
And said to myself, as I lit my cigar  
Supposing a man had the wealth of the Czar  
Of the Russias to boot, for the rest of his days,  
On the whole, do you think he would have much to spare,  
If he married a woman with nothing to wear?



Since that night, taking pains that it should not be bruited  
 Abroad in society, I've instituted  
 A course of inquiry, extensive and thorough,  
 On this vital subject, and find, to my horror,  
 That the fair Flora's case is by no means surprising,  
 But that there exists the greatest distress  
 In our female community, solely arising  
 From this unsupplied destitution of dress,  
 Whose unfortunate victims are filling the air  
 With the pitiful wail of 'Nothing to wear.'  
 Researches in some of the 'Upper Ten' districts  
 Reveal the most painful and startling statistics,  
 Of which let me mention only a few :  
 In one single house, on the Fifth Avenue,  
 Three young ladies were found, all below twenty-two,  
 Who have been three whole weeks without anything new  
 In the way of flounced silks, and thus left in the lurch,  
 Are unable to go to ball, concert, or church.  
 In another large mansion near the same place,  
 Was found a deplorable, heart-rending case  
 Of entire destitution of Brussels point lace.  
 In a neighbouring block there was found, in three calls,  
 Total want, long-continued, of camel's-hair shawls ;  
 And a suffering family, whose case exhibits  
 The most pressing need of real ermine tippets ;  
 One deserving young lady almost unable  
 To survive for the want of a new Russian sable ;  
 Another confined to the house, when its windier  
 Than usual, because her shawl isn't India.  
 Still another, whose tortures have been most terrific  
 Ever since the sad loss of the steamer 'PACIFIC,'  
 In which were engulfed, not friend or relation  
 (For whose fate she perhaps might have found consolation  
 Or borne it, at least, with serene resignation),  
 But the choicest assortment of French sleeves and collars  
 Ever sent out from Paris, worth thousands of dollars,  
 And all as to style most *recherché* and rare,  
 The want of which leaves her with nothing to wear,  
 And renders her life so drear and dyspeptic  
 That she's quite a recluse, and almost a sceptic,  
 For she touchingly says that this sort of grief  
 Cannot find in Religion the slightest relief,  
 And Philosophy has not a maxim to spare  
 For the victims of such overwhelming despair.  
 But the saddest by far of all these sad features  
 Is the cruelty practised upon the poor creatures  
 By husbands and fathers, real Bluebeards and Timons,  
 Who resist the most touching appeals made for diamonds  
 By their wives and their daughters, and leave them for days  
 Unsupplied with new jewelry, fans, or bouquets,

Even laugh at their miseries whenever they have a chance,  
And deride their demands as useless extravagance;  
One case of a bride was brought to my view,  
Too sad for belief, but alas! 'twas too true,  
Whose husband refused, as savage as Charon,  
To permit her to take more than ten trunks to Sharon.  
The consequence was, that when she got there,  
At the end of three weeks she had nothing to wear,  
And when she proposed to finish the season  
At Newport, the monster refused out and out,  
For his infamous conduct alleging no reason,  
Except that the waters were good for his gout;  
Such treatment as this was too shocking, of course,  
And proceedings are now going on for divorce.  
But why harrow the feelings by lifting the curtain  
From these scenes of woe? Enough, it is certain,  
Has here been disclosed to stir up the pity  
Of every benevolent heart in the city,  
And spur up humanity into a canter  
To rush and relieve these sad cases instant.  
Wont somebody, moved by this touching description,  
Come forward to-morrow and head a subscription?  
Wont some kind philanthropist, seeing that aid is  
So needed at once by these indigent ladies,  
Take charge of the matter? Or wont PETER COOPER  
The corner-stone lay of some splendid super-  
Structure, like that which to-day links his name  
In the Union unending of honour and fame;  
And found a new charity just for the care  
Of these unhappy women with nothing to wear,  
Which, in view of the cash which would daily be claimed,  
The Laying-out Hospital well might be named?  
Wont STEWART, or some of our dry-goods importers,  
Take a contract for clothing our wives and our daughters?  
Or, to furnish the cash to supply these distresses,  
And life's pathway strew with shawls, collars, and dresses,  
Ere the want of them makes it rougher and thornier,  
Wont some one discover a new California?

Oh ladies, dear ladies, the next sunny day  
Please trundle your hoops just out of Broadway,  
From its whirl and its bustle, its fashion and pride,  
And the temples of trade which tower on each side,  
To the alleys and lanes, where Misfortune and Guilt  
Their children have gathered, their city have built;  
Where Hunger and Vice, like twin beasts of prey,

Have hunted their victims to gloom and despair;  
Raise the rich, dainty dress, and the fine bordered skirt,  
Pick your delicate way through the dampness and dirt,  
Grope through the dark dens, climb the rickety stair

To the garret, where wretches, the young and the old,  
 Half-starved, and half-naked, lie crouched from the cold.  
 See those skeleton-limbs, those frost-bitten feet,  
 All bleeding and bruised by the stones of the street;  
 Hear the sharp cry of childhood, the deep groans that swell  
 From the poor dying creature who writhes on the floor,  
 Hear the curses that sound like the echoes of Hell,  
 As you sicken and shudder and fly from the door;  
 Then home to your wardrobes, and say, if you dare—  
 Spoiled children of Fashion—you've nothing to wear!

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And oh, if perchance there should be a sphere,  
 Where all is made right which so puzzles us here,  
 Where the glare, and the glitter, and tinsel of Time  
 Fade and die in the light of that region sublime,  
 Where the soul, disenchanted of flesh and of sense,  
 Unscreened by its trappings, its shows, and pretence,  
 Must be clothed for the life and the service above,  
 With purity, truth, faith, meekness, and love;  
 Oh, daughters of Earth! foolish virgins beware!  
 Lest in that upper realm you have nothing to wear!"

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## ART. II.—POLITICAL PRIESTS.

*Minutes of Evidence taken before the Select Committee on the Mayo County Election Petition; with the Proceedings of the Committee, and Index. Ordered by the House of Commons to be printed, July 15, 1857.*

THE proceedings of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Mayo County Election Petition deserve a passing notice. In the resolutions to which the Committee came, unseating the sitting member, an important precedent has been established. It has been decided that ecclesiastical interference, spiritual intimidation in elections, is not only unconstitutional, but may vitiate a return and ruin the cause which it is intended to serve. The application of this precedent will, from circumstances, be chiefly valuable in that part of the empire which has supplied it. Clerical interference in electioneering affairs is kept down on this side the Channel by the general good taste and tone of society. Rarely some political parson will display his fulsome oratory in praise of the Tory candidate for the



county on the nomination day, or some dissenting minister will puzzle on a like occasion the no-further-than-is-necessary-going Whig, by posing questions respecting Church-rates and Establishments. But black-coats of no shade of politics can venture much beyond this, without incurring the rebuke of public opinion. The practical use, therefore, of the decision of the Mayo Committee will probably be confined to Ireland; but the "moral effect" of it in that quarter of the kingdom may be so important, that it deserves inquiry, whether the conclusion of the Committee is sufficiently borne out by the evidence produced before them. We have no hesitation, for our own part, in saying that it was; and our surprise is not at that decision upon the evidence, but at the coarseness of the management on the part of the clerical agitators, who could permit themselves to become involved in such damning facts as have transpired.

Then, besides the value of the Report before us, as recording the grounds for establishing a legal,—a constitutional precedent, it reveals to us what is the chief source of the Irish difficulty—in fact what it is all about.

Lieut.-Colonel Higgins first came forward for the representation of the county of Mayo in 1850; he was then supported by Mr. Moore, who presumed his opinions to coincide with his own, and was returned mainly through the influence of the Roman Catholic clergy. At that election, as at the last, the interest of the proprietors was opposed to the influence of the priesthood. In 1851 arose the agitation relative to the Ecclesiastical Titles Bill, which suggested an opportunity of giving a definite shape to the professions of the popular Irish party, and in that year, under the sanction of the Roman Catholic bishops, a parliamentary organization was set on foot. The members of it undertook to hold themselves aloof from the great parties in the British Parliament, and to refuse any office or patronage from any government whatever, as a means of obtaining the repeal of the Ecclesiastical Titles Act, and what Dr. M'Hale calls "just measures of tenant right for the poor people." Of these measures Colonel Higgins professed himself a warm supporter; and in 1852 he was again returned for Mayo, as colleague to Mr. Moore, by the same interest as before, and on the express understanding that he would remain in opposition to any Government which would not concede the Irish claims. In subsequently accepting favours from the Government and in not supporting, though he voted for, the Tenant Right Bill, he lost the confidence of those who had returned him, and from having been the popular candidate in 1852 became a most unpopular one in 1857. The Committee pressed Dr. M'Hale unnecessarily on the distinction which he drew in his evidence between "voting for" a measure and "supporting it," a distinc-

tion which, whatever may be the case in the House, is perfectly intelligible and significant to everybody out of it who has ever taken the pains to watch the conduct of any considerable section of members relative to popular measures. However, in 1852 Colonel Higgins went beyond Mr. Moore in the liberality of his (Irish) political creed. When Mr. Moore had already cooled respecting the Titles Bill, and thought it unwise to disinter an Act so soon dead and buried, Colonel Higgins was for keeping up the agitation; and at a meeting on the subject of tenant right he seems likewise to have made Mr. Moore's hair stand on end, by the extreme length to which he went on that subject, entering into "*rather* a perilous engagement to let the whole of his property at a compulsory valuation, if called upon;"—a leap this, in which Mr. Moore was not prepared to follow him.

Colonel Higgins then was considered to have broken his pledges and to have participated largely in the Treasury patronage. He was supposed, in dispensing the good things of which he was the channel, to have preferred the interests of those who were originally his opponents to those of the friends to whom he owed his seat. So successful was he imagined to be in his draughts upon the Treasury, that Dr. M'Hale could hardly be withheld from stating his belief, in the crudest way, that all the landed men in Mayo who voted for him—plumpers to the number of 800—did so in the expectation of patronage or place. We have no means of knowing on what special circumstances was founded this reputation of Colonel Higgins for an almost omnipotent influence. The Committee—wise custodians perhaps of the honour of the House—did not probe into particulars, but left the statement of the Archbishop's impression in its naked exaggeration. Nevertheless, in Colonel Higgins's practical abandonment of the cause of tenant right, and in his support of a ministry who pooh-poohed and cold-watered that question, was to be found a sufficient reason why, at the election of 1857, his opponents and supporters should change places with respect to him. Every Catholic proprietor in the county but two is said to have voted for him; and every Catholic priest but two to have opposed him.

The election for the county was held on Monday and Tuesday, the sixth and seventh of April, being the Monday and Tuesday in Passion week; the nomination took place at Castlebar on the Friday morning previous, at eleven o'clock. The sea began to rise in a threatening manner about three weeks before this. The Rev. Luke Ryan is administrator for Archbishop M'Hale of the parish of Kilmenagh; that is, he represents the Archbishop in the cure of souls, and accounts to him for the temporalities of the



parish, which form part of that prelate's income. He was appointed by Dr. M'Hale and is removable by him at pleasure. On March 15th, it is in evidence, that he briefly addressed his congregation from the altar respecting the coming election, calling Colonel Higgins a traitor: on the 22nd, at the same chapel, he appears quite beside himself, branding the supporters of Higgins as blacklegs, and declaring that he would rather vote for his Satanic Majesty than for him. On the 23rd March, at a meeting of the clergy of the diocese of Tuam, Killala, and Achonry, under the presidency of the Archdeacon, it was resolved that it was the imperative duty of the priests to recommend their flocks, in the strongest terms, to repudiate the pretensions of Colonel Ousely Higgins, as an unscrupulous violator of pledges, &c. This placard was signed by the Archdeacon and three other priests. On the 25th March, in the chapel at Claremorris, the Rev. Peter Morris "advised his people in very strong terms" not to vote for Colonel Higgins, inasmuch as he was a pledge-breaker. On the 29th of the same month the Rev. Luke Ryan uses language in reference to the supporters of Higgins of the strangest kind, and which we must hereafter quote, as illustrating the special humours of this election. On the same day, at Bohola chapel, the Rev. James Halligan addressed the congregation, describing Colonel Higgins as a traitor and a pledge-breaker. His address was so violent, that it provoked a Roman Catholic gentleman then present to rise and attempt a reply to him in the chapel itself. Halligan told the people that the clergy were dissatisfied with Colonel Higgins, and referred to an episcopal resolution which was found upon the walls about that time, which nobody drew up—which lay, without hands, on the table of a Dr. McGreal one day, which then made its way to the printer's without any one sending it, and of which copies were thereupon distributed to the priests without any one giving directions to that effect. If it was intended to bring home seriously a charge of conspiracy against the bishops whose names were printed to this resolution, that part of the case was most negligently prepared on the part of the petitioners. The placard, or rather manifesto, including the heading affixed by Dr. McGreal, is as follows:—

"People of Mayo!—The voice of the Church now calls upon you to do your duty! Tipperary has already spoken. All Ireland now expects your decision. With one combined effort elect your chosen candidates, G. H. Moore, Esq., and Captain R. W. Palmer, or by your apathy permit Mr. Ousely Higgins to sneak in, and be for ever disgraced!! Hear the voice of your venerated bishops, ever your guide in the day of trial.—Resolved, at a meeting of the bishops and several of the clergy connected with Mayo, held in Tuam, That all the energies



of the people should be directed to the rejection of Mr. Ousely Higgins, who has been unfaithful; and to the return of Mr. Moore, who has been their honest, faithful, and uncompromising supporter in Parliament.

(Signed)

JOHN, Archbishop of Tuam.  
+ THOMAS FEENEY.  
+ T. DURCAN.  
+ JOHN MCEVILY."

If the proceedings before the Committee had been of the nature of a prosecution for libel, the proof of the authorship and publication of this paper would have broken down. At the same time the reading of it in the chapels of the diocese on Sunday, March 29th, and the public appearance of it without contradiction, would be sufficient to produce a moral conviction that "the Church" had spoken. Now, there was an active, influential, and shrewd person, Sir Richard O'Donnell, amongst the supporters of Colonel Higgins. At this conjuncture, he put forth the following broadside:—

"People of Mayo! —Beware of the false and slanderous letters and placards that are being disseminated among you, purporting to be signed by some of the Catholic bishops, but are in reality forged! Instruments!! and the petty and miserable contrivances of a weak and avowed enemy of the people of Mayo!!—R. A. O'DONNELL."

We beg pardon heartily should we misinterpret this proceeding of "the little baronet;" but we surmise him to have whispered to himself thus:—If my placard is unanswered, suspicion will attach to the bishops' manifesto, and it will lose its weight; if, on the other hand, the authenticity of the bishops' resolution is acknowledged, we may make use of it on petition. The priests rose to his fly in the following rejoinder:—

"Having seen a placard posted in this town (Castlebar) and neighbourhood, bearing the signature R. A. O'Donnell, denying the authenticity of a resolution adopted by the Archbishop of Tuam and the Bishops of Killala, Achonry, and Galway, we beg to state that we hold in our possession the autograph of the following document, and that we vouch for its authenticity. We remain your obedient servants,

(Signed)

RICHARD HOSTY, Roman Catholic Curate.  
PATRICK GREEN, Roman Catholic Curate.  
HENRY CAHILL, Roman Catholic Curate."

At all events, the bishops' proclamation was used as it was originally intended. Thus, at Mace Chapel on the 29th March we find the Rev. Mr. O'Donnell, the curate, referring to it as having been signed by four bishops against one of the candidates, who must therefore "be a very bad man;" and he only hopes that his voters will get back safe from Ballinrobe on the polling day. But as the election approaches, the Rev. Peter Conway becomes the hero of the clerical party. On Sunday, the 29th

March, in his chapel at Ballinrobe, a witness, who made a note of his words, deposed to his denouncing the curse of God upon every one who voted for Colonel Higgins. On the 5th April he declared that Higgins had "sold his country, his body, and his soul." Ballinrobe, Father Conway's parish, is one of the polling places, and naturally one of the centres of excitement. After the conclusion of the service and the extra address, the reverend father desires his flock to meet him at a neighbouring hotel, where he further addresses the mob from a window. The same afternoon are entering the town under an escort, to be ready for the next day's polling, about 130 voters from Claremorris, in the interest of Colonel Higgins. The hotels of the rival candidates appear to have been situated in the same lane, nearly opposite each other; there was some delay in opening the gate of their hotel for Higgins's men, and being thrust back by this obstacle and by some of their opponents in front, they were detained in a heap under the stable-yard wall of the house occupied by their antagonists. This wall was quickly mounted from the inside by the priest and his party. "May my curse as a priest, and of the Church, and of the people, be upon you if you vote for Colonel Higgins," says he to the Higgins men underneath him; and the "Amen" follows from his own congregation in a shower of stones. At this time—

"Young Mr. Bourke, who had some other voters on a jaunting-car, got off his horse, and he said, 'I will take care of my men and bring them in,' and he took the horse by the head. He was a young gentleman who had some voters with him who were also pelted. Mr. Bourke pulled out a pistol, and he said, 'I am determined if any man flings a stone at my men, I will give him the contents of this pistol,' pointing it to where Mr. Conway was, and he very quickly disappeared."—Report, p. 8.

Oh! Queen of Heaven, canst thou not shed some of thy tenderness into the breast of this thy worshipper, whose lips were a little while ago reciting thine own "dolours" and the passion of thy Son—now full of cursings? Oh! great saints in glory, look down on this tonsured man fumbling among the stones for a murderous missile, with the hand which should be raising before the eyes of the people the Mysterious Presence—and playing bo-peep behind the wall with the pistol of a son of his own Church. Oh! Peter and Paul, and Linus and Cleto, is this really a branch from your stem?—is this fruit from the same vine which bore the ascetic Benedict, and the holy Bernard, and the saintly Borromeo, and the mystic De Sales? Oh! souls of the faithful, expecting your hour of release from purgatorial pains, too feeble are your wailings to reach the ear of this political priest; drowned are they in the din of other groans and other cries. Too busy are now



those hands and knees to employ themselves in prayers and sacrifices for hastening the time of your refreshment.

The two priests selected for especial reprobation by the committee are this Rev. Peter Conway and the Rev. Luke Ryan. They distinguished themselves particularly in different departments. They had indeed numerous coadjutors, and were neither of them altogether wanting in the accomplishment for which the other was peculiarly eminent. Conway can denounce from the altar as well as Ryan; and Ryan, as well as Conway, can shake his fist in the faces of adverse voters. Still, Conway is greatest at the head of his mob; and Ryan's flowers of eloquence, when he is addressing his congregation from the steps of the altar, are tinged with the richer colours. Conway presents a remarkable personification of the church militant: his manœuvres show a real strategical genius;—he is perfectly alive to the importance of intercepting and destroying the enemy's supplies;—he knows when to meet an inferior with a superior force face to face, and disperse or crush it—when to devise a fork through which his adversaries shall run the gauntlet;—he understands the value of breast-works and intrenchments, and that the fire upon a column crossing his own front is most effectually delivered when its head has passed—then upon its flank and rear, pour in the flight of stones winged with curses,—*δημοῖσι φεῖς λευσίμους ἀράς*. Conway, on the one hand, is strongest in the temporal arm, Ryan in the wielding of the spiritual powers. They are nearly equally profane, while Ryan is incomparably the most filthy. Conway in his placard invokes the name of the sweet Virgin Mother from whom he himself received his commission!—the powers of heaven are at his bidding. Ryan, at least in imagination, and for the purpose of significant comparison, can evoke even from the consecrated floor the master-spirit of Evil. The evidence of what passed in the chapel of Kilmena on Sunday, 22nd March, is too striking to be omitted, although, such is its coarseness that some apology is required for reproducing it. Kilmena is a parish, as we said, belonging to the Archbishop himself, and the priest who represents him in the cure of it is called his “administrator.” We should suppose he would be a picked person, a “show” man, one after the Archbishop's own ideal, *totus teres atque rotundus*—a round man in a round hole. When mass was concluded on the Sunday now referred to, the administrator read out from the altar the list of the freeholders of the parish, commenting upon each name as he went on, and appending to the mention of any one likely to vote for Colonel Higgins, such significant descriptions as “~~traitor~~—blacklog—black sheep.”

“Well, now, after he had read the names, appending, as you say, some commentary to every name of those voters whom he thought



would vote for Colonel Higgins, did he say anything about Colonel Higgins?—He said that Colonel Higgins had sold them and the country; and pointing from the altar to the body of the chapel, he said if the Devil came up there, he would vote for him in preference to Colonel Higgins.”—*Evidence of J. M'Laughlin, Report, p. 151.*

In the same chapel the same person officiated on the following Sunday, and the subject of the election was again taken up in the address from the altar. He said “the curse of God would come down upon any voting against his country and his country's cause, and voting for Colonel Higgins was doing so;” that “if they were dying he would not give the rites of the Church to any voting for Colonel Higgins.” He desired the congregation to keep their eyes upon the black sheep: “he would brand them—he would mark them for life;” “he would shave them and take the skin off;” and what he would use in the process of shaving can only further be hinted at, by suggesting to classical readers the remembrance of the dream of Mandane, and to non-classical ones a passage in the adventures of Gulliver in Lilliput. It is in evidence, that when this dirty metaphor was made use of there was a large congregation present, and respectable females in the chapel.

Now, it may be thought that these and some other outbreaks on the part of the Mayo priests are, after all, venial eccentricities, manifestations of peculiar temperaments, for which their Church is not to be held responsible, which can have met with no sanction from their ecclesiastical superiors. The solution of this doubt will perhaps be sought for in the evidence of Dr. M'Hale—evidence expected and listened to with the greatest curiosity and interest—evidence, however, which cannot be perused without extreme surprise and disappointment, by any who hope to find in it a vindication of the archbishop himself and of the ecclesiastics. We need make no observation on the difficulty experienced by counsel in obtaining direct answers to his questions. Certain results emerge from that examination, from the pastoral which is acknowledged, from the placard, or portion of a placard, issued with the bishops' signatures in reference to the election, and from the fact of no episcopal censure or rebuke having followed upon any of the conduct of the priests since the termination of the election. Briefly stated, the chief result is this,—that for a landlord to influence his tenant's vote is an unholy interference with the rights of conscience, for a priest to influence the votes of his flock is a legitimate guiding of their consciences; that a hint of ejectment on the part of a landlord is a vile persecution, that branding as black sheep among the flock, or threatening with everlasting perdition, is a fair and

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proper exercise of the spiritual function. The landlord is to be permitted to receive his rent :—

“ To the rents they have a fair claim ; and during the brief interval of a respite from their destitution which the tenantry now enjoy, they have proved by their punctuality in the payment of rents, by no means too moderate, that no people are more alive to the justice which is due to their landlords. There, then, their claims, as far as right, or *a coercive enforcement of a fancied right* is concerned, should cease.”—Report, p. 234.

But while the peasant could not “ in case of doubt consult a worse casuist than his landlord,” “ he cannot in case of doubt get better advice than his clergyman’s”—p. 215. The pastoral indeed conveys to the clergy some truly apostolic admonitions as to their conduct during the election: they are enjoined “ to deport themselves with the wisdom becoming their holy station,” “ to inculcate quiet forbearance upon the people,” “ to breathe forth from the sanctuary the calm and holy spirit of peace over the troubled waters !” The electors, it is hoped, will not fail to remember, that whilst they are struggling for the assertion of their rights, their clergy, far from mingling in the stormy scenes of a contested election, much less marshalling and exciting one party against the other, are “ breathing forth from the sanctuary the calm and holy spirit of peace over the troubled waters,”—“ are engaged in stretching out their hands in prayer for the success of religion and social order,”—“ are imploring the Almighty that riot, and intoxication, and bribery should not bring down His wrath upon the land”—(p. 235). But this pastoral receives far more light from the facts which have transpired in the course of this inquiry than it throws upon them. There is of course to be met with, in the testimony of witnesses before the committee, the usual conflict of negative and positive recollection, in some cases a conflict even of positive depositions ; but there can be no reasonable doubt on which side the preponderance lies, and the committee, not going so far as they might have done, gave a reasonable verdict on the whole. No party seems to have desired to drive the archbishop into a corner ; and he was suffered to slip out of responsibility for the acts of his subordinates, and to plead his *official* ignorance of proceedings on the part of his clergy, which are notorious to the world. The affectation was edifying, whereby this titular dignitary assumed the reserve of a Lord Chancellor or a Lord Chief Justice ; and sheltered himself behind a mystification which is tolerated, for the sake of public convenience, in a minister of the crown. We must read the bishops’ manifestos and the pastoral by the light of the proceedings of the clergy ; which have been subjected, so far as we know up to the present hour, to no canonical or personal animadversion on



the part of their superior, because, forsooth, they have not come before him *officially*—because no complaint has been made to him.

The fourth and fifth resolutions of the Committee were as follows:—

“4. That undue influence and spiritual intimidation prevailed to a considerable extent at the last election for the county of Mayo.

“5. That in the exercise of such undue influence and spiritual intimidation the Rev. *Peter Conway* and the Rev. *Luke Ryan* were so prominently active that the committee deem it their duty specially to report their conduct to the House, in order that such steps may be taken as may seem to the House to be proper and necessary.”

The House wisely took no steps to raise the clerical agitators to the rank of martyrs. Even the House of Commons is powerless against superstitious terrors. Until education and intercourse with the more enlightened portions of the empire shall have dispersed some of the grosser forms of supernatural fears, the people cannot be emancipated from the dominion of their priests. The unscrupulous, and at the same time effectual manner in which these fears were pretended upon, may be seen in the evidence of *Felim Brennan*. He was disposed, apparently of his own accord, to vote for Colonel Higgins. When the priests canvassed him he said “he would not go to the polling until he had his master’s orders—that he would go wherever his master ordered him—that if it was a thing his master was not against, he would like to vote for Mr Higgins.” He was brought up reluctantly by the priests, Prendergast, M’Gee, Coughlan, and Coyne, to the polling at Swinford, telling them that he had as yet no orders from his master—that if he did vote he would vote for Colonel Higgins. Coaxing and cajoling were ineffectual, but Brennan’s canvassers could do more than coax and cajole—they could open the doors of the bottomless pit. The witness was anxious to express himself to the committee as delicately as he could; he thought the subject serious, and the humour of his examiners not in keeping with it. “They said if I would vote for Mr. Higgins, that my soul would not be in a right spot when I would go to the other world. I need not mention any more about it.” It required some pressure from the chairman to extract from the witness the word itself, which fashionable preachers do not mention to ears polite, but which these fiends, five or six of them, hissed into the ears of the poor Irish simpleton, to deter him from voting as his master wished and his inclination prompted: and so he voted for Moore and Palmer. It is scarcely worth saying a word as to the Rev. Mr. Iver’s cane—what use he made of it, whether it were as thick as Judge Buller’s thumb, and who did or did not see him plying it. On all hands it is



acknowledged, by those who know anything about Ireland, that the priest's horsewhip is a legitimate instrument for the chastisement of his flock when they need correction.

There are not, however, wanting signs of an effectual moral resistance to this domination of the priests, on the part of the more independent and the better educated of their own communion. Mr. Joseph Bourke, the sight of whose persuader so effectually cleared the wall of Clildea's yard, is evidently not a person to be intimidated by a priest. Mr. Richard Prendergast, likewise a Roman Catholic, a retired solicitor since many years, and well acquainted with the habits and feelings of the people, the same who gives us the Irish text of the curse against Higgins—"Moloth ghoghoggus Moloth aphulbid gogunall elbech a veris voter gur Higgins,"—testifies that the denunciations of the priest Conway, though intended to overawe the voters, "decidedly excited a feeling of disgust in some of them with whom he had been in communication." Mr. James French, a lauded proprietor in Mayo, and of the same Church, "conceived, as a *layman*," that Conway's language in the chapel of Ballinrobe, on April 5th, relative to Higgins and his supporters, was "in a very awkward part of the service—it was immediately after the communion;" and he describes his gesture and action, when thus delivering himself at the altar in his sacerdotal robes, as "quite unbecoming what a clergyman ought to have pursued." Mr. Griffin, a solicitor, and agent in the interest of Colonel Higgins, brought some freeholders into Ballinrobe on the morning of the same Sunday: Conway intruded himself into Monahan's (Higgins's) hotel, and endeavoured to persuade these men to go to mass. The men were afraid, as well they might be; but Mr. Griffin, a Roman Catholic himself, does not scruple to remark to the priest, "I consider that your asking these men to go to mass merely a pretext for electioneering purposes." Mr. Bernard M'Manus, a magistrate for the county of Mayo, and a person of great local influence, attending chapel at Bohola on March 29th, even replied to the invective uttered by priest Halligan against Colonel Higgins: a freeholder, Ambrose Lavin, present at the scene, though he never before saw a layman stand up and interrupt a clergyman in his address at the altar, seems to think the occasion justified the interruption. More important even is the evidence of John Gannon, a farmer in the county. During the election he had taken refuge in the house of one Hopkins, a car-keeper in Castlebar: Father Hosty and Father Cahill, the priests of his own parish, come in as he is taking his breakfast. They canvass him: he says he shall vote for Higgins; Hosty threatens to call him out in the four chapels and "announce" him from the altar of God in each chapel. Gannon calls Hopkins to witness,

and says, "Witness, Mr. Hopkins—if he calls me out and destroys my character in the presence of a flock or congregation, I will take an action against him." And when Father Cahill said, further, he would make an example of him if he did not vote for Moore and Palmer, he was even bold enough to appeal to God as above the priest,—“I told him that God had more power than him.” Then Mr. John Martyn is a witness on the side of the sitting member, and is called to neutralize by negative evidence, as far as possible, the positive depositions on the other side; he cannot recollect Father Conway saying anything about Colonel Higgins from the altar of the chapel in Ballinrobe on the Sundays before the 5th April; but his examination reveals the necessary effect of estrangement and recalcitration which is produced in the feelings of those who witness these altar speeches; who may, each one in his turn, become the subject of them.

“10,247. Is it usual—is it so usual that these things should be talked about, and so on, at the altar, that you do not remember, or would it have struck your attention?—It is, unfortunately, too usual for priests to allude to private matters; it is too much so, but I cannot recollect. 10,248. You yourself have complained, have you not, to Dr. M'Hale of personal denunciation against yourself?—I did not complain: I wrote Dr. M'Hale an angry letter. 10,249. As to a personal attack upon you by a priest during the service?—Yes. 10,250. What was the result?—The result was that *it all ended in smoke.*”—*Evidence of Mr. J. Martyn.*

The hope of some better state of things in the priest-ridden portions of Ireland depends on the extension of education and enlightenment through increased intercourse with the more civilized parts of the kingdom. The material from which the rank and file of the sacerdotal army is recruited is at present totally incapable of distinguishing between a direct moral obligation, and an obligation derived through the authority of the priests,—between a sin in the sight of God and an offence incurring the displeasure of the spiritual master. One Pat Hanley, a nailer, living at Castlebar, but not a voter, was retained with a score of others as a mobsman and shouter on the side of Colonel Higgins. He was to have five shillings a day for his services—two shillings and sixpence down, and two shillings and sixpence at the termination of the election. Of course the first thing he did was to get drunk with his retainer; as a natural consequence he was well thrashed by the opposite party for being a Higginsman. Whenever he has money in his pocket he spends it in drink—does not demur to being called a drunkard, but excepts to the description of blackguard: he does not think himself drunk when he can lie on the ground without holding on; from time to time he takes the pledge against some particular drink, or for a limited period; forswears whisky,



but takes no oath against porter; and once, when he had taken the pledge for twelve months, kept it for eleven. Well, after the election has been over about a month he has his qualms—it is the time for “sermons and soda-water.” He goes up to the convent in Castlebar “to get forgiveness for being a Higginsman.” At Castlebar there is a convent, and at his request the reverend mother administered the pledge to him *for a month* against whisky, and advised him as to “getting forgiveness.” She sent him to Father Hosty, and Father Hosty forgives him for being a Higginsman on condition that he goes to confess; so he goes to confession and “gets penance for being a Higginsman,” “to fast for three Fridays and one week, and say prayers.” Greater, evidently, was the sin of being a Higginsman than the sin of being drunk.

“Was that forgiveness for having got drunk and kicked up a row, or was it for having been a Higginsman?—Both; specially for being a Higginsman. Are you sure of that?—Yes; that was what I believed; I believe that, because I was a Higginsman, I wanted to get forgiveness. You thought it was wrong?—Yes.” (12,259—12,261.)

Thus this man is absolutely incapable of distinguishing between the moral sin of drunkenness and the sin of angering the priests by voting for Higgins,—of the two he considers the latter as most requiring pardon. No endeavour is made by the reverend mother, by the parish priest who knows him, or by the strange clergyman who receives his confession, to enlighten this dark understanding. Instead of clearing up to him his obligation as a Christian man to be “temperate in all things,” his spiritual guides lay traps for his feeble conscience, encourage him to hamper himself with gratuitous pledges and delusive oaths, pretend to bar the act of sin, but do not attempt to quicken the moral sense or enlighten the moral perception. If, for the sake of his “order,” and for the dominion which it now exercises, the priest desires to retain his vassals in this kind of moral subjugation,—if, engaged in this kind of ambition, he is brought into conflict with our constitutional order and the laws of the land, so far as is absolutely necessary their supremacy must be vindicated. But the remedy is not to be sought in punishment. If the priest is an enemy to social order and to the forms of the constitution, the schoolmaster will be found their most serviceable ally. And it is the interest of the proprietors, in the highest as well as the lowest sense, to diffuse among the people, whose relations with themselves are now hostile and unnatural, that enlightenment which they are happy to enjoy themselves,—to insist on their own right to superintend the education of their dependents, and to introduce into that education a strong practical and secular element.



The "difficulty" which has revealed itself in these proceedings is in a great degree a priestly one, but not, properly speaking, a religious one; it is not a Roman Catholic question—neither a Roman one nor a Catholic one. It is not a Roman one, for the proceedings of Archbishop M'Hale and his priests may counteract seriously the policy of the Roman court. That is a central power, claiming an universal and uniform sway; these are provincial vagaries arising out of an attempt at a provincial centralization—at a provincial self-government, and endangering the allegiance to their Church of a class of lauded men whom Rome, for obvious reasons, is always anxious to attach. Nor is this a Catholic question—meaning by that expression, a question in which the peculiar doctrines called Catholic are essentially mixed up. The doctrine, for instance, of transubstantiation, the belief in purgatory, the honour paid to the "Mother of God," were in no way at stake in this election. And if the opponents of Colonel Higgins have been pronounced by a committee of the House of Commons to have been guilty of outrage and intimidation, and of the exercise of various undue influences, there is no pretence of any connexion between those peculiar doctrines and this alleged misconduct. Peter Conway, indeed, endeavoured in a placard or two to raise a shout, as it were, for the Great Diana of the Ephesians; but it was evidently throughout a contest for priest and not for creed. Distinctly, there was no connexion, either natural or accidental, between the doctrines of the Romish Church and the peltings in the streets of Claremorris and Ballinrobe. Though we may conceive those doctrines to be founded upon traditional delusions, or to be phantasms of imagination and sentiment, their natural tendency and effect is not to irritate but to awe, to soften, and to restrain. Historically they have grown in part out of exaggerated piety, out of unreasoning emotion, but historically and practically there have always gathered round them the gentlest, kindest feelings of the professors of the Romish faith. They have no tendency to divide households nor to cause tenants to stone their landlords, or landlords to point pistols at the heads of their priests. In other parts of Ireland, where like feuds prevail to those which have been so strikingly revealed in Mayo, they may be much embittered by the working up into them of the religious differences between Romanist and Protestant. But Mayo makes known to us that there is an "Irish difficulty" quite distinct from the religious;—it is an Irish one, not a Roman or a Catholic one.

Neither is this a struggle of Ireland against the empire—the cry is not Ireland for the Irish, but for a section of the Irish; the quarrel is not of Irish against English, but of Irish inter se. Nor yet is the contest, though the priests are foremost on one side of it, a contest between the ecclesiastical and civil powers: Dr.

M'Hale is not an Ambrose nor an A'Beckett, he is an archiepiscopal Gracchus. The whole question is agrarian,—a question of transference of property in whole or in part, in which the priests act on the side of those from whom they are sprung, giving no uncertain warning to the others—to the squirearchs, that they only hold by sufferance what they consider to be their own.

Those who are old enough to remember a generation of priests in Ireland, of foreign extraction, or foreign bred, draw comparisons by no means to the advantage of the priest of to-day, who is of native material and of native manufacture. The St. Onmer ecclesiastic is described as having been a well-bred person, not busying himself with matters which did not concern his profession; a welcome guest, as any other gentleman would be, at the table of his squire, whether Roman Catholic or Protestant, and on friendly terms moreover with the Protestant rector. He was the priest of all ranks, as he ought to be, not the priest of one. And if it be thought that naturally and properly the ecclesiastic should be the special friend of the poor people, that may be true; but he will not be so effectually, nor to any good purpose, if he partakes of their exclusive prejudices, and is either unwilling to dispel their delusions, or incapable of doing it. One of those delusions is that of tenant right.

Undoubtedly landed property is the creation of law, and the State is the lord paramount of all the land in the kingdom. All of it is held, tacitly or expressly, subject to the service and the needs of the community at large. And by virtue of this paramount lordship, not only over corporate property, eleemosynary property, ecclesiastical property, but also over that which is called private property—which private persons hold immediately of the State, without any express declaration of the conditions of tenure, and which they are permitted to transmit to purchasers and heirs, without formal admissions;—by virtue of this paramount lordship, in great emergencies, and for the sake of the general benefit, the State might resume, or encumber with public services, any lands which are held in private hands. But though the State might thus, in the public interest, deal with the land, in whole or in part, the property in which is its own creation, it would not be just that it should alienate or encumber it in order merely to a redistribution; nor that with a view to a theoretical equalization it should take from one for the sake of giving to another. Or look at it in another light. Subject to the paramount lordship already spoken of, it is the true wisdom of a State to leave all contracts between man and man to be regulated according to their own will—according to the spontaneous valuations which they set upon the things wherein they traffic. Contracts relative to land and its uses should be left as free as contracts relative to all other things.



Nay, it would be impossible for the State, without the most grievous mischief, to prevent the accruing of that surplus value of land which is called rent to a person who has possessive title to land, but is willing to transfer the leave to cultivate it. Or further, if it were possible, and deemed right as an experiment, to give existing tenants of land a definite beneficial interest in it as against their landlords, this would only be arbitrarily to divide the value of its fee—it would be to create over again a kind of tenure possessing all the evils of copyhold with none of its advantages. It may be very seductive to the actual tenants to hold out to them that, by an arbitrary act of the legislature, they shall become copyholders of inheritance as against their landlords;—very seductive to a priesthood, that they should exercise the power of stewards, fixing fines and rents, keeping the rolls, and regulating the admissions to tenures of this new creation; but it requires little thought to foresee that all the evils attending the system of middlemen would reappear in their worst forms, if tenants could become irremovable at a compulsory valuation of rent; that the door would be opened to all kinds of frauds, and to the eventual ruin of properties, if improvements could be effected and saddled upon land by the tenant, without consent of the landlord. In ordinary cases, sufficient powers exist by means of well-known legal forms, either, for instance, by a lease for a term, or by agreement to compensate for unexhausted improvements according to a scale agreed upon, for doing justice between an improving tenant and the owner of the soil. In England facilities are given by recent Acts to charge the inheritance with a proportion of the more costly improvements, in the case of settled estates; and if these acts do not extend to Ireland, they could be made to do so without running into recent Irish delusions respecting tenant right. It is excusable, perhaps, that those whom Dr. M'Hale calls "poor men" should clamour for a while for a spoliation of their landlord's interest to their own advantage; especially when the guides of their consciences, instead of pointing out the injustice of the demand, encourage them in the imagination that it is their right. And some excuse may even be made for the priesthood itself in its encouragement of this clamour, because, recruited from the peasantry, it sympathizes especially with their apparent interests, and is imbued with their prejudices. And the priests feel that, if the claims of tenant right could be established, they themselves would virtually be the disposers of the land in the Roman Catholic parts of Ireland. Evidently, then, this is an agrarian, and not a religious dispute, to be determined not by theological controversy, but by reference to sound principles of political economy.

In concluding this brief notice of an important decision of the Mayo Election Committee, and in congratulating ourselves that



justice was done by it to the constitution and the country, we must nevertheless express our conviction, that similar questions ought not to be tried by the House of Commons itself. The privileges of that House grew up as privileges against the Crown. The time was, when the Crown could not be trusted, even in the Courts. But the privileges of the House are now retained as against the people. The Courts are now, in fact, the people's Courts, Courts of the State, of the whole body politic, and they should be the sole executors of all laws—the tribunals for the trials of all causes. They are at least as exempt from the influence of the Crown as they are from that of the House. An unconstitutional interference with the Courts of Judicature is even less to be apprehended on the part of the Crown than on the part of the Commons. Moreover, coincidences occur to everyone's recollection in which divisions of committees have happened to follow the side most favourable to the political interests of the majority. We are therefore bound to suppose that it would be a heartfelt relief to the members of that honourable House, not to have to serve on these occasions. Those who do not know the extreme scrupulousness, delicacy, and sensibility which is generated by the very air of the House in the breasts of its members, may impute to them the party-serving spirit which, alas, is the too common characteristic of ordinary men out of doors. The decisions of a Court constituted expressly for the purpose of trying all election petitions, would be uniform as well as unimpeachable, and would set at liberty the services of members of the House, who cannot at the same time be sitting on an election committee and applying themselves to their duties as legislators. Candidates, electors, and agents, would soon learn the limits of the law, and would not speculate, as they are now tempted to do, upon the many chances which may turn up for or against the success of a petition. But no bodies of men willingly divest themselves of privileges: and we must not expect any self-denying ordinance to emanate spontaneously from the House itself. It has been so pampered by the leading men, who find it convenient to flatter its prejudices, in order to stand well with it for their own ambitions' sake, that it is as snappish when a privilege is touched, as a plethoric pug-dog if one attempts to rob it of an old bone. It is the very last corporation, or quasi-corporation, which can be expected in any particular to reform itself, without a pressure from without. It exhibits the tenacity of a municipal corporation, the self-indulgence of a club, the passions of a debating society. If the people are wise they will not suffer themselves to be deluded by a Reform which shall be generated within that body,—or be prepared, cut and dry for them, by Whig doctrinaires. For as with continental powers there may be changes of dynasty, and even of

constitution; and yet there always reappear the same grievances under every form of government—octrois and salt taxes, gendarmerie and passports,—so, until the privileges of the Commons' House are better defined, more subordinated to the general law of the land—until its duties are more limited, and much of its present committee work is performed by permanent boards or courts, independent of the minister of the day—enlargement of the constituency, and even redistribution of the seats will end in disappointment. We shall only be running a second or third casting, of finer or baser metal, as the case may be, into the original mould, now flawed, worn out, and unshapely.

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### ART. III.—QUEDAH; OR, ADVENTURES IN MALAYAN WATERS.

*Quedah; or, Stray Leaves from a Journal in Malayan Waters.*  
By Captain SHERARD OSBORNE, R.N., C.B., &c. London.  
1857.

SOME twenty years ago, a very young midshipman was entrusted with the command of a gun-boat in an expedition undertaken in aid of our ally the King of Siam, and, very laudably, kept a journal of his proceedings. That young midshipman is now Captain Sherard Osborne, C.B., and Officier de la Legion d'Honneur; and, rightly judging that the diary of the boy-officer had more in it to interest and amuse than most modern books of travel, he has given it to the public nearly as he wrote it, and we have to thank him for affording us what reviewers seldom can hope for—a few hours of very pleasant occupation in reading a true tale as graphic and characteristic of the age and race as any of the Homeric chants were of the Greeks of old. It has, indeed, much of the nature of an epic poem, for the fate of a nation is comprised in it; and the defiance, the leaguer, and the capture, form the fitting beginning, middle, and end of a history not unlike that of the siege of Troy.

It is told of a former Duke of Newcastle that, after making a long speech on the importance of maintaining and defending some British possession, the name of which we forget, on sitting down he whispered to a friend beside him, "Where is it?"—and probably our readers will be inclined to ask the same question as to the position of Quedah, though it was for some time beleaguered



by English vessels of war, and was a matter of importance to the officers in command. We will therefore act the part of the discreet friend who gave the Duke the desired information, though we shall not do it, like him, in a whisper, but in good roman type. Quedah is a region lying along the western shore of the peninsula of Malacca, of which our settlement of Singapore occupies the lower end. The Malay population in former times offered a stout resistance to the Portuguese, and probably, when these last captured Malacca, the Rajah of Quedah assumed something like the modified independence of the counts and dukes of the middle ages after the great Roman Empire had fallen to pieces by its own weight. Nominally, they owed homage to the Empire; virtually, they did that which was right in their own eyes, and only acknowledged the suzerainty of the Emperor when he was at hand with a strong army, or when an enemy threatened whom the unruly vassal was unable to resist alone. Like the barons and counts of those times, too, the Malays thought robbery no dishonour, and the encounters in which defenceless merchants were plundered without mercy, were boasted of as noble enterprizes. Chivalry, though we never admired it as much as some *laudatores temporis acti* are wont to do, had its virtues, which yet coincided with this system of wholesale theft: the Vikings of Scandinavia were heroes in the eyes of their countrymen, though stained with crimes which excite the horror of modern times; and the Malays, though piracy has been the trade of a large portion of the population from time immemorial, do not regard themselves as disgraced by it, and retain therefore certain lofty and kindly feelings which are too often obliterated in the self-abased robber of more civilized countries. It is a misfortune, however, when the rude customs of barbarian life and the more regulated habits of modern Europe come into collision; for men accustomed to the latter, measure others by their own standard, feel the inconvenience and danger to which they are subjected by these barbarian heroes, and think them a pestilent race that ought to be exterminated, forgetting that the pirate or robber hero is but practising the lessons of his forefathers, and pursuing what they hold honourable, and does not at all comprehend that this can be a grievance to his neighbours, or that they will hold these worthy ancestral practices to be utterly detestable and execrable, and deserving condign punishment. Thus the two regard each other necessarily as enemies; and as the piracies of the Malays went on very much in the style of the Northmen of old, when the master of a trading vessel escaped with his life, and could report the whereabouts of the pirates, British vessels of war pursued and took ample vengeance on what they considered a set of bloodthirsty and rascally plunderers. Out of these widely



different views grew the calamities of Quedah; and they were as unavoidable as are generally those which arise out of the juxtaposition of civilization and barbarism.

The Rajah of Quedah, after the conquest of Malacca by the Portuguese, appears to have acknowledged the King of Siam as his nominal suzerain; but in 1786 the East India Company treated with him for the purchase of the town and territory of Penang, which purchase was completed and held without any ratification from the suzerain. Whether this sale was one which according to their law was allowable to a vassal, or whether the King of Siam only bided his time, does not appear; but about the time of our first Burmese war, his majesty took the opportunity of altogether subduing the too independent province, revenging himself on the inhabitants with great cruelty, dispossessing the Rajah; and having effected his purpose, he entered into an alliance with England, to whom his friendship was then valuable.

Such were the antecedents of Quedah, and we now arrive at the opening of the epos. A British sloop of war was stationed at Singapore to protect the merchant traders, and the *Hyacinth*, in which our narrator was a midshipman, was sent to relieve the *Wolf*. The latter vessel had been engaged with some piratical prahus a short time before, but failed to capture them, though some had been crippled, and all had fled. A fresh account of attacks on trading junks led to a determination to seek the pirates; and, accordingly, the *Hyacinth*, *Wolf*, *Diana* steamer, and some gun-boats left their anchorage in pursuit. This probably had been expected, for no sooner had the British flotilla left Singapore, than a fleet of forty prahus made their appearance in the straits, under the command of Prince Abdullah, a descendant of the ex-rajah, and, in the absence of our ships, effected their descent on Quedah without opposition; and, on the return of the flotilla *re infectâ*—for they had not discovered the pirates—the English captains found the province in the possession of its *soi disant* heir.

The near neighbourhood of a nest of notorious pirates was anything but agreeable to the colonists at Singapore, and though the Malay prince insisted that he was but engaged in recovering his paternal inheritance, the known character of his followers was not calculated to inspire confidence. The East India Company, therefore, and Lord Auckland, then Governor-General, listened favourably to the application of the King of Siam, who, upon the faith of treaties, claimed assistance in the recovery of Quedah, and asked for British forces to blockade the rebellious province, whilst his army entered it by land. The request was granted, and three gun-boats were sent to blockade the river,

and hinder supplies from being thrown in, as well as prevent the so-called rebels from escaping. The lieutenants being all removed by death or promotion, it fell to the lot of the younger officers of the *Hyacinth* to take charge of these vessels, and thus the beardless boy, whose tale is before us, found himself in the proud position of assuming a separate and very responsible command. He shall himself give a description of his vessel and crew.

"At an early hour on the 8th of December, I found myself on board the Honourable Company's gun-boat *Emerald*. She was a fine wholesome boat, about forty-eight feet long, carrying two large lugger sails, and with a crew of twenty-five stout Malays, besides a *serang*, or boat-swain. Completely decked over, she carried on her bow an eighteen-pounder carronade on a traversing carriage, and a brass six-pounder on a pivot on the quarter-deck, and had, moreover, an ample store of all arms on board. My swarthy crew received their new commander in the height of Malay *tenue*. The gayest pocket handkerchief tied round their heads, and their bodies wrapped in the tasteful cotton plaid of the country, called a sarong, and their bare legs and sinowy arms, with the warlike creese, gave them the air of so many game-cocks. Not a soul of them could speak a word of English; and until I could master enough Malay to be understood, my sole means of communication lay through an individual who introduced himself to me as 'Jambo, sir—interpreter, sir.' Jambo's account of my worthy crew was somewhat startling: the majority of them had, I learnt, at various times been imprisoned in Singapore jail as pirates, the most notorious scamp being my *serang*, Jadee. 'Pleasant company!' I ejaculated, as I scanned the rogues, who, seated along the deck on either side, were throwing themselves back with a shout at every stroke of their 'sweeps,' and displaying twenty-five as reckless, devil-may-care countenances as any equal number of seamen ever exhibited. The *serang* Jadee was, to my astonishment, standing on the main-hatch, with a long Illenou creese in his hand, which he waved as he gave utterance to a series of expressions uttered with frantic energy and rapid pantomime, stopping every now and then to allow his crew to express their approval of what he said by a general chorus of 'Ugh!' which sounded like a groan, or an exulting shout of 'Ya! ya! ya!' which was far more musical. 'He is only telling them what fighting and plunder is in store for them,' said Jambo, 'and pointing out the certainty of victory while fighting with white men on their side,—mixing it up with descriptions of revellings they will have when this war is over.'"

The pinnacle and gun-boats soon reached the Quedah river, and placed themselves in line across its mouth, when they anchored. Armed men were seen upon the battlements of the fort; but—

"To my inquiry, through the interpreter, as to the opinion Jadee held of the line of conduct likely to be pursued by the occupants of Quedah, he assured me that the Malays would never voluntarily fight the white men. 'Orang-putih,' as we, of all Europeans, are styled par



*excellence.* It was quite possible, if we were very careless, that they would try and capture Englishmen as hostages for their own safety; and that by way of inspiriting his men, a Malay chief might, if he found one of the gun-boats alone, which was manned by Malays, fight her, in hopes of an easier capture than they would find in the pinnace. The very prospect of such a piece of good fortune seemed to arouse all Jadee's recollections of bygone forays and skirmishes; for no sooner had Jumboo told him that he only hoped that Tonkoo Mahomet Said might take it into his head to try the experiment upon the *Emerald* than Jadee sprang to his legs and shouted, quivering with passion, for Campar! Campar soon came—Campar being a swarthy giant, who did the double duty of armourer and carpenter. In reply to some order, he dived below, and brought up a thick quilted red vest without arms, which the excited Jadee donned at once, girded up his loins, gave his head-dress a still more ferocious cock, and then baring his arms, with a long Illanoon creese in one hand, and a short 'badi' or stabbing-knife in the other, he enacted a savage pantomime of a supposed mortal fight between himself and Mahomet Said, in which he evidently conquered the Tonkoo (chief), and finished off, after calling him, his mother, sisters and female relations all manner of unseemly names, by launching at him, in a voice of thunder, his whole stock of English: 'Ah you d—d poul! come alongside!'—poul, or fool, being supposed to be something with which the white men emphatically cursed their enemies."

This history of Jadee may give some notion of the career of a Malay pirate—a very inconvenient but a very pitiable race, scarcely to be tolerated by a commercial nation, yet not without some rude virtues, and capable of becoming very different beings under a better *régime* than they seem likely to enjoy. They are but what all untutored men are—fierce in their passions, and eager for gross pleasures which they know that riches will purchase: riches, therefore, they seek at all hazards; and when to this is added the pride of a warrior in pursuing a dangerous calling, there is nothing in the pirate very different from the conqueror, though we give to the latter a name of honour, while on the former we bestow a halter. The peace people, who insisted that the pirates attacked by Rajah Brooke were quiet villagers, altogether innocent of bloodshed and robbery, knew little of the *manière d'être* of men in that phase of society.

Jadee was born in or carried off a child to the mountains of Sumatra: while still a youth he accompanied a party of his tribe in a foray; a skirmish ensued, in which he was made prisoner, and of course enslaved—the only secondary punishment of barbarians and semi-barbarians. In this condition he was employed as a rower, but soon showed so much courage and skill that he was promoted to the rank of a fighting-man, and served in this capacity for some years, attacking ships of all nations in turn. But not liking his masters, he escaped and took service as a



free man under the Rajah of Jehore; and having in a short time realized a considerable sum, he betook himself to Singapore to enjoy it in the most luxurious fashion. Here he spent freely, and, sailor-like, soon came to the end of his cash, on which he took to the sea again.

“For a few years he had a chequered career, plenty one day—opium, curry and rice, and wives galore; then pulling at the oar like a galley slave to win more: at last the white men spoilt his career. An expedition in which Jadee was engaged was attacked by a British man-of-war, and suffered a severe defeat. Jadee never bargained for fighting them; anything with a dark skin—let him be the old gentleman himself—he felt himself a match for. A Dutchman he did not mind, and a Spaniard he had often seen run; but the Orang-putih—there was no charm, not even from the Koran, which had ever been efficacious against pirates so mighty as they.”

Jadee therefore changed his tactics; bought a boat and plied for an honest fare occasionally by day, but plundered the market-boats by night, till finally he was caught asleep in his bed by a Chinese, who averred that he caught him in an open act of piracy, and he was lodged in jail. English law, however, required clear evidence, and failing this, he remained for a time uncondemned but not set free. At last he was set at liberty for his services in hanging a Chinese murderer, the executioner having absconded; and finding the jail very little to his taste, he reformed his ways, entered the Company's service, and made himself useful. Such antecedents were not encouraging, and the rest of the crew were of the same description: “one was a notorious pirate of Sumatra, another of Tringanan,” and the rest had for the most part fled their country for some act of violence. Unpromising as such a crew might appear, our boy-commander (he was only seventeen) continued, nevertheless, by judicious kindness, and especially by knowing his business, to win the affection and obedience of these rude men so completely that no crew of British seamen could have done their work more zealously. We dwell more at length on this portion of the narrative, because the same feeling and judgment evinced by Sherard Osborne would probably always have the same results; and in the present crisis of British affairs in the East, when inattention to these matters has perilled our Indian empire, it seems more than ever desirable to impress on our young officers the importance of respecting the prejudices of the men they command, if they wish to secure their allegiance. We hear of officers who by their personal popularity retained their men in their duty in the midst of mutiny and disorder. We will not ask what has been the course of conduct pursued by those who have now expiated their fault in their blood; but we prefer to hold up for a lesson a different picture of a young inexpe-

rienced lad, who, by dint of good feeling on his part, and careful attention to that of others, secured the willing services of a set of reckless and lawless men, who could have taken his life and the boat at any moment, and to whom such an enterprise as the carrying off a Company's gun-boat would have appeared in the light only of a dashing exploit.

Let Captain Osborne himself describe his judicious mode of treating Mahomedan prejudices with regard to eating with a Christian :—

"I was debating in my mind how my messing was to be carried on in a vessel manned with Mahomedans, where pork was an abomination, and myself an unclean animal and an infidel, when Jadee, with the most graceful bow he could muster, came to announce that the ship's company's rice and fish were cooked, and that in a few minutes *gur* curry and rice would be ready. Through the interpreter, I expressed a hope that he would not depart from any religious opinions, as to feeding with a Christian, because I was set in authority over him. To which the good fellow made a very neat answer, in a very modest way, that he was a servant of the same Great Rajah as the *white officer*, and if I did not consider it beneath my dignity to eat out of the same dish as an Orang Malay, it was not for him to do so. This difficulty over, we sat down cross-legged to our breakfast—a mountain of snow-white rice with a curried fowl. I was at first very awkward in the use of my right hand for spoon and fork, etiquette not allowing the left to be used . . . a drink of pure water finished the repast, and then the ever-useful Campar appeared with water and a towel for us to wash our hands and mouth. We had only two meals a day—breakfast about seven or eight o'clock, and dinner at three P.M.; rice and salt-fish or rice and curry being the constant fare."

One more anecdote of Jadee, and the reader will probably begin to feel with us, that the pirate had a heart, and that the "white officer" had found the right way to it.

"During the night it rained hard, and the wet, in spite of our awnings being sloped, began to encroach upon the dry portions of the deck. I heard my men moving about; but desirous of setting an example of not being easily troubled with such a discomfort as a wet bed, I kept my place, and was not a little pleased to see Jadee bring a mat which he called a *hajang*, and slope it carefully over me, evidently thinking that I was asleep, and then the poor fellow went away to rough it as he best could. And this man is a merciless pirate! I thought; and I felt a friendship for my Malay coxswain from that moment, which nothing will ever obliterate."

With a crew so disposed to second his wishes, our boy-commander executed his duty carefully and well; few vessels could escape the vigilance of the blockading force, but the Siamese army did not appear, and the service was unpleasantly lengthened out. Meanwhile officers and crews, when not chasing a pirate,



had to amuse themselves as best they might, and on these occasions Captain Osborne notices another favourable trait in the Malay character:—

“Having no small boat,” he observes, “our mode of procuring wood and water was primitive enough; the gun-boat used to be anchored in a convenient position, and then all hands, myself included, jumped overboard, swam ashore with casks and axes, and spent the day filling the former, cutting wood, bathing, and washing our clothing. It was a general holiday; and, like seamen of our own country, my Malays skylarked, joked, and played about with all the zest of schoolboys; and I observed, with no small pleasure, that in their practical jokes and witticisms, there was none of that grossness or unbecoming language which European sailors, be their nation what it may, would assuredly have indulged in.”

This testimony of one who had ample means of observation, countenances the opinion of Jadee as to the cause of their piracy, and leads to the conclusion which most who read this narrative will arrive at, that this very unusual characteristic of the Malay seaman is but one of the relics of a higher state of civilization, existing when the forefathers of these abhorred pirates were perhaps the nobility of a great empire, ere the cupidity of Europeans led to their conquest.

“The Hollanders,” observed Jadee, “have been the bane of the Malay race; no man knows the amount of villany, the bloody cruelty of their system towards us. They drive us into our prahus to escape their taxes and their laws, and then call us pirates, and put us to death. There are natives in our crew, Touhan (sir), of Sumatra and Java, of Banca and Borneo; ask them why they hate a Dutchman, why they would kill a Dutchman. It is because the Dutchman is a false man, not like the white man (English). The Hollander stabs in the dark: he is a liar!”

Perhaps there was a little of Asiatic flattery in the favourable opinion expressed of the English, but there is a tone of fearful reality in the accusation against the Hollander; and if, as we suppose, the Malay race has been more sinned against than sinning, we can hardly avoid joining in the regret evidently felt by our officers at having to aid in giving up this ill-used race into the hands of a master as cruel as the Dutchman, and perhaps more so: for the deterioration of a nation by bad government goes on rapidly, and nothing can be expected but that the unhappy Malays will sink lower and lower in the scale of civilization, under a severity which they resent but cannot escape from.

When every page offers a picture, it is difficult to restrain our extracts within reasonable bounds, nor would our readers thank us if we did so. Let us give a sporting day of our young journalist:—

"One middle-watch in January the look-out man awoke me and told me my sampan (canoe) and gun were ready, as I had desired. Day had as yet scarcely dawned, but I was anxious to get a shot at some delicate white cranes, of a small size, which nightly roosted on a clump of trees about a mile distant from my anchorage. . . . The day-dawn had already chased the stars away from one half of the bright heaven overhead; the insect world, so noisy from set of sun on the previous day, had ceased their shrill note; while the gloomy forest shook off its sombre hue, and dripping with dew, glistened in many a varied tint, as the morning beams played upon it, or streamed down through the mountain gorges behind. The Indian Sea laughed with a thousand rippling smiles, and the distant isles seemed floating on clouds of purple and gold, as the night mists rose from their level seaboard and encircled the base of their picturesque peaks. . . . Not far beyond me, on a projecting shoal, stands the tall adjutant—a very king of fishing-birds. I was interested in seeing how he captured his prey, and watched him narrowly. The bird stood like a statue, in a foot of water and mud, the long legs admirably supporting a comparatively small body, a long neck, and such a bill! It looked as if it could cut a man in two and swallow him. Presently, from a perfect state of quietude the adjutant was all animation, the head moving rapidly about, as if watching its unconscious prey; a rapid stride or two into a deep gully of water, a dive with the prodigious beak, and then the adjutant held in the air what looked like a moderate-sized conger eel. Poor fish! it made a noble fight; but what chance had it against an 'old soldier,' who stood ten feet without his stockings, and rejoiced in a bill as big as a man's thigh and some four feet long. The last I saw of the poor conger eel was a lively kick in the air as the soldier lifted his beak and shook his breakfast down."

The young sportsman was tempted to try a shot, but failed to do more than ruffle the feathers of the noble bird: the shot drove away the cranes and roused a party of black monkeys, who chattered and screeched at him, and then did much as human creatures would have done on a like emergency,—

"The ladies and babies retired, whilst about a dozen large monkeys, perfectly black, except their faces, which were grey or white, giving them the appearance of so many old men—sprang along the branches that reached across over my head. They worked themselves into a perfect fury, shrieking, leaping, and grinning with rage; but the sullen boom of a gun from Parlis river rolled along the forest; and that being the signal for an enemy in sight to the seaward, I left the monkeys for a future day, and hurried back to my vessel, just reaching her in time to start in chase of a prahu that had been seen running for an island called Pulo Bras Manna. The breeze sprang up fresh and fair, and my little vessel soon rattled over the eight miles which intervened."

The vessel, when overtaken, proved to be that of a trader in edible birds'-nests; and the boy's love of birds'-nesting not having left the young sailor, he resolved to accompany the nesting



party on their expedition, much against their will, and in spite of the remonstrances of the interpreter, Jamboo, who piteously exclaimed—"By Gad, sar! you kill me, sar! Me poor man, sar! What my mother do?" However, a promise that he should not be obliged "to go down dark holes with a little bit of rope, and swing about in the air the same as one bird," calmed him, and he consented to negotiate with the birds'-nesters. The undertaking was no trifle; their clothes were torn to tatters on thorn-bushes—

"The underwood overgrowing rocks, fissures, and boulders in all directions. . . . At last we reached the edge of the cliff, which stood about 200 feet above the sea, having many deep fissures in its face, and several caves at its base. After sitting down to rest for a short time, the Malays went to work. Each man drove his spike very carefully in the ground, secured his rope to it, slung his bag and torch across his back, and after repeating a Mahomedan pater-noster, lowered himself down the cliff by means of his rope, and proceeded to search the caves and crannies for birds'-nests. Accustomed as I was, as a sailor, to see great activity and much risk run, still it fell far short in my estimation of that undergone by these Malays: in some places they had to vibrate in the air like a pendulum to gather sufficient momentum to swing in under some overhanging portion of the cliff, the wretched rope by which the man was suspended a hundred feet above the chafing sea and rocks below, cutting against the sharp edge of the cliff, to use a nautical simile, 'like a ropeyarn over a nail.' Here and there the men picked up a nest or two; but at last, one of them who had lowered himself down to within ten or twelve feet of the water, shouted that he had discovered a cave thickly tenanted with the birds."

The adventurous "white officer" resolved to join the party, and enter this cave.

"The nest-seekers smiled at my curiosity, and pointed to a cave with a narrow entrance, out of which a smell was issuing which partook neither of frankincense nor myrrh, and of an inky darkness which the keenest eye could not penetrate. There was a narrow ledge of rock which led into the cave, and on this we advanced until out of the wind and daylight; the Malay now struck a light and lit his torch, and his doing so was the signal for the most internal din that mortal ears were ever pained with: the tiny chirp of the swallows being taken up and multiplied a thousandfold by the beautiful echoes of the cave, while huge bats flitted round us, and threatened not only to put our light out, but to knock us off the narrow ledge on which we stood by a rap on the head into the black cleft below, which seemed to descend into the very foundations of the cliffs. Holding both hands to my ears, I asked the Malay to show me the nests: he waved his torch about, and pointed some of them out in spots overhead, where it appeared as if only a gnome could have gathered them. . . . Then and afterwards I gleaned from different sources that the trade in birds'-nests employed a very large amount of capital

and men. The loss of life arising from accident and exposure was extraordinarily large; but the high prices obtained insured no lack of labour. One person largely engaged in the trade assured me that, on an average, two out of five men employed in birds'-nesting met with a violent death; and, under these circumstances, it is not to be wondered at that a catty (or pound and quarter English) of the best nests costs generally forty dollars, or about nine pounds sterling. The Malays asserted that, by some arrangement of the digestive organs, the bird from its bill produced the glutinous and clear-looking substance of which its nest was constructed—an opinion in some manner substantiated by the appearance of the nests, which, in structure, resembled long filaments of very fine vermicelli, coiled one part over the other without much regularity, and glued together by transverse rows of the same material. In form the edible nests resemble the bowl of a large gravy spoon, split in half longitudinally, and in all respects much smaller than the common swallow's nest."

The skill shown by the Malays, not only in seamanship but in boat-building, was such as to astonish their commander; and though, as with most untutored races, they liked better to exhibit unexpected talent than to plod on in the routine business of a man-of-war's crew, still with a little management they were made amenable to discipline, and both commander and men had learned to understand one another so well, that the wearisome work of a blockade of months, requiring incessant vigilance, was carried on cheerfully and effectually, so that it is hardly possible to avoid a persuasion that if these much-aggrieved tribes could have an opportunity afforded them of gaining an honest maintenance as seamen under a just government, there would be little of piracy in these seas. It may, indeed, be generally concluded that when a whole nation takes to malpractices, the people have been more sinned against than sinning in the first instance; and we are therefore more inclined to share in the enthusiasm of a man like Rajah Brooke, who believed in the natural good of human nature so far as to throw himself into the gulf, like another Curtius, to bridge over the chasm between barbarism and civilization, even at the sacrifice of life and all else that men most value, than to sit down coldly to condemn those as utterly lost and unregenerate who do not believe what we *profess* to believe, *but do not act upon*; and who, therefore, have no chance of knowing and adopting a benevolent creed which they never see in action. If men are bad it is seldom the fault of the masses; and from the Malay pirate down to the London thief, the individual may be a nuisance to society—nay, it may be almost necessary to remove him, for the sake of the numbers whom he may injure, yet he is thus dangerous either because legislators have made bad laws, or administrators have failed to do their duty. The man himself is but one of those scourges in the hand



of the Creator, which, like pestilence or famine, are intended to show the reckless that they cannot be careless of his established laws, whether physical or moral, without suffering the appropriate punishment.

Pirates, we have seen, have grown out of oppression on the part of the government among a half-barbarous people; and thieves—the pirates of civilized life—grow out of neglected children; who, uncared-for by society, prey on it for subsistence first, and then from vicious inclinations generated by hardships, resentment, and bad company. Remove the cause—give the pirate a country, and the orphan, or worse than orphan, a home, and you destroy the race, not by extermination, but by a change of heart and purpose—the only change that is of any avail.

A nation which holds sway over extensive regions incurs a proportionate responsibility, and it is no excuse, but rather an additional fault, when those who ought to inform and guide the whole, simply plead that they did not know. Or if the executive be at fault, there ought to be some, at least in England, who do know what is so important. But there is far too much ignorance on these subjects among our so-called educated classes; and much that is amiss is going on in our immense empire which might, and could be, corrected, were the more influential part of the nation better informed as to our distant possessions and foreign relations.

Who, until Captain Osborne published his interesting journal, knew anything of the state of Quedah, or of the wrongs and cruelties perpetrated by the Siamese under the shelter of the British flag? Wrongs which might have been increased tenfold, but for the personal humanity of the officers engaged in the service, who stretched their orders to the utmost point of laxity, in order to save a brave people from quaffing the last dregs of misery.

The English are a humane people, and do not willingly countenance oppression; but there was the old bad excuse—they did not know. We do not say that the unhappy natives of Quedah might not have been subjected to the cruelties of barbarian conquest, even though some one had known that such a place was in existence, and that British ships were aiding and abetting in a war which was distasteful to brave and humane men; but we do think that whoever reads Captain Osborne's narrative, will not be merely amused with the vivid pictures which he exhibits of strange lands and manners; there will be in the mind of the reader the same painful feeling which appears to have pervaded the officers of the squadron in executing their most unpleasant duty.

As time wore on, the strictness of the blockade reduced the people to great straits; and as the Siamese pressed on them by

land, they threw themselves on the mercy of the English, and a messenger was sent to ask British protection for their women and children:—

“The Inchi was indignant—and we all cordially joined him in that feeling—at the fearful atrocities which he told us had been perpetrated by our Siamese allies, and he swore by Allah, no Malay-man had ever been known to torture women and children as these devils did. ‘If,’ said Inchi Laa, ‘the woman and the child, because they are our country people, deserve death, let them die! but beyond death or slavery there should be no punishment for those who cannot help themselves.’ An opinion to which we all uttered an ‘Amen.’ He then received permission to proceed to the *Hyacinth* to make arrangements for the departure of a number of defenceless creatures, whom Mahomet Said wished to send to Penang and Province Wellesley (British settlements), to save them from the wrath of the Siamese. We smiled at the cool confidence betokened by such a request, and on asking Inchi Laa ‘why he thought it probable the English would allow the women and offspring of men declared to be pirates to escape, and seek an asylum under the very flag they had abused?’ his reply was characteristic: ‘Every Malay-man knows, Touhan, that the white men (Orang-putlis) can fight; but every Malay-man knows that they war with men, and not against women and children!’ Inchi Laa returned a few hours afterwards, looking supremely happy, and delivered to the senior officer of the boats, Mr. Barclay, an order to allow all unarmed vessels to pass out, provided they only carried women and children; but on no account to permit more than just men enough to navigate the craft to Penang.”

A message of grateful thanks was returned by Tonkoo Mahomet Said, announcing that they would start at midnight; and with some anxiety on the part of the officers, lest under pretence of carrying women and children, armed boats might be sent out to board them, they awaited the night: and then a strange and melancholy scene ensued. About midnight—

“A perfect *débâcle* took place, for out of the narrow opening of the stockade, where the pent-up tide caused the stream to shoot out like a rapid, flowed out upon us prahus of all sizes, canoes, topes, and even rafts, laden as heavily as they could be with human beings. It was indeed a wild and wretched scene, strange and exciting though it might be to us. The torches carried in some of the canoes threw a vivid light over the black river and jungle, and brought out in strong relief the groups of excited men and women. ‘Anchor! anchor!’ we shouted, ‘or we must fire.’ ‘Mercy! mercy!’ shrieked the women and old grey-bearded men. The nicobars yelled out orders, invoking all the saints of Islam. Babies struck in with their shrill piccolos, and the wifeless, womanless garrison left in Quedah seemed determined to show what good heart they were still in by the wild yet not unmusical cry of ‘Jaggā, jaggā!’ or ‘Watch then! watch!’ . . . By four o’clock in the morning the exodus was over, and we lay at anchor with a black



mass of every size and shape around us: many of the canoes threatening to sink alongside, we were forced to take the unfortunates upon our decks, adding still more to the scene of confusion. My boat's crew, blood-thirsty Malays though they were, employed themselves from midnight to day-dawn boiling and serving out rice to the half-starved women and children. . . . Two births took place during this sad night of confusion."

The wife and family of the chief, Mahomet Said, were among this wretched troop of exiles: he trusted to British honour and humanity, and was not disappointed.

"Captain Warren ordered me to embark the chieftainess and family and convey them, as well as the junks and larger prahus, to Penang, not only to insure them against shipwreck, but to guard against the dashing enterprize of his Siamese Majesty's brig, the *Teda Bagoose*, which, to our sorrow, made her appearance off Quedah just at this juncture. She had ascertained that the Malay boats contained only women and children, and her captain was, to use an English sailor's phrase, 'full of fight.'"

We cannot resist quoting the episode in our young sailor's life to which this gave rise:—

" . . . The chieftainess was a slight, graceful-looking woman, almost as fair as a Spaniard, with a very sweet expression of countenance, though it was not youthful, and bore deep traces of care stamped upon it. Her family consisted of a lovely girl, of perhaps twelve years old, and two babies in arms, attended by a nurse. Midshipmen are a susceptible race, and I was no exception to the rule. I felt as an embryo Nelson should do—a perfect knight-errant, and I, in quest of a lady-love, had, by a freak of good fortune, lighted on a pirate's beautiful daughter. Poor Baja-Mira, or Red-jacket, as I at once christened the object of my admiration, in consequence of her wearing the prettiest Indian shawl-jacket that ever was seen, was perfectly unconscious of the sudden attachment she had awakened in one who, from her frightened fawn-like way, she evidently supposed was only one of the ruthless destroyers of the amiable fraternity to which her parents belonged. However, that was perfectly immaterial to me. I had made up my mind to be her slave, that was enough for any one whose poetry had not been, so to speak, knocked out of him by fair Dulcineas. We cleared out my cabin, removed all the hatches, put a screen across the deck, to give the party as much privacy as possible, and indeed did all we could to make our passengers at their ease."

Two of the retainers of the chieftain were allowed to act as guards to his family, and crew and commander vied with each other in respectful attention to fallen greatness. The fleet of wretched boats which they had in charge were every hour in danger of sinking, and left little hope of rest to the commander who was charged with the care of their safety: towards morning, however, after six-and-thirty hours incessant activity, he sat down

and dozed upon the deck. Suddenly he was roused by a sharp cry, and on opening his eyes he saw poor little Baju-Mira on the quarter-deck, and in a moment more she sprang overboard. The mainsail arrested her fall, and enabled her devoted admirer to catch and save her, and the poor child at that moment awoke from the frightful dream which had alarmed her so much.

“When Baju-Mira had had a good cry—don’t laugh, reader; I kept the pocket handkerchief in which the little Hebe wept for a long time—the good chieftainess said, ‘Ah, Touhan, my poor child has seen and suffered enough these last few days to make her mad, much more to cause her to walk in her sleep.’ And I have no doubt she had. Badinage apart, Baju-Mira was lovely enough to have tempted a tougher heart than mine: at her age, an Indian girl is just blooming into womanhood, and as lovely and as fresh as a flower can be, whose beauty in that fiery clime is but of a day. The child, the woman, mother, and old age tread on one another’s heels, under an equatorial sun, with a painful rapidity; perhaps it is on that account that the short heyday of an Indian or Malay girl is all the more romantic and loveable. Baju-Mira was not tall, but beautifully proportioned; and her slight waist seemed too small to support her exquisitely-rounded bust; the neck and head were perfectly classical, and betokened Arab rather than Malay blood—an intermixture which was all the more evident in her oval face and beautiful features.”

The chieftainess and her family were conveyed to their destination with all honour: the admiration of the young Englishman never led him beyond the bounds of innocent and respectful attention, although his obsequious coxswain, Jadee, would willingly have aided him in going further.

The fate of Quedah was now verging to its completion: the Siamese army was fifteen thousand strong—of whom ten thousand were armed with Tower flint-muskets, sold to them by the East India Company—traders ever!—when they equipped their own troops with percussion-locks; and this army was now in the proximity of the forts, while our flotilla prevented supplies from entering the river. Captain Warren waited on the Siamese commander, and to the surprise of all, passed the fortress unchallenged even, though he returned in a native canoe, so much had his generous protection of the wives and children of the besieged won on their gratitude. The defence, indeed, was now reduced to that of desperate men resolved to sell their lives as dearly as possible; and driven to madness by the acts of cruelty perpetrated by the Siamese, they retaliated as barbarian nations are wont to do: they marched all their prisoners out of the town and butchered them, to the number of three hundred, on the edge of a tank they had been made to construct, and which the Siamese army was obliged to pass on its approach. Fugitives still continued to throw themselves on the mercy of the British



commander, among the rest, the ladies of Prince Abdullah's harem, who assured the blockaders that only "two hundred fighting men under the two chiefs, Mahomet Said and Type-etam," remained in the fort, "and they had sworn not to surrender." Soon after this,—

"Just as the night was closing in, to our astonishment, our old friend Inchi Laa, or 'Gentleman Laa,' as the sailors nick-named him, came alongside in a wretched canoe, and surrendered his sword. It bore marks of having been used to some purpose; but out of respect for the man's misfortunes we did not ask many questions. He merely said they had made a sally from the fort, and been beaten back with loss; he had found himself cut off from the gate, and happily discovered a decayed canoe before the enemy had observed him. He did not wish to return to Quedah. Poor Inchi! he seemed so alive to the kindness shown him: his mild and gentlemanly countenance spoke volumes in its sadness; and as he pressed us by the hand, bowing his head to touch it in token of gratitude, and in the same garb, and with his own sword in hand, swore to escort his countrywomen safely into Province Wellesley, and then surrender to our authorities, if called upon, there was not a single soul of our party who did not seriously regret that political expediency should have set us against a race which could produce such men."

—a sentiment which we will venture to say will be shared by all who read Captain Osborne's heart-stirring narrative. But we must hasten to the conclusion of the tale:—

"We sat over our cup of tea, discussing whether we should not, after all, have to take an active part in the fall of Quedah, when the black outline of the fort was illumined by flashes of artillery; they lasted some few minutes, and were followed by a dead silence. That volley was the knell of Quedah; for, in a short time, we heard cries as of men drowning, near the stockade, and a number of my Malays, as well as some of Mr. Barclay's seamen, jumped into the water and swam to the rescue. They happily succeeded in saving six out of a dozen or fourteen men who had tried to swim across the river, but had failed. These men whom we had saved were all natives of Upper India; and a fine six-foot fellow, directly [as soon as] he was able to speak, said, 'We are the last of the garrison!'"

The chiefs, Mahomet Said, Prince Abdullah, and Type-etam, had taken advantage of a sally made by the garrison to march along the shore with a select body of troops unseen by the Siamese, and were received by their friends who came with elephants to meet them, while, in order to detain the Siamese army and give them a better chance of escape, a petty chief with two hundred chosen men volunteered to hold out for forty-eight hours. This he faithfully performed, and then, in imitation of his bravery, fifteen Rajpoots who were in the fort volunteered to hold out for two hours in order to allow him and his companions

to swim across the river and save their lives, if possible. They had fired the last shots, and then endeavoured to swim across, but were swept down by the tide: and thus concludes the sad history of Quedah—sad, as regards the sufferers,—pleasing, as it brings forward in bold relief the humane character of the British commanders.

We will not harrow the feelings of our readers by detailing the atrocious cruelties of the barbarian conquerors; it is to be hoped that those who ordered British seamen to aid in such a warfare, were ignorant of the horrors they were countenancing. It is their best, though a bad excuse: and it is in the hope that it may not often be made again, that we have given such ample details of an affair which, though it may seem unimportant to distant legislators, was not so to the thousands who suffered the extremity of misery on that occasion. British vessels continued to chase those of the fugitives, but they did their work gently—cared for the wounded, and fed the famishing part as far as they could, offering them a passage to the British settlements.

“The wounded men requested to be landed at the northern part of the Pouchou river, where, they assured us, the woods were full of unfortunate Malays like themselves—pirates by our laws. On landing, I was utterly astonished, after walking a few hundred yards into the jungle, to find myself among a perfect crowd of fugitives. They gathered round me and besought aid. I never was very hard-hearted, thank God! but the scene was sufficient to have brought tears into the eyes of even the stern legislators who had declared every pirate, dead or alive, worth £20 to the captor; for here they were, young and old, born and suckled in piracy, knowing no better, and wishing for nothing better than to be allowed to fight it out fairly with their present foes. Poor creatures! starvation and thirst were pinching them fearfully, yet there was no escape: the sea behind them and a ruthless enemy in front. The jungle yielded no fruit, the earth, parched by the long drought, no water. . . . ‘I wonder,’ I said to Jamboo, ‘what will become of these poor wretches?’ ‘Perhaps all be dead in a few days’ time, sar! This very new to you; but Malay-man always go on this way; no got no friends. Dutchmen hunt them and kill, because he don’t want them to carry trade to Singapore. Englishmen don’t like him, because he say, he d—d lazy rascal, always ready for a fight, but will not dig in the fields; too much of a gentleman, sir, for the Company; the Company want fellows all the same Hindoo; he can kick when he got bad temper. And now come the Siamese. He not bad man, suppose true Siamese; but when he go to war, he get hundred other sort of fellows, who say, ‘Come along, let us go rob these Malay pirates!’ and so you see all the same you see to-day.’ We soon after re-entered the Pouchou river, and I lent the perishing multitude my sampan (boat) to go up the river, and try to procure some water, and we gave them every grain of rice we could spare, poor unfortunates!”



The consequence of this was, that both commander and crew suffered severely afterwards from the want of the provisions they had so liberally bestowed; and we add, as an appropriate comment on the whole transaction, Captain Osborne's reflections on what he had witnessed:—

“I have been thus minute in the last two days' operations to show the reader how zealous, docile, and cheerful the Malays could be when the occasion required it. They had had no rations since the previous day at about 8 A.M., and no water since the previous night: they had been twenty-four hours upon their oars during the last forty hours, yet not a murmur escaped them; and I would defy seamen of any nation to have excelled them in any quality which renders a sailor valuable. I cannot but feel that in a nation like ours, possessing a vast colonial empire, which, in the event of a war, either for our commercial supremacy with America or for our civil and religious liberties with despotic Europe, we might be sorely pressed to defend, it behoves every loyal man to cherish and uphold a race of sailors who combine, with all their faults and all their vices, many of the finest attributes of a seafaring people. They may be pirates; they may be buccaneers: so were we; and we still pride ourselves upon the naval glories of men who founded our reputation as a naval nation upon what was nothing less than robbery upon the high seas. Restrain and bring the Malays under our rule gently, and they will serve us heartily and zealously in the hour of England's need; they are the best race of colonial sailors we possess: grind them down, shoot them down, paddle over them, and they will join the first enemy, and be their own avengers. . . . It was not without regret that I bade my crew good-bye, for my first essay as captain had been a very happy one; and if ever a set of poor fellows tried to show that the feeling was mutual, it was exhibited in the warm good-bye of Jadee and his swarthy crew.”

The need of England has come in a way which Captain Osborne very little anticipated: the Hindoo no longer submits to the Company to be “kicked when he got bad temper;” and perhaps in the down-trodden Malay, “too much gentleman” to bear ill-usage quietly, but “too much gentleman” also to forget kindness received, may be found in this emergency a resource hitherto unthought-of. National evils usually correct national neglects: we have perhaps contented ourselves too easily with an immense empire, without fulfilling at the same time all the duties it imposes; and if so—if we have been too careless in our high position of the good we might have done and did not, the present crisis in our Indian possessions may possibly do, what, in the plenitude of our power, we overlooked, and assure a happier future to some of the half-civilized tribes with which it is surrounded.

#### ART. IV.—HISTORY OF CIVILIZATION IN ENGLAND.

*History of Civilization in England.* By Henry Thomas Buckle.  
Volume I. London: J. W. Parker. 1857.

**T**HIS volume is certainly the most important work of the season; and it is perhaps the most comprehensive contribution to philosophical history that has ever been attempted in the English language. It is full of thought and original observation; but it is no speculative creation of a brilliant theorist. It is learned in the only true sense of the word. A mere glance at the matter accumulated in the notes will show the labour and reading which it has cost to quarry the materials. These are as judiciously selected as they have been widely sought, and make the volume, besides its proper merits, a most instructive repertory of facts. The style of the text is clear, and always easily followed. It is too diffuse, and a little cumbrous; but it is never tedious.

This first volume carries us no further than the end of the first part of the General Introduction. It is an exposition of general principles, a survey of preliminary matters, and an investigation in outline of the nature of civilization in France. This is to be followed up in a second volume with a similar summary of the civilizations of Germany, America, Scotland, and Spain, each of which presents a different type of intellectual development. Then the causes of this diversity will be generalized, and thus we shall obtain certain principles, as fundamental laws of European thought. Having arrived at these in possibly a third volume, we may then enter upon the work itself, which is to apply these fundamental laws to the history of our own country, and to “work out by their aid the epochs through which we have successively passed, fix the basis of our present civilization, and indicate the path of our future progress.” The reader, seeing in prospect the abundant supply of intellectual food which is thus being prepared for him, may be disposed—such is the ingratitude of mankind—to feel less regret than he ought at the announcement, that the author has abandoned his original intention of writing the history of *general* civilization. He was induced to limit himself to the narrower field, and to be content with the history of a single country; not only by the vast proportions of the subject, but by the state in which he found the materials he had occasion to use. The general historian of course must look to the special historians for the first collection of the facts which his master-hand is to elaborate. But the work of history-writing has been mostly performed by inferior men, who



have not known what was worth recording and what was not. The important facts have been neglected, the unimportant ones preserved. Hence the philosophic historian finds nothing ready to his hand. He must be the mason as well as the architect; and make his own bricks as well as lay them. The drudgery of compiling the facts on which his generalizations have to be based, is so vast, that the most protracted industry will not suffice to enable any one to comprehend adequately even a couple of centuries of the human annals. He selects the History of England in preference to that of any other country, not because it is his own, but because its progress has been the most normal. The English development has been least disturbed by foreign agency. The importance of a national history in this view, depends, not upon the splendour of the exploits it has to show, but upon the degree to which its events are due to causes springing out of itself. In England we have been less affected than other nations by the two main sources of interference, viz., the authority of government and the influence of foreigners. We have borrowed from the French, manners, dress, cookery; we have not borrowed in any of those things by which the destinies of nations are permanently altered. On the other hand, the French have copied many of our political institutions; are treading in our steps, at a humble distance, in our financial and commercial experience; and the most important event in French history, the Revolution of '89, was mainly instigated by men who had learned their philosophy and principles in England. If France cannot claim to be the representative country, still less can Germany. In Germany we see an unhealthy tripartite division: (1) the Governments; (2) the Intellectual Class; (3) the People. The governments exclusive, narrow-minded, inquisitorial, meddlesome; the small intellectual class, possessing a compass of knowledge, and a breadth of thought, which makes it lead the speculative intellect of the world; the people more superstitious, more really unfit for political power, than the inhabitants of England. This divergence of interests between classes is due to the fact, that the intellectual stimulus of Germany was a stimulus administered from without. They received their impulse from their contact with French intellect imported wholesale by the Great Frederic. Hence the highest intellects in Germany have so far outstripped the progress of the mass of their fellow-countrymen, that they have absolutely no influence upon them. Their great authors write a dialect of philosophical slang, which is unintelligible to their own lower classes; and they address themselves, in fact, not to their country, but to each other. The United States will not serve as the illustrative country; its history has been too short, its physical condition so extraordinary, and its institutions

so largely adaptations from Europe. In America, too, cultivation exists in a very different state of diffusion from that which we notice in Germany. In Germany, the speculative classes and the practical classes are entirely disunited. In America, they are altogether fused. In Germany, speculation has shot far ahead of practice; in America, theoretical science of any kind receives little attention. The stock of American knowledge is small, but it is the common property of the whole nation; the stock of German knowledge is immense, but it is in very few hands. Thus Germany is unfitted for our purpose by a serious failure in the diffusion of knowledge; America by a deficiency in its amount.

These are the considerations that have determined the author to write the history of his own country, in preference to that of any other.

But though England be taken as the country whose development has been most regular and normal, there are important intellectual peculiarities which cannot be found sufficiently exemplified in English civilization. These, therefore, will be most conveniently studied in the history of some one or other foreign country, and then applied analogously to England. The Author will therefore track the phenomenon of the accumulation of knowledge in Germany; that of its diffusion in America. Of government interference he will select France as the type; Spain will afford an example of the influence of superstition. He considers the deductive habit of mind to be an intellectual peculiarity of such great social importance as to require to be ranked among the leading influences. And as the prevailing character of English science is empirical, he selects Scotland, with its strikingly inquisitive and innovating literature in broad contrast with the vulgar bigotry of its middle and lower classes, as the model in which to study the effects of the deductive spirit. These partial inquiries are to form so many separate historical studies, introductory to the history of England.

The choice made, of the history of England, is one to which no objection will be taken, whatever we may think of the reasons assigned for it. The reasons sustain a character of symmetry and exterior completeness, rather than of solid force. Has England had this normal, or nearly normal, development rather than France? Our insular position has excluded foreign influence. Good. But the same insulation has cut us off from the general march of Europe—from the steady and uniform, as well as from the disturbing, forces. Our institutions, customs, national ideas, are, in many respects, highly eccentric and exceptional. The Englishman's manners are typical of his country. See our worthy countryman when he is travelling on the Continent. How strange, and awkward, and unconformable he is. What foreigners call our



"pride," is only the result of ignorance and *gaucherie*. We have not been to the great school of the world, and learnt there how to behave. We feel this, and try to carry it off by swell and swagger. No one would select the English milord's manner as an average specimen of that of the European gentleman. We should have as little thought of finding in our British institutions—institutions so heterogeneous, discordant, and self-contradictory, as to have nothing in common but the fact of co-existence on English soil—an approach to a condition of normal and inherent development. In one department of progress the English development has indeed been complete, regular, and from within. In commerce and manufactures, England may be said to have conducted, on behalf of the world, but at her own risks and perils, the one great commercial experiment that has yet been made. Our practice has been so extended and diversified, that from it alone, with but little reference to that of the other trading nations of antiquity, or of modern times, the laws of economics have been inferred, and a new science constructed on a solid and indisputable basis. In the science of politics, English history offers a memorable and instructive, but almost unique, case for analysis. But the economical phenomena of England are of a permanent and universal type. The conditions and laws of exchange may be understood and proved, from our commercial history alone; and in our present practice alone can they be seen fully and freely exemplified. As, then, Mr. Buckle proposes Germany as the case in which he will study what he calls the laws of the accumulation of knowledge, or Spanish history, as that in which he will trace the effects of the reign of superstition, so he might fairly have held up Great Britain as the most perfect example of industrial and commercial phenomena. But our vast industrial system, while, taken by itself, it yields to science its best and simplest data, becomes itself a disturbing momentum to the functions of that body politic of which it forms a part. In other words, the rapid and abnormal growth of our manufacturing interests within the last hundred years has revolutionized the social aspect of our country, has distanced precedent, created an entirely new class of experiences, and complicated our social fabric with new and unknown agencies to an extent hitherto without parallel. If what is sought is a fair average specimen of European progress, everything appears to us to point to France as the country in whose fortunes it is to be found. The one marking exceptional element in French progress has been the retarding force of the central government. But against this must be set the following considerations:—First, France has only shared this in common with the other great continental nations. Secondly, notwithstanding some appearances to the

contrary, it has suffered from this Conservative spirit very much less than any other continental people, and scarcely more than ourselves. For that retrogressive influence which in France flows from centralized power through an organized system of *bureaux*, is exerted in England quite as effectually through the unwholesome intellectual tone of the Clerical and Governing classes. Lastly, the drag which has throughout and unceasingly acted on *our* momentum, has at several epochs been entirely thrown off in France. Our efforts at freedom have been regular: theirs have been convulsionary. We have had steady reform: they, periodic revolution. The sum total of the national sentiment for progress, if not of its solid institutions, may be taken as nearly equal. We are not sure that the amount of illiberality pervading public opinion in England is not more powerful for evil, than the amount of repression exerted over public opinion in France. To all this may be added, that the French have really borrowed from others as little as any people. We are surprised to find Mr. Buckle say that the French have adopted our political institutions (p. 215). He also adopts in its full extent the popular view of the influence of English thought on the French mind, as preparing the explosion of '89. This view, repeated by Villemain, and a hundred writers, has a certain superficial truth. But, in spite of the array of witnesses with which (pp. 657-667) Mr. Buckle overwhelms and intimidates us, we venture to think that the *Anglomanie* of Voltaire's youth was an exterior symptom—at best, a sympathy, and not a discipleship. Questions of priority should not be discussed in the spirit of Arago's *éloges*. To the philosopher it can be of no consequence whether his own country led or followed on any particular occasion—took the first, or only the second, step in some great progressive movement. But in tracing the transmission of ideas, it is of the utmost importance to observe the distinction between the act of origination and the function of disseminating and popularizing. Now, if we take the philosophical and religious literature of England for the earlier half of the eighteenth century, we shall find upon it the stamp of a second-hand and derivative character. The writings of the English Deists—Shaftesbury, Chubb, Toland, and Woolston, have that sort of originality which proceeds from ignorance of what has been thought or written. The speculative impulse came from the Continent: from two or three leading minds—from Descartes, Spinoza, and Bayle. In England it obtained notoriety, publicity, and diffusion. But when we recollect the wide circulation of the periodicals edited by Le Clerc, in the French language, not to cite any other instances, we shall see that a sceptical spirit, such as that which broke out in Huet's celebrated "*Traité de la Foiblesse*," was, before the death of



Louis XIV., already naturalized in France. When the French travellers found their way to England, and Frenchmen began to read English books, they recognised with pleasure a tone and spirit with which their own was already in unison. The only difference was, that what was contraband with them, was legitimate with us. What they saw in us with such admiration and surprise was, not the novelty of our ideas, but our power of expressing them. “*Que j’aime la hardiesse Anglaise! que j’aime les gens qui disent ce qu’ils pensent!*” is Voltaire’s expressive exclamation.

But, though obliged to dissent from Mr. Buckle’s reasons for his selection of English History as his theme, we may express the highest satisfaction at the selection itself. Besides the natural and obvious wish to secure so much power and so much industry for the service of our own neglected history, there is another consideration, which deserves to be stated. A man who can deal with history at all, can deal best with that of his own country. A foreigner has to consume labour and time in arriving slowly at a comprehension of minor characteristics, which to the native had been familiar from childhood. The disadvantage hereby incurred is not to be measured by the trivial blunders which he might make. When we write in a foreign language, it is not the slight solecisms in expression which weaken our style—not the few false notes, but a general want of power over the instrument on which we play. In this very circumstance lies, to speculative minds, the peculiar attraction of the history of other countries. Knowing their affairs only, or chiefly, from books, the understanding is not baffled by the complexity and contradictoriness of the phenomena. We can turn the history of a foreign people into doctrine, and reduce it to general theorems, with a rapidity and undoubtingness which fail us when we attempt our own. Baron Bulow, on his return to Prussia, said, in reply to some one who asked him what opinion he had formed of the English during his long sojourn among them—“At the end of my first three weeks I was quite ready to write a book on England; at the end of three months, I found that the task would be more difficult; now that I have been there three years, I feel that it is impossible.” A mind like Mr. Buckle’s, facile to the seductions of complete and systematized views, was likely to have yielded to the attractions of foreign history, as more pliant to receive the yoke of his “laws” than our own. We rejoice to have so ingenious and forcible a theorist, self-condemned to frame his inductions in a field where it is in our power to keep him within bounds by confronting him with facts.

We proceed to present a summary of the method which the Author proposes to apply to the History of England.

A person undertaking to describe the past transactions of men,

must necessarily hold one of three possible views as to the cause or origin of those actions:—

(1) Human actions, unlike material changes, obey no fixed laws, but are the result of a peculiar force in man called free-will. This freedom, itself the cause of all actions, is caused by none, but is an ultimate fact, admitting of no further reference. (2) Every event is linked to its antecedent by an inevitable connexion, absolutely pre-ordained from the beginning by the Will of the Supreme Being. (3) The actions of men have the same, and no other, uniformity of connexion which physical events have; and the law, or laws, of these uniformities can be inductively ascertained in the same way as the laws of the material world.

The two former hypotheses the Author sets aside, and adopts the last. The two first hypotheses are unproved. Though the third is still only an hypothesis, it is rendered highly probable by the general analogy of all knowledge, and the constant tendency of discovery to reduce to order classes of facts, once thought irregular and unpredictable. As all the antecedents of human action are either in the mind, or out of it, all the changes of which history is full must be the fruit of a double action—an action of External Nature upon the Mind, and an action of the Mind upon External Phenomena. These are the materials from which alone a philosophical history can be constructed.

On this distinction we may build the first grand division of History. All the civilizations on record will fall into one of two classes. (1) Those where the external world has influenced man more than man has influenced it. (2) Those where the reverse has been the case, and man has subdued nature. This division will nearly coincide with that obvious division which geography suggests, into (1) Civilizations external to Europe; (2) European Civilization.

In studying the first division, or the Civilizations out of Europe, we must, then, begin with a consideration of the physical agents by which the human race is most powerfully influenced. These are, chiefly—climate, food, soil, and a fourth influence, to which the name of the general aspect of nature may be given. Mr. Buckle has not overlooked *race*, but has deliberately excluded it. This arbitrary exclusion of so important an influence on the formation of character, is an instance, in the outset, of that determination to purchase symmetry at the cost of completeness, which we notice throughout the “Introduction.” When we can leave out what we don’t like, we can demonstrate most things.

Climate, Food, and Soil, are agencies which operate in connexion, and must therefore be considered together. The first result of these three combined agents is the accumulation of wealth: the soil regulating the returns made to any given amount



of labour; the climate determining the regularity and constancy of the labour itself. The second result is the distribution of wealth; and this is chiefly affected by the remaining agent, or the food of the people. In warm and moist climates it is more plentiful, more cheap, and goes further than in temperate climates. Hence population is stimulated, and consequently wages are low. Low wages mean an unequal distribution of wealth, and unequal distribution of wealth means an unequal division of political power, *i.e.*, an oppression of the mass of the population by a small and superior class.

We have but to turn to Hindostan, and there we shall see a perfect illustration, verifying in the most minute particulars the conclusion at which we have thus arrived *a priori*. In India, where the most general food of the people has been from the earliest period, *rice*—the most nutritive of the *cerealia*, containing a very large proportion of oxidizable food, and which yields to the labourer an average return of at least sixty-fold,—we find the upper classes enormously rich, the lower classes universally poor. An immense majority of the people, broken by incessant labour and oppression, pinched by the most galling poverty, have always remained in a state of physical debasement, crouching in abject submission beneath their masters. And this state of things we find in the oldest records—records 2000 or even 3000 years old, taking Elphinstone's date for "The Institutes of Menu." Without going through the collateral confirmation which the Author draws from the history of Egypt, from that of Central America, Mexico, Peru, and Brazil, we may accept the following general summary. In such countries—

"Slavery, abject, eternal slavery, was the natural state of the great body of the people; it was the state to which they were doomed by physical laws impossible to resist. The energy of those laws is so invincible, that, wherever they have come into play, they have kept the productive classes in perpetual subjection. There is no instance on record of any tropical country in which wealth having been extensively accumulated, the people have escaped their fate; no instance in which the heat of the climate has not caused an abundance of food, and the abundance of food caused an unequal distribution, first of wealth, and then of political and social power. Among nations subjected to these conditions the people have counted for nothing; they have had no voice in the management of the state, no control over the wealth their own industry created. Their only business has been to labour; their only duty to obey. Thus there have been generated among them those habits of tame and servile submission by which, as we know from history, they have always been characterised. For it is an undoubted fact, that their annals furnish no instance of their having turned upon their rulers, no war of classes, no popular insurrections, not even one great popular conspiracy. In those rich and

fertile countries there have been many changes, but all of them have been from above, not from below. The democratic element has been altogether wanting. There have been in abundance wars of kings, and wars of dynasties. There have been revolutions in the government, revolutions in the palace, revolutions on the throne; but no revolutions among the people, no mitigation of that hard lot which nature, rather than man, assigned to them." (p. 73.)

From the effects of Food, Climate, and Soil, we pass to consider that other class of influences, to which the Author gives the name of *The Aspects of Nature*. We find that in all the Civilizations exterior to Europe, the mind of man has been powerfully affected by those sublime and terrible phenomena which tropical or juxta-tropical regions present. Both the fixed and permanent phenomena—such as the scale of mountains, rivers, forests, deserts,—and the occasional—such as earthquakes, tornados, hurricanes, pestilences,—make the external world much more formidable than it is within the temperate zone. Man is awed and crushed in the presence of the forces of nature; the imagination is stimulated, and, as a consequence, the understanding is discouraged. Instead of investigating the natural causes of these overwhelming phenomena, the people who live among them and suffer from them are ever ready to imagine supernatural causes for them. The phenomenon presenting itself in the shape of a threatening danger, the ready impulse of the man is to endeavour to pacify by worship his gigantic foe. The destructive agencies become deities: where the ignorance is extreme, the Tiger, the Serpent, or the Bear is worshipped; where the ignorance is less, the Earthquake or the Plague is regarded as a manifestation of the divine displeasure. A spirit of reverence prevails among the people; a mythological theory of nature is constructed, fenced round by prejudice, and becomes a new obstacle in the way of the inquisitive action of the understanding. Here again we find in the literature of India the fullest illustration of our deductively ascertained laws. In the first place we have the preponderance in it of verse over prose. The Sanscrit has to show metres more numerous and more complicated than have ever been possessed by any European languages. In the contents again of that literature, we may almost say that Reason is set at defiance, and that Imagination, luxuriant even to disease, runs riot. An exaggerated preference for antiquity not only tramples upon the present, but has rendered all history of the past impossible. Indian history is fiction. All nations have been ready to imagine a golden age, a time when man was innocent, fed without labour, was ten feet high, and still young at the age of 100. But the ideas of European nations on this primeval state are tame and rational when compared with those which pervade Hindu literature:—



"On this, as on every subject, the imagination of the Hindus distanced all competition. Thus, among an immense number of similar facts, we find it recorded that in ancient times the duration of the life of common men was 80,000 years, and that holy men lived to be upwards of 100,000. Some died a little sooner, others a little later; but in the most flourishing period of antiquity, if we take all classes together, 100,000 years was the average. Of one king, whose name was Gudhishter, it is casually mentioned that he reigned 27,000 years; while another, called Alarka, reigned 66,000. They were cut off in their prime, since there are several instances of the early poets living to be about half a million. But the most remarkable case is that of a very shining character in Indian history, who united in his single person the functions of a king and a saint. This eminent man lived in a pure and virtuous age, and his days were indeed long in the land, since, when he was made king he was 2,000,000 years old: he then reigned 4,300,000 years; having done which he resigned his empire, and lingered on for 100,000 years more." (p. 123.)

We may illustrate this effect of external nature in intimidating the will and subjugating the understanding by contrasting Hindostan with Greece. In Greece the aspects of nature are small and feeble. Of narrow limits, easier access, temperate climate, its highest mountains nowhere attaining the limits of perpetual snow, without one navigable river,—nature in Greece offers neither danger nor mystery. Here man asserted his supremacy. The Greek gods were human. In Greece we for the first time meet with hero-worship. Here the understanding gradually awoke to a sense of its own power, and the imagination was proportionably confined within limits. In this balance of the faculties consists the grand pre-eminence of Greek literature and art, the inquiring and sceptical powers of the intellect being freely developed, without destroying the reverential and poetic instinct of the imagination.

So much on the Civilizations exterior to Europe, or those in which the destinies of man are mainly governed by agents external to himself. We have now to follow the Author into Europe, where we find a Civilization whose momentum is due to the skill and energy of man. The laws of this moving force must therefore be sought in the laws of the human mind, which when ascertained, will be the basis of the history of Europe. Now mental laws are, either moral, or intellectual. But the Progress of society has been determined exclusively by its intellectual acquisitions; intellectual truth being in its very essence traditive and progressive, while good feelings and good deeds die with the individual. The degree of civilization attained by any country depends on the amount, the direction, and the diffusion, of the knowledge it possesses. The actions of individuals are greatly affected by feeling and passion; but these being antagonistic to

the passions and feelings of other individuals, are balanced by them. The effect therefore of passion, good or bad, of vice as well as virtue, is, in the great average of human affairs nowhere to be seen; and the totality of human actions is ultimately governed by the totality of human knowledge. The business therefore of the philosophical historian will be nothing more or less than that of tracing the progress of knowledge; not indeed the whole of knowledge, but so much of it as is causative of human conduct. Before entering on the wide field of such a history, wide even for a single country, there are three topics of vast importance, which it is necessary to dispose of. For, in the general opinion, the prime movers of human affairs are, not knowledge properly so called, but Government, Religion, and Literature.

1. The belief that Government is one of the principal influences by which the course of affairs is impelled or guided is so widely spread, that we may almost say that all our histories have been written on this assumption. This fallacy, for it is nothing more, is one we should have thought Mr. Buckle would have expatiated in the refutation of. But he only brings forward some of the more obvious illustrations of the principle, that the government of any country whatsoever always follows, never leads. The measures adopted by rulers are the results of social progress, not the cause. The only difference between governments absolute or constitutional lies in the greater or less remoteness which the ideas on which they rest bear to the ideas prevalent in the country. In constitutional states, as the government must always give effect to the opinions of the majority, and as the majority, even in the freest countries, will always be behind the place reached by the enlightened minority, legislative measures will be a little in arrear of the best knowledge of the day. In despotic countries, the measures of administration may be inspired either by the most retrograde, or by the most advanced party in the state, without reference to the numerical strength of such party; but, in either case, it is inspiration, not origination. Looking at the history of Europe in particular, it is so far from being true that its civilization is due to its rulers, that they have, in every country, been its most steady and persistent opponents. In England, a history of English legislation would be a history of the efforts of our governing classes to prevent progress. Every European government may be said to have legislated against commerce. It has been said by Blanqui, that if it had not been for smuggling, trade must have perished under the Prohibitive System. To the mischievous effects of government interference with commerce must be added, the equally mischievous consequences of a protective policy applied to opinion. Every government thinks it a part of its duty to legalize certain religious and



political opinions, and to prohibit others. Such interference not only destroys the healthy balance of opinion, and prevents the natural ascendancy of truth, but necessarily generates a vast amount of hypocrisy, insincerity, and even perjury.

2. Another very common opinion is, that Religion is a main cause of social improvement. In every manual of history we take up we find it assumed, that Christianity has been the great civilizer of modern Europe. This opinion is as unfounded as the other. The religious opinions which prevail at any period, are among the symptoms by which the period is marked. Where a reaction changes its religion, it is in consequence of some previous advance in intelligence. No people will ever discover that their religion is bad, until their reason tells them so; but if their knowledge is stationary, the discovery will never be made. The Teutonic hordes adopted Christianity as a consequence of their having first imbibed something of the civilization of the Empire. Herein we see the cause of the almost entire failure of modern missionaries among the heathen. Men of excellent intentions, but of little knowledge, have expected to bring over savage tribes to Christianity by simply communicating to them, in their own language, the Christian doctrines or history. They have even persuaded barbarous communities to make a profession of the Christian faith. But if we confront the sanguine reports of the missionaries with the evidence of general travellers, we find that such profession is only nominal, and that what these ignorant tribes have really adopted, is nothing more than the externals.

In the same way, if we trace the history of Christianity from its first introduction into the West, we shall find that it has even varied, from time to time, with the amount of enlightenment possessed by the age. Instead of Christianity enlightening and purifying the barbarous invaders of the Empire, and raising them to its level, they degraded it to theirs. The superstition of Europe, instead of being diminished, was only turned into a fresh channel. For centuries after Christianity had become the religion of Europe it failed to bear its natural fruit. Persons, indeed, observing that at the present time nearly all the more civilized countries are Protestant, and the more uncivilized are Catholic, have, not unnaturally, inferred that this enlightenment is due to Protestantism. They thus overlook the fact that, until the enlightenment had begun, Protestantism was not required. The Reformation was the result of the intellectual advance made in the fifteenth century.

3. The supposed influence of Literature on progress may be shortly disposed of. Literature is simply the form in which the existing opinions of a country are registered. It is palpably a product and measure of the intellectual attainment of a people,

not its source. The utility of the most finished literature depends upon the power a people may possess of appropriating its contents. The monks were all along in possession of the literature of Greece and Rome; but they could not use it. It was pitched at too high a level for them, and they preferred the *Legenda Aurea*. Nay, at all times there are minds which derive no benefit from the most laborious study of the best books. Whole systems of education, that of our schools and colleges, for example, propose for their end the knowledge of books—thus making the end subservient to the means. It is because this is done, that we often find what are called highly educated men, the progress of whose knowledge has been only retarded by the activity of their education,—men whose erudition ministers to their ignorance, and who, the more they have learnt, the less they know. For every literature contains something that is true and much that is false, and the effect it produces will depend upon the judgment by which the true is discriminated from the false.

These are the general ideas upon the foundation of which the Author proposes to write the History of England. The exposition of principles occupies the first 264 pages of his first volume; the remainder is taken up with the application of the principles to the course of events in France, and to English History in the way of summary, introductory to the extensive history which is to follow. It has been our wish, in the preceding pages, to lay before the reader, in as condensed a form as possible, the Author's leading views. It may now be expected that some attempt should be made to appreciate the value of this new historical method, which announces itself with no little pomp and pretension, and claims to regenerate History.

All philosophic minds have long been feeling the inadequacy of our historical methods. It is the one weak point in the Palace of Truth. In every other science, though there are facts which we cannot combine, laws which still baffle our powers to grasp, and whole regions as yet unexplored, there is none in which we are dissatisfied or doubtful of the methods of investigation we employ. We may not have gone very far in some subjects, as, *e. g.*, Biology, or Electricity; but so far as we have gone, we feel sure of our ground. Very different is the profound distrust we feel of our historical knowledge. Here all is chaos; and the intellectual anarchy is made more apparent by the enormous accumulation of details which modern research has achieved. It is true, there are good histories, and there are bad; the interval between Guizot and Alison is wide; but the silly and the sagacious, the driveller and the philosopher, seem equally helpless when they tread that shifting quicksand called History. The difference between them disappears, or dwindles to that of literary qualification. We



read a Grote or a Michelet, with the same intellectual gratification which we derive from a superior novel. Our reflective faculty is excited by sympathy with the penetration, the lofty aim, and the generalizing dexterity of the historians to whose guidance we, for the time, have resigned ourselves. We dwell upon his figures, we enjoy the variety and the distinctness of the characters which his tale evolves; but we are not the less conscious that they are beings of his own creation, and that the next enchanter who arises will attach the same names, and ascribe the same fortunes, to a quite different set of spiritual creations. Even those who have no doubt themselves, whose minds are so constituted that they embrace with confidence one of the competing views of European events, are yet disturbed and irritated by the presence of a vast mass of hostile opinion, and look around imploringly for the aid of some scientific method to which appeal may be made, and which shall coerce the dissidents, and silence controversy, as effectually as it is silenced by the onward progress of discovery and physical science.

If scepticism thus undermines narrative history as a source of instruction, the more ambitious philosophic history is set aside with unlimited disdain. In narrative history we recognise a certain approximation to reality, as in a Claude or a Poussin, we see that there is a foundation in nature. Thus it comes to pass, that no philosophy is at a greater discredit than the Philosophy of History, while none is more universally and imperatively demanded. The attempts at a general Philosophy of History which have been made, from Montesquieu downwards, are singularly lamentable failures. They contain, as does even the superficial *Esprit des Lois*, valuable detached suggestions; but as attempts to ascertain the general laws of political changes, they are repudiated by common consent as arbitrary and unsubstantial hypotheses.

There is, indeed, one theory of human affairs which, though no longer received by the more advanced thinkers, yet exercises over the minds, even of the educated, a very extensive though occult influence, and which is the avowed theory of classes whose intellectual development is limited. This is the theory of General and Special Providence. The most elaborate and successful statement of this theory is that in the well-known "Universal History" of Bossuet. Taking for his pattern the historical books of the Old Testament, in which the fortunes of the Jewish nation are displayed to us as regulated by their fidelity to, or rebellion against, the one true God, who had adopted them as His peculiar people, Bossuet extended the idea to the subsequent history of Christian Europe. What the Hebrew people are for the whole period B.C., viz., the point on which the affairs of the Universe are made to turn, that, for

the period A.D. is the history of the Orthodox Catholic Church. This is the consistent and ingenious form in which the doctrine is embodied by the Roman Catholic Bishop. But in order to include the history of Protestant countries, the same doctrine of Providential Government receives, in the popular apprehension of it, a much wider application. Not only are the more remarkable casualties and epochal crises of affairs ascribed to the interposition of the Deity, but the whole of the ordinary sequence of events is supposed to be overruled by His controlling Will, in a way in which the nexus of Cause and Effect in the physical world is not. The adjustment of the special and the general interference of Providence varies with each theorist; nor are speculative difficulties which embarrass the theory deliberately attempted to be cleared up in any book which has attained general acceptance. A general sense of the difficulties of the scheme serves to keep it in the background. A disinclination to relinquish it altogether maintains it a secret existence. It influences many more minds than is often suspected, and those, too, much higher up in the scale of intellect. Yet, as no one, except the utterly uninstructed, now feels any temptation to refer physical phenomena to supernatural agency, or rather, that agency is now seen to be placed only at the commencement of the whole series, and not at each point along the line, we might wonder why it is that the hypothesis of supernatural influence has not also been expelled from history? The answer undoubtedly is, that there exists no other hypothesis of equal generality. It is a great mistake to suppose, as is often done, that mere scepticism has ever overthrown the dominion of any generally received belief. Improbabilities and difficulties weaken the influence of an idea; they oppress, but do not destroy it. One hypothesis can only be displaced by another which recommends itself more to the reason and religious instincts. Revolutions in thought are occasioned by the conquests of new ideas. And in a healthy state of the social intellect, no old notion will be supplanted by a new one, unless the new theory be closer to the facts, be the result of more correct observation, and based upon wider experience, than the old which it supplants. All reflecting and religious men have long felt that the hypothesis of Interferences is not the key to the source of human events. Even the most unphilosophical minds are struck with the contradictory applications made by the One cause; the opposite results which can be elicited from the same premiss. While in the hands of Bossuet, the theory of a Divine superintendence of the favoured people, and the Orthodox Church, was saved by its very exclusiveness and consistency; but when it was found that the same theory was equally capable of interpretation, in their own exclusive favour, by a dozen different Pro-



testant Churches, it fell to pieces by its own universality. It was merged in the general notions of the subordination of the Human to the Divine, of man's dependence on God, and was seen to be a truth so universally applicable, as to be incapable of serving as the special solution of the enigma of History. Were this arbitrary introduction of Providence into History nothing more than useless for its professed purpose, it would not need to be discussed. But it is not innocuous. The belief that it is, in a peculiar way, the *religious* view, and that it is treason to the Almighty to question it, presents a powerful obstacle in the way of truer and more improving conceptions of the moral world. This is not a question of mere theory. It is not even a question between the true and the false only, or one which interests only science and men of letters. It is an eminently practical speculation. It concerns the method to be pursued in the study of a subject in which every man has an equal interest. The material which makes up History is the same material from which our every-day experience must be drawn. Without the illumination to be drawn from a knowledge of the past, the soundest common-sense is helpless. Unless he can rightly use the lessons of experience, man must remain always a child; and a partial or ill-interpreted experience is worse than none. That which we seek from History, and which History can afford us, is a real enlightenment of the practical judgment; a wisdom which can embrace in one comprehensive view the whole of the past history of mankind, and read aright the lessons it conveys; which, keeping ever in view the future, and instructed by the experience of the past, shall be able with perfect calmness to rise above and to estimate the present, discern clearly its wants—what can and what cannot be done with it. Such wisdom, based upon knowledge and disciplined by social morality, shall in its large conclusions be applicable to all the demands of life.—(See *Congreve*, "*Gibraltar*," p. 45.)

It is not, then, as a question of literature, but as the first condition of practical wisdom, that the interpretation of History presses itself upon the attention; and a theory which excludes events from the operation of fixed laws cannot but be detrimental to the best interests of mankind. A fatalist, whether Christian or Mohammedan, can learn no lesson from the past. So far as such men do learn, it is by being untrue to their own doctrine. Predestination can teach but one lesson—resignation; Arbitrary Interference can inculcate but one sentiment—the folly of human wisdom. But if we conceive that the liabilities and obligations of our position can best be fulfilled by ascertaining what that position is, and how it has been created, it is of the first consequence to us to know whether human events have, or have not, their own laws, which can be inductively established.

It is impossible here to exhibit the evidence in favour of Regularity. Mr. Buckle rightly assumes, and does not attempt to prove the principle. No work on any single science ought to engage in the proof of the possibility of Science. That is a question of logic—and a very difficult one too, though not more so as applied to events, than to physical phenomena. The early history of Physics shows that the "possibility of speculative truth" was a truth not established in general belief by the logical reasonings employed in its defence, but by the gradual growth of numerous bodies of undeniable truths. As the special sciences attained importance and solidity, the position of the Skeptics, "That nothing can be known," slowly lost its influence. Plato might defeat the position by the most brilliant logic—it still lived on, but has died a natural death, time and experience having refuted it. Similarly in history: we shall not find it easy to establish *a priori* the abstract doctrine that social changes have the same character of uniformity that physical changes have. But let us once obtain a body of undeniable generalizations of social facts, as universally admitted as are our established truths of natural knowledge, and we shall hear no more of the Skeptical theory of arbitrary interpositions. For the present, the philosophical historian must be content to lie under the imputation of employing an hypothesis as the basis of his reasonings. Let him not shrink from admitting most freely that it is an hypothesis. The "Uniformity of Nature" was equally so in the beginning of Physics. Even now, that it has become an article of faith among scientific men, it is neither demonstrated nor demonstrable. It is guaranteed by its success, and can point to its achievements as its legitimation. We cannot prove that the social series is analogous to the material series. Let us not pretend to prove it; let us not even say that it is provable. Let it be honestly and openly an assumption. We shall do no good at present by trying to place it on a higher pedestal.

This preliminary settled,—it being agreed that History shall be a science, we are ready to begin to proceed to our facts. And the first inquiry is, Where? What are we to observe? In this "incoherent compilation of facts" called History—in the treasured archives of the human race, what documents are we to select for examination? Here we are met by a distinction of the first importance, and which is the corner-stone of historical science. It is the distinction between society and the individuals of which society is composed. In dealing with the individual human being, everything is uncertainty; it is only of man in the aggregate that results can be calculated with accuracy. Quetelet enunciates the theorem thus: "The greater the number of individuals, the more completely does the will of individuals disap-



pear, and allow the series of general facts which depend upon the causes by which society exists and is preserved to predominate." The consequences which immediately follow from this general law are then,—

1. All observation of units of society, or record of the actions of individuals, is useless for the purposes of the scientific historian.

2. The value of any observation depends upon the extent of the area from which it is drawn. Hence, all our statistical generalizations are at present wholly empirical; that is, the highest of them can only be taken as a fact of the particular society from which it is collected, and not as a law of society as such.

Of this last consequence, as it is common to all sciences of observation, as opposed to those of experiment, nothing further will be said. It is only brought forward for the purpose of correcting a not uncommon tendency to take statistical results as already attained uniformities. So small and insignificant, compared with the whole social area, has been the area from which our statistics have been drawn, that we are not justified in regarding any result yet obtained as more than approximative.

Our corollary No. 1 has a more immediate application to Mr. Buckle's labours. The inference that the actions of individuals afford no materials for science, disqualifies at one stroke all the records of past events which have hitherto been preserved. We cannot found on them anything more than conjectural inference as to the state of society. A social history can only be composed upon statistical data. And as these data—even if they were real generalizations, which they are not,—extend only to a very small number of social phenomena, it will follow that a history of society, in the present state of knowledge, is an impossibility. If this be so, what are we to think of Mr. Buckle's 850 pages? From what materials are they drawn? On what data are they founded? Will it be believed, that after laying down, in the outset, that individual experiments can effect nothing, and that certain consequences can only be tracked by comprehensive observation of society in the aggregate: that after pouring unmeasured contempt on previous historians for neglecting this principle, and on the metaphysicians for their narrow method of studying the human mind in single specimens, and that after insisting that we must apply to the history of man those methods of investigation which have been found successful in other branches of knowledge, Mr. Buckle employs the remainder of his volume in exemplifying the very method of writing history which he had condemned? We have in several chapters (chap. viii.—xiv.) a summary of the progress of society in France; a masterly sketch, of which it is not too much to say,

that in breadth and comprehensiveness of view, no English writer on French History has yet equalled it. If the details are not new—and they could not be,—the whole effect is new. If the principles are not original, they are brought to bear on the facts with a precision which lightens up every corner of the subject, and endows with a general purpose traits which have hitherto served to illustrate only a solitary character. But all this is effected without the slightest reference to the principles of historical science avowed in the opening.\* In the beginning of the volume, we have the Author true to the principles of Positive Science. In his own practice, we find him sailing triumphantly down the broad stream of a Deductive Process. The revolutionary theory with which he starts in life, is silently exchanged for a conformity with established practice. Instead of general averages, we have the opinions of eminent individuals. Instead of the fatality of social law, we have the force exerted on national life by the single will of a Louis XIV. The reader finds, indeed, his account in this forgetfulness of his own principles by the Author. We find his history practical, entertaining, instructive, in a degree beyond that of most writers who have gone over the same ground; but by his own definition of "History," it is excluded from any claim to that title. It bears the same relation to the science of History, which a narrative of the commercial fortunes of the great house of Hope, or the successes and reverses of the family of Rothschild, would bear to the science of Political Economy.

On the whole, it appears as if Mr. Buckle was not quite free from a confusion which prevails over minds far inferior to his, between the Science of Society, and History, as it is, and must be written. That fixed laws of social changes exist, we believe. That we possess a collection of observations sufficient to establish those laws, is very doubtful. That those laws have not, as yet, been established, is certain. But the history of any particular state, or system of states, such as that of Western Europe, is not that Social Science. European progress must, of course, have conformed to the general laws of progress; and till we know those general laws, we cannot properly do what Mr. Buckle claims to have done—"reconstruct the history of the eighteenth century according to the order of its social and intellectual development" (p. 699). Our order must necessarily be empirical; but an empirically deduced series may be highly instructive. This cannot be better stated than in Mr. Buckle's own words, when speaking of another subject:—

"The desire to grasp at truth by speculative, and, as it were, foregone conclusions, often led the way to great discoveries; but when it is universally followed, there is imminent danger lest the



observation of mere empirical uniformities should be neglected, and lest thinking men should grow impatient at these small and proximate generalizations, which, according to the inductive scheme, must invariably precede the larger and higher ones. Whenever this impatience actually occurs, there is produced serious mischief: for these lower generalizations form a neutral ground, which speculative minds and practical minds possess in common, and on which they meet."—(p. 225.)

This is true of all science, but it is more particularly true of History and Economy. Here, more than in any other field, do we feel that Theory exists for the sake of the facts, and not Facts for the sake of the theory. In these practical sciences we are less liable to that science-worship which infests the more theoretical, in which the more abstract and general the expression the better. The economists and statisticians have not yet learnt this fanaticism. The history of Europe, however ill it may fare in other respects, is not sacrificed to symbolical notation: it labours under the opposite defect of being abandoned to the opinions of the chance-comer—of having no basis of principle whatever. If this is to be remedied, it must be by a treatment sensible, practical, and individual, such as Mr. Buckle has himself given a specimen of in the latter portion of his volume; not by attempting to apply the highest abstractions of Social Science, if we possess any such. Let us move a little more slowly, that we may make an end the sooner. The nebular hypothesis is a brilliant generalization, but it would have done no service to astronomy had Kepler begun with it.

The wide difference between Social Science and History, and the degree in which the one is confounded with the other in Mr. Buckle, will appear further, on examining a little more closely his fundamental principle, that "The totality of human actions is governed by the totality of human knowledge."

The first consideration which shakes the claim of this proposition to be a "Law," is the necessity for limiting its application to Europe; for, as we have seen, in tropical civilizations, external nature takes the place of knowledge, as the "governing" principle. We are to suppose, then, that the accident of geographical position subjects society to one or other of two distinct and mutually exclusive "laws." In other words, in the proposition, "The totality of human actions is governed by the totality of human knowledge," we have no law of society as such, but an empirical generalization from the course of affairs in a particular region. Such a generalization may be, and is, highly instructive, and of fertile application; but it is deposed from the pretensions it assumed to be a scientific "law" from which deductive inferences could be confidently drawn. Its application has no ten-

dency whatever to assimilate History to the Inductive Sciences. We see at once a difference in kind between the facts called historical, and the facts which can combine into one inductive science. A physical law is a universal and constant property. The mechanical properties of fluids are so. This so-called "law" of Progress is a collection of observed places, like the eastward course of the Gulf-stream, which can be laid down in charts.

Passing this, and taking Mr. Buckle's "law" at this reduced value, let us inquire into its validity as a generalized fact of European history. We will no longer ask, Is it the true law? but, Is it a correct description of European movement to say that the totality of human actions in Europe, since the rise of the existing State-systems, has been governed by the totality of knowledge possessed by the nations composing that system? It is not possible to exaggerate the importance of obtaining a correct decision on this question. Even in the reduced form in which we have now taken the proposition, could we establish that Knowledge is not only progressive in its own nature, but that it is the one force which has controlled social and political changes for a thousand years, what a presumption this would raise as to the continuance of such a force through coming centuries. Though we might be forbidden by the aspect of great stationary societies, such as those of China or Hindustan, from extending our hopes for the human race to all time, and to all aggregations of it, yet what hopes and prospects it would open to ourselves!—not the mere vanity of "Science grown to more," the barren creed of most scientific men, the miserly accumulation of heaps of glittering truths, but the true triumph of Mind. Such a hope would amount to a faith—a political faith, which would exert upon our public action the same elevating effect which religious faith does on the private conduct. It would remove anxiety, and lighten what is dark; it would disperse that gloom which is the ordinary consequence of the thoughtful study of History and Politics, and which events that the present generation has witnessed have tended in no small degree to aggravate. It would restore elasticity and confidence to our motions; it would endow the will of public men with that purpose in which they are so sadly deficient; it would dignify the debasing drudgery of parliamentary and official life; and inspire the party of Progress with that far-sighted confidence in their cause which itself would accelerate their victory.

Such being the value of this view of History, could it be established as true, the philosophic mind will be all the more on its guard against the temptation to adopt it for its utility, and without a rigorous inquiry into its grounds. We shall not attempt, in our narrow limits, to argue against Mr. Buckle's position.

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But it may be useful, as assisting the judgment of some readers, briefly to indicate the competing theory of historical action which Mr. Buckle's view excludes. We may, then, very securely reject, as Mr. Buckle does, the common notions of the influence of moral principle on the progress of Civilization. The great truths which compose our systems of morality were among the earliest ideas acquired by mankind, and have undergone the least alteration. More than this, their restraining operation was, perhaps, more direct and universal in the simpler stages of society than now, when, in the complexities of men's relations, and the technicalities of business, the application of the simple moral rule is become embarrassed. The distance through which the electric current is transmitted weakens its force. Thus much may be granted to Mr. Buckle. But because moral sentiments (as they are called), or rules of moral conduct, are influences not subject to an appreciable variation, it by no means follows that the Passions and Desires may also be thrown out of the account. The passions of men play a most important—indeed, far the largest—part in the history of nations, as of individuals. Nor are their effects transient; “the passions and feelings of one part of society being balanced,” as Mr. Buckle argues, “by those of the other part” (p. 208). Passion, it is true, can do nothing itself, but allied with Power, and animating it, it becomes the most formidable, and not the least permanent, of the agencies that disturb or control the doctrines of society. *Force*, indeed, or the muscular power of the animal, combined and armed, is an element of history which the Author contemptuously overlooks. We suppose—for he does not himself vouchsafe an explanation—that he would say that Force is nothing, unless guided by Knowledge; that it is the mere servant of Thought, the mechanism by which an idea imposes itself on numbers; and that “even bayonets think.” True: Power is a machine, but it is one of which the moving force is Passion, much oftener than Knowledge. This is the agent with whose effects and consequences History has to occupy itself. This is the force which moves the world, small and great, from the intrigue that turns out a minister, to the revolution that changes the face of a continent: Passion, creating and animating Power, degrading Knowledge to be the skilled artificer that forges chains for its subjects. Power, once constituted, has a tendency to perpetuate itself: it is at the discretion of Power how much, or how little, intellectual progress its subjects shall be permitted to make. For though Knowledge be itself a power, yet as it grows up and finds Passion already seated on the throne, it cannot raise its head, except so far as the monarch in possession licenses it. Power, however, though excessively jealous, is not clear-sighted. It has always entertained suspicions of Knowledge, and

has usually set its face against it, and kept it under. But it has not done so in all countries with the same thoroughgoing consistency which it has in some, and which it always could show. Hence, in these countries, as in England, the classes in possession of knowledge were able to wrest a considerable share of power from the classes in possession of the landed property, *i.e.*, capitalized power. And as Knowledge, the moment it is at all free, has an irresistible tendency to increase, it has, in England, made those encroachments on Property, and shows that disposition to encroach more and more on the prerogatives of Property, which theorists mistake for a uniform law of progress, and ascribe to the inherent vitality and expansiveness of Knowledge. The history of Europe teaches quite another lesson. In it we see written, in characters of blood, the weakness of Intellect when separate from Force and Passion—its utter powerlessness when against them. Talk of progress! look at Italy in the fifteenth century, and Italy now. What is the moral of Italian history? The collapse of Knowledge in the presence of Power and Passion. Talk of progress! look at France: after the gigantic effort of '89 (an effort, too, brought about by Passion, this time enlisted on the side of Knowledge)—after the slower and steadier labour of forty years, 1815—1851, the bayonets marched in again, and installed the ignorance of the rural population supreme in her capital. In our own country, though we are justly proud of a historical progress which has gone on uninterruptedly since the sixteenth century, yet we are not to blind ourselves to the fact that it contains elements of ignorance and fanaticism, on which education has yet exercised no dissolving force. When we think of our aristocracy in possession of half the property, and the whole of the government of the country—of the servility and timidity of our middle classes—of their scripture-worship, sabbatarianism, and intolerance—we see that a persecution of Knowledge is possible at any moment. There has never been a time in the history of Europe when the ignorant classes, whether they stand at the top or the bottom of the social scale, have not vastly outnumbered the instructed. If ever they have let knowledge grow in peace, it has been because they are little alarmed at it—are not aware of its hostility to their tenure of power. Let them but become aware of this, and they can at any moment seize a club, and dash its vaunted fabric to the ground.

Such is the rival theory, or ordinary view of European history, in place of which Mr. Buckle substitutes his irresistible advance of Knowledge. It may be as well to obviate the reply which he might possibly make to what has been now advanced. He might say, that he does not write the History of England, but of Civilization in England; of progressive, not of stationary



society ;—that, while he has selected for his subject the fact of progress, we have dwelt on the obstacles of progress ;—that he does not ignore the fact of resistance to progress, nay, has specially treated of it, under the name of “The Protective Spirit ;”—but that all that is not progress only falls in within his plans, so far as it has acted as a retarding force.

In answer, let the objection taken in our foregoing paragraphs be stated thus :—

No writer is obliged to include the whole of any subject : he is at perfect liberty to select any part of it. Mr. Buckle can, as others have done before him, trace the progress of European mind, or of English mind. No one could object that such a history did not contain Napoleon’s campaigns, or recite the events of the American War. But, as “Progressive Knowledge” is brought before us in this volume, it is not as a single thread running through the whole web of history, but, as the whole of history. The “totality of human actions,” nothing less, is explained by it ; it is not a part, it is the whole. Now it is not questioned that intellectual progress is a fact ; that its course can be traced ; that it is an element of national history—perhaps the most attractive element. But what is of vital consequence to us to know is, if intellectual advance is an inevitable necessity. Will society be regenerated by its Intellect in spite of its Passions ? The condition of every society yet known to us has been, a small minority of educated persons in a combination, either of conflict or harmony, with an overwhelming unenlightened mass. The enlightened minority who are in possession of the knowledge, have, more or less, leavened the whole. Where this practice of leavening has proceeded, unchecked, for any considerable time, an appearance is presented which may easily be mistaken for an intrinsic power in Knowledge to conquer every other motive of action. But is it more than an appearance ? What security have we that the sleeping volcano of Passion will not flame forth with irresistible violence ? That the ocean of Imagination, and False Opinion, will not break in, submerge a continent, and sweep away every trace of the Palace of Truth ?

“To shame the boast so often made,  
That we are wiser than our sires.”

The vitality of Knowledge consists in its advance. Let Power arm the protective spirit sufficiently, and it can prohibit advance. We cannot suppress Liberty to save Civilization. The condition of true knowledge is freedom of speech and opinion. But who is to guarantee the freedom of the press ? Let beneficent Power, by strength of arm, maintain its freedom, and it will teach and

enlighten; but Knowledge cannot maintain its ground for an hour against force. Let selfish Power step in, and in its own interest close the printing presses, and where is Knowledge? Shut up in the bosoms of a few silent worshippers, it dies a lingering death beneath the frown of Power. It passes through all the stages of decay. Taste becomes pedantry, science becomes magic, Virgil is turned into an enchanter, and civilization has become the prolific mother of the thousand forms of barbarism.

Adspice convexo nutantem pondere mundam! \*

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### ART. V.—AURORA LEIGH.

MRS. BARRETT BROWNING has won for herself the first place among our female poets. Falling short of the exquisite grace characterizing the masterpieces of Felicia Hemans, without the simplicity of L. E. L., or the variety of dramatic power which distinguishes Joanna Baillie, her earlier volumes contain poems evincing a depth of thought and subtlety of expression peculiarly her own. The "Graves of a Household" is not more delicately beautiful than those verses of "Caterina to Camoens," or more passionately tender than "Isobel's Child." "The Romaunt of the Page," "The Swan's Nest among the Reeds," "Lady Geraldine's Courtship," "The Rhyme of the Duchess May," "The Rhapsody of Life," with some of the best sonnets and the most stirring lyrics in the language, give proof of poetic genius no less various than powerful, and would of themselves vindicate for the Authoress the position we have assigned her. No one could fail therefore to regard "Aurora Leigh"—the most mature, as well as the longest of her works—that into which she says her "highest convictions upon Life and Art have entered"—with profoundest interest and sanguine expectations.

The attempt to write a *novel*,—which shall be also a *poem*,—is a daring one. We have abandoned the absurdity of setting limits to the sphere of poetry, but there is a certain incongruity between the natural variety and expansion of the one, and the concentration required in the other. The general success of this effort is remarkable. Few volumes of verse have such intense interest. It has been found by an ingenious critic to contain more lines than "Paradise Lost" or the "Odyssey,"—yet there are few people who do not try to read it at a sitting. Once into the vortex of the story, we are whirled on, forgetful of criticism,



of the Authoress, and of ourselves. This is a high recommendation, and has contributed largely towards the enthusiastic reception of the work; but when one has leisure to be censorious, he is met by defects equally striking. The difficulties of the design have not been entirely surmounted. The Authoress is given to a diffusive style: she drags us through many pages in "Aurora Leigh" which are unnecessary, trifling, and wearisome. That it may become a story, it sometimes ceases to be a poem. Blank verse is the most flexible and accommodating of all measures: it can sound, as in "The Brook," like graceful conversation, or with the Æolian pulsation of the "Morte d'Arthur," preserving its harmonious fulness; but in "Aurora Leigh" there are cases in which Mrs. Browning has broken loose altogether from the meshes of versification, and run riot in prose cut up into lines of ten syllables. Is there any sign of verse, for example, in the following:—"When he came from college to the country, very often he crossed the hills on visits to my aunt, with gifts of blue grapes from the hothouses, a book in one hand, —mere statistics, (if I chanced to lift the cover) count of all the goats whose beards are sprouting." Yet, with the simple change of *often* into *oft*, Mrs. Browning has made six lines out of it, as good as about one-third of those in the volume. There are so many minor faults throughout the poem, that they cease to be *minor* faults, and are a serious hindrance to our enjoyment of its beauties. Those are not mere deviations from conventional practice. At the present day such deviations, in Art at least, are not apt to be harshly judged. The age is past when critics presumed to lay down rules for poetry, strict as the dogmas of heraldry, and more meaningless. The reaction against classicism has reached its climax. Even the Unities have died out. We favour an artist who has ventured on a new method, or sought to evolve a new design; let him but keep within the bounds of reason, he obtains the praise of originality.

It would be fortunate if, in revolting against restraint, we were never led to transgress those laws of rhythm and construction which, fixed by Nature herself, are never forgotten but with offence to harmony, taste, and sense. The affectation of Originality is the next fault to the want of it. Irregular lines, extravagant metaphors, jarring combinations, are the occasional *defects*, never the *signs* of genius. An ostentation of strength is the most infallible proof of weakness. A profusion of words is no voucher for richness of thought. Those are not the best scholars who make the most numerous quotations from the Greek. We know no poem so good as this, with so many glaring offences against those first principles. Mrs. Browning's greatest failure is in her metaphors: some of them are excellent, but when they

are bad—and they are often bad,—they are very bad. By a single ugly phrase, a single hideous word, dragged in, one would think, from the furthest ends of the earth, she every now and then mars the harmony of a whole page of beauty. She sadly wants simplicity, and the calm strength that flows from it. She writes in a high fever. She is constantly introducing geographical, geological, and antiquarian references, almost always out of place, and often incorrect.\* Here are three wise lines of her own, which ought to have preserved her from many errors:

“We strain our natures at doing something great,  
Far less because it's something great to do,  
Than, haply, that we, so, commend ourselves  
As being not small.”

Mrs. Browning seems at once proud and ashamed of her womanhood. She protests, not unjustly, against the practice of judging artists by their sex; but she takes the wrong means to prove her manhood. In recoil from mincing fastidiousness, she now and then becomes coarse. She will not be taxed with squeamishness, and introduces words unnecessarily, which are eschewed in the most familiar conversation. To escape the imputation of over-refinement she swears without provocation. These are grave accusations: but the Authoress would be the first to disclaim the shield of that spurious gallantry which accords her sex an exemption from the full severity of legitimate censure. A few examples, taken almost at random from among many, will vindicate the justice of our remarks.

The description of a face that haunted Aurora's early years, gives scope for a perfect shoal of mangled and pompous similes. It was, she says, “by turn's

“Ghost, fiend, and angel, fairy, witch, and sprite,—  
A dauntless Muse, who eyes a dreadful Fate,  
A loving Psyche who loses sight of Love,  
A still Medusa, with mild milky brows  
All curdled and all clothed upon with snakes  
Whose slime falls fast as sweat will; or anon  
Our Lady of the Passion, stabbed with swords  
Where the Babe sucked; or Iamia in her first  
Moonlighted pallor, ere she shrunk and blinked,  
And shuddering, wriggled down to the unclean.”

What a confusion of violence is the account given of London streets and the wretched beings who dwell there:—

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\* Is it hypercritical to advert to the fact that the main incident in “Aurora Leigh” is, as Mrs. Browning represents the circumstances, *physiologically impossible*? Mrs. Browning ought to have known that a reversal of any great law of nature is beyond poetic licence.



"Faces! phew,  
 We'll call them vices festering to despairs,  
 Or sorrows petrifying to vices: not  
 A finger-touch of God left whole in them;  
 All ruined—lost—the countenance worn out  
 As the garments, the will dissolute as the acts,  
 The passions loose and dragging in the dirt  
 To trip the foot up at the first free step!  
 Those faces! 'twas as if you had stirred up hell  
 To heave its lowest dreg-fiends uppermost  
 In fiery swirls of slime," &c.

How much more full of meaning, to one who has seen such sights, is the simple phrase of our Laureate's, in "Maud:"—

"And I loathe the squares and streets,  
*And the faces that one-meets.*"

In another passage (p. 178) Mrs. Browning designates the hard heart of society as—

"This social Sphinx,  
 "Who sits between the sepulchres and stews,  
 Makes mock and mow against the crystal heavens,  
 And bullies God,"—

Payne Knight (p. 186) is compared to a "mythic mountaineer"

"Who travelled higher than he was born to live,  
 And showed sometimes the goitre in his throat  
 Discoursing of an image seen through fog."

To illustrate the way in which individual words are often misused, we may take the following. "My life," Romney says (p. 388)—

"Scarce lacked that thunderbolt of the falling beam,  
 Which *nicked* me on the forehead as I passed."

Of Florence (p. 307) she says—

"The town, there, seems to seethe  
 In this Medæan *boil-pot* of the sun,  
 And all the patient hills are bubbling round  
 As if a prick would leave them flat."

Of Romney Leigh excited (p. 164)—

"Was that his face I saw? . . . . .  
 Which tossed a sudden horror like a *sponge*  
 Into all eyes,"

Of an angel face, that it shone in Heaven in "a *blotch*" of light! To Lady Waldemar, Aurora writes (p. 287) with a strange confusion of biblical reference—

"For which inheritance beyond your birth  
 You sold that *poisonous porridge* called your soul."

Those pieces of bad taste mainly arise from that straining after strength which mars some of the Authoress's best writings; but there are others which, in their rough treatment of themes we are accustomed to see handled with reverence, are still more repulsive. Witness the comparison of Christ to a hunter of wild beasts (p. 343).

In the picture of London (p. 95), she has so overlaid her colours, as quite to destroy the effect of what might have been a most impressive sketch. Sometimes the mixture of metaphors is such as to make the passage utterly unintelligible; as for instance, in the invective against the German scholar, Wolf, who, good unsuspecting man, when he first ventured to criticise Homer in his study at Halle, never dreamt of being called such names by an English poetess.

A considerable portion of the book is devoted to a minute and not very profitable analysis of the process of making verses. There is surely some "playing at art" here, and science too:—

"I *ripped* my verses up,  
And found no blood upon the rapier's point;  
The heart in them was just an embryo's heart,  
Which never yet had beat that it should die;  
Just gasps of make-believe galvanic life;  
Mere tones inorganized to any tune."—(p. 98.)

This "ripping up" does not seem to have been sufficiently savage; but Mrs. Browning has her excuse for the jolting of her Pegasus—

"But I felt  
My heart's life throbbing in my verse to show  
It lived, it also—certes incomplete—  
Disordered with all Adam in the blood,  
But even its very tumours, warts, and wens  
Still organized by and implying life."—(p. 101.)

Yet it is those very warts and wens that we complain of as degrading her best poetry from the first to the second rank. It is that exaggerated mysticism and confusion of phrases that has given men, who pride themselves on their common sense, a distaste to metaphorical or even imaginative writing, and has done more than anything else to lower the esteem in which works of Art are held.

Did our survey cease here, we should not be so unfair as the *Saturday Review*; but we would give the reader only some such conception of Aurora Leigh as he would have of the Ajax, from the bad joke on the hero's name,—of "Romeo and Juliet," from the wretched puns it contains,—of Byron's "Don Juan," from the stanzas in which he offends against delicacy,—of Wordsworth's "Idyls" from Goody Blake and Harry Gill,—or of Tennyson's "Maud," from the rudest of his hobbling hexameters. The worst



pieces are short. The poem contains passages of concentrated beauty and sustained grandeur, enough to establish half a dozen reputations. In the presentation alike of character and scenery Mrs. Browning has proved herself in every sense a Master. Those pictures of England and of Italy which so adorn the first and seventh books are already familiar to our readers; and they will take a permanent rank among our best specimens of descriptive poetry. Some of the portraits exhibit a fund of subtle humour. Witness that oft-quoted sketch of the Aunt, a lady whose temper is perhaps best represented in those three lines—

“And English women, she thanked God and sighed  
(*Some people always sigh in thanking God*),  
Were models to the universe.”

There are many passages which we value, as much for the truth they condense as for the beauty of their language. We shall select one or two of those wise sentences at a venture:—

“We get no good  
By being ungenerous, even to a book,  
And calculating profits---so much help  
By so much reading. It is rather when  
We gloriously forget ourselves, and plunge  
Soul-forward, headlong, into a book's profound,  
Impassioned for its beauty and salt of truth,--  
’Tis then we get the right good from a book.”—(p. 26.)

“Many tender souls  
Have strung their losses on a rhyming thread  
As children cowslips:—the more pains they take  
The work more withers. Young men, ay, and maids,  
Too often sow their wild oats in tame verse,  
Before they sit down under their own vine  
And live for use. Alas, near all the birds  
Will sing at dawn; and yet we do not take  
The chaffering swallow for the holy lark.”—(p. 34.)

“The rest are like it; those Olympian crowns  
We run for, till we lose sight of the sun  
In the dust of the racing chariots.”—(p. 72.)

“There's not a crime  
But takes its proper change out still in crime,  
If once rung on the counter of this world;  
Let sinners look to it.”—(p. 120.)

“We are wrong always when we think too much  
Of what we think or are; albeit our thoughts  
Be verily bitter as self-sacrifice,  
We're no less selfish.”—(p. 151.)

“I've known the pregnant thinkers of this time,  
And stood by breathless, hanging on their lips,

When some chromatic sequence of fine thought,  
 In learned modulation phrased itself  
 To an unconjectured harmony of truth.  
 And yet I've been more moved, more raised, I say,  
 By a simple word—a broken, easy thing,  
 A three-years infant might say after you—  
 A look, a sigh, a touch upon the palm,  
 Which meant less than 'I love you' . . . than by all  
 The full-voiced rhetoric of those master-mouths."—(p. 174.)

"The Greeks said grandly, in their tragic phrase,  
 'Let no one be called happy till his death.'  
 To which I add,—Let no one till his death  
 Be called unhappy. Measure not the work  
 Until the day's out, and the labour done;  
 Then bring your gauges. If the day's work's scant,  
 Why, call it scant; affect no compromise;  
 And, in that we have nobly striven, at least  
*Deal with us nobly, women though we be,  
 And honour us with truth, if not with praise.*"—(p. 183.)

It is, however, to the general management of the poem that we must look for its main excellences, as well as for its gravest defects. The outline of the story is well known. The writer—whose sentiments and opinions we cannot avoid identifying to a large extent with those of the Authoress—is a Tuscan girl, left from her birth alone with an English father, to grow up, at once shy and impetuous, under Italian skies. He dies in her thirteenth year, leaving her to be conveyed by strangers to a strange land, under the charge of his sister. This lady has harboured a long hatred against Aurora's mother, who bewitched the stiff English gentleman, from his home, his duties, and his estate. She receives the child with all the chill kindness of an unsympathetic guardian. Under her, the wild girl has to become tame—to grow in the prescribed way to the prescribed end. And so she shoots up into womanhood in outward conformity, yet fluttering more and more against her cage, seeking a solace from the weariness of her tasks in the land of thought and fancy:—

"I was not, therefore, sad;  
 My soul was singing at a work apart,  
 Behind the wall of sense, as safe from harm  
 As sings the lark when sucked up out of sight,  
 In vortices of glory and blue air."

Gradually she grows to learn the beauty of that England which at first seemed cold and repulsive. Here is introduced that exquisite landscape painting to which we have referred. (See pp. 39-41.) Then comes the crisis of her life—the scene with her cousin Romney. He has lived near them, and seen



Aurora daily, and grown to love her. She, too, loves him, unconsciously to herself, plainly enough to the reader; but they have their own distinct views of life. He is a poet in action—she in verse. His soul is “gray with poring over the long sum of ill”—of wretchedness, and poverty, and vice, in the world around him: he has, with all the foolish enthusiasm of youth, resolved to devote his fortune and his life to lessen this ill. One fine morning he comes to seek a helpmate in his career of beneficence. But *she* is twining wreaths around her brow, dreaming of Dante and Florentine bays. Their interview has been compared to that famous one between Jane Eyre and St. John. There is some show of resemblance between them; but the difference as to the essential question is infinite. St. John thought of Jane as a mere missionary; he would as willingly have had her go with him as a sister, were it not for public opinion. Romney loves Aurora far more deeply than she deserved; and he shows this by tone and look and gesture throughout the whole colloquy. He talks too much, perhaps, of his philanthropy, his schemes—some foolish, some as wise as any yet devised for reforming the world; but he is diverted from superfluous display of tenderness, by the noblest thoughts of others and their welfare—

“Thinking love’s best proved unsaid,  
And by words the dignity  
Of true feeling’s often lost,  
He was vowed to life’s broad duty,  
Man’s great business uppermost  
In his mind—not woman’s beauty.”

She, on the other hand, turns from him because she thinks too much of herself. Because he will not protest that she is born to be a poet, she distrusts and rejects his love with a most magniloquent disdain:—

“‘Now,’ I said, ‘may God  
Be witness ’twixt us two!’ and with the word  
Meseemed I floated into a sudden light  
Above his stature,—am I proved too weak  
To stand alone, yet strong enough to bear  
Such leaners on my shoulder? poor to think,  
Yet rich enough to sympathize with thought?—  
Incompetent to sing, as blackbirds can,  
Yet competent to love, like HIM? I paused:  
Perhaps I darkened, as the lighthouse will  
That turns upon the sea.’”

He writes next day, renewing the assurance of his affection, but the aunt in her indignation has let out the secret that Aurora, by her father’s foreign marriage, is left undowered, and Romney, the sole heir;—interpreting his offer as an act of charity,

her pride revolts still more. Shortly after, her aunt dies, holding in her hand a letter with a transfer of a large portion of Romney's estate to her, and so, by inheritance, to Aurora. Unfortunately it is found unopened, and the heroine tears it up with "infinite grandeur." "*Penthesilea mediis in armis;*" or, as she modestly expresses it, like the whirlwind on Valdarno. The cousins separate—she to the central seat of English life, to work out her independence, he to forget his own great sorrow in the activity of a greater mission. Seven years after, she writes the first part of this history from her room three stories high, in Kensington, where she has found for herself a sphere of action and a taste of her much coveted fame. Yet the memory of that morning in the summer garden haunts her still:—

"He bears down on me through the slanting years,  
The stronger for the distance."

The account of her London career gives occasion for a good deal of humorous satire on the fashionable life and talk of the metropolis. We find nothing indeed to rival the cunning disclosures of Thackeray; but in the fourth and fifth books there is a large amount of vivid characterization. Some of the minor *dramatis personæ* are drawn with great power;—such as the good Lord Howe, the cautious philanthropist, never out of his depth, never honest; clever Mister Smith, and Sir Blaise Delorme—

"with quiet, priest-like voice,  
Too used to syllable damnations round  
To make a natural emphasis worth while;"

and above all, Lady Waldemar—the rich, the beautiful, the fascinating, the hateful Lady Waldemar, who, herself in love with Romney, comes to ask Aurora's aid in averting a marriage which, in practical illustration of his communism, he is about to contract with a daughter of the people—a poor girl who has lived pure in the midst of horror and penury and crime, whom he has saved from death, or worse than death, and whom he is resolved in front of all the world to make his wife. The lady fails in her mission:—

— " 'You take it so,'  
She said; 'farewell, then. Write your books in peace,  
As far as may be, for some secret stir  
Now obvious to me,—for, most obviously,  
In coming hither I mistook the way.'  
Whereat she touched my hand, and bent her head,  
*And floated from me like a silent cloud  
That leaves the sense of thunder.*"—(p. 115.)

Henceforth we are seized upon by a new interest which makes us hurry over everything else. Stately Aurora Leigh, her theories, her speculations and her pride,—the London life, the



balls, the gossip of ladies in rustling silks, the talk of artists and old rakes and embryo philosophers, amusing and graphic as they are, are cast into the shade by the apparition and the tragedy of Marian Erle. Aurora goes to see her, and finds in the midst of one of the wretched streets in London "an ineffable white face," which we get to think more beautiful than any other in the book—

"She was not white or brown,  
But could look either like a mist that changed  
According to being shone on more or less."

She tells her sad story with irresistible pathos—how, born in a miserable hut, she led a hard life with cruel parents, driven from place to place and set to all mean tasks, yet consoled by the beauty around, which from nature and stray books she draws to herself by some inborn instinct. At last her wretched mother offers to sell her to a rich squire in the neighbourhood. She tears herself from their hands and escapes. The account of her flight (p. 127) is a wonderful piece of writing. We read it with the breathless haste which it describes, in sympathy with the passion of fear that gave wings to the fugitive. She is found by Romney in an hospital to which she has been conveyed. He addresses her in kind words, which she never forgets—

"since, in any doubt or dark,  
They came out like the stars, and shone on her  
With just their comfort ;"

and in tones of music that haunt her still in the London milliner's, where he has sent her to work and hope :—

"then she drew  
The stitch, and mused how Romney's face would look,  
*And if 'twere likely he'd remember hers  
When they two had their meeting after death."*

He meets her again when she has left her position to nurse a sick companion, and after a time seeks in her the fit associate for his task. The day is fixed for the marriage. There is an extraordinary meeting of rags and silks to solemnize the cementing of social distinctions which Romney desires to symbolize in this ceremony—

"Half St. Giles' in frieze  
Was bidden to meet St. James' in cloth of gold."

All is ready, but the bride has disappeared. He seeks her east, he seeks her west, but no trace is to be found ; nothing for love or money but a mysterious letter from Marian, declining marriage, yet showing her love, evidently concealing more than it reveals :—

"Very kind,  
I pray you mark, was Lady Waldemar,

She came to see me nine times, rather ten ;—  
So beautiful, she hurts me like the day  
Let suddenly on sick eyes."

Time passes. We have a great deal about London society and profuse speculation on art and artists. Meantime the report grows that Romney is affianced to Lady Waldemar. We hear no more until, a year or so after, on her route towards Italy, Aurora meets Marian accidentally in the streets of Paris, with a child in her arms. Borne off in the crowd, she is again found by chance, after a long, fruitless search, and this time Aurora succeeds in tracking her to a retreat in the suburbs "scarcely larger than a grave," where she lives with her infant. There is nothing more exquisite in the poem than some of the lines which refer to this infant.—

"While we stood there dumb,—  
For oh, that it should take such innocence  
To prove just guilt, I thought, and stood there dumb ;  
The light upon his eyelids pricked them wide,  
And staring out at us with all their blue,  
As half perplexed between the angelhood  
He had been away to visit in his sleep,  
And our most mortal presence,—gradually  
He saw his mother's face, accepting it  
In change for heaven itself, with such a smile  
As might have well been learnt there,—never moved,  
But smiled on, in a drowse of ecstasy.  
So happy (half with her and half with heaven),  
He could not have the trouble to be stirred,  
But smiled and lay there. Like a rose, I said,  
As red and still indeed as any rose,  
That blows in all the silence of its leaves,  
Content, in blowing, to fulfil its life."—(p. 250.)

But it is difficult to select ; the whole of the succeeding pages, as also that passage in pp. 288-289, present a picture of innocence and maternal fondness such as perhaps has never before been realized in verse, and which reminds one more than anything else of the masterpieces of Raphael. We confess to entertain very different sentiments regarding the two heroines of this poem. Aurora's self-consciousness repels—her speculations do not much interest us ; her genuine human feeling is reserved for the closing scene. There is something about Marian, on the other hand, that is especially attractive. All the little incidents of her early life, the court in London, the flowers, the way she tells her tale, with the exception of one or two misplaced scientific phrases, so artless and natural,—the shrinking, clinging, half-reverence, half love she feels for Romney, combine to exhibit a winning beauty and grace. But nothing in the book is so grand



as the revelation to Aurora of her dreadful secret—how, beguiled by the serpent kindness of the Lady Waldemar to believe herself an obstacle to Romney's happiness, committed to the charge of some female fiend, and lured into a home of horror in France, she "fell unaware, and came to butchery," doomed to live ever after subject to that law—

"The common law by which the poor and weak  
Are trodden under foot by vicious men,  
And loathed for ever after by the good."

The tale has too deep a pathos to be expressed in any partial transcription. It is indeed a tragedy too terrible for tears. There is something almost superhuman in the awe of those concluding lines in which Marian describes her wanderings. We read them with a sort of breathless fear and wonder:—

"Up and down  
I went by road and village, over tracts  
Of open foreign country, large and strange,  
Crossed everywhere by long thin poplar-lines  
Like fingers of some ghastly skeleton hand,  
Through sunlight and through moonlight evermore  
Pushed out from hell itself to pluck me back,  
And resolute to get me, slow and sure;  
*While every roadside Christ upon his cross  
Hung reddening through his gory wounds at me.*

\* \* \* \* \*

Brutal men  
Stopped short, Miss Leigh, in insult, when they had seen  
My face,—I must have had an awful look.  
And so I lived: the weeks passed on,—I lived,  
'Twas living my old tramp-life o'er again,  
But this time in a dream, and hunted round  
By some prodigious Dream-fear at my back,  
Which ended, yet: my brain cleared presently,  
And there I sate one evening, by the road,  
*I, Marian Erle, myself alone, undone,  
Facing a sunset low upon the flats,  
As if it were the finish of all time,—  
The great red stone upon my sepulchre,  
Which angels were too weak to roll away."*

The rest is soon told. Aurora, Marian, and the child go together to Italy, a report having previously reached them that Romney and Lady Waldemar have been married. One glorious evening he himself appears before them, to announce the error of this report, the ruin of all his schemes, the conflagration of the old hall which he had turned into a phalanstery for wretches who brought it down over his head, and his intention to claim Marian still as his wife. She appears herself to address him—

“ ‘Romney,’ she began,  
 ‘My great, good angel, Romney.’ Then at first  
 I knew that Marian Erle was beautiful.  
 She stood there, still and pallid as a saint,  
 Dilated like a saint in ecstasy,  
 As if the floating moonshine interposed  
 Betwixt her foot and the earth, and raised her up  
 To float upon it. ‘I had left my child  
 Who sleeps,’ she said, ‘and having drawn this way,  
 I heard you speaking. Friend! confirm me now.  
 You take this Marian, such as wicked men  
 Have made her, for your honourable wife?’  
 The thrilling, solemn, proud, pathetic voice.  
 He stretched his arms out toward the thrilling voice,  
 As if to draw it on to his embrace.  
 ‘I take her, as God made her, and as men  
 Must fail to unmake her, for my honoured wife.’ ”

Aurora, too, confirms this, and Marian’s answer illustrates the nature of her devotion.—

“ ‘Thanks,  
 My great Aurora.’ Forward then she sprang,  
 And dropping her impassioned spaniel head  
 With all its broad abandonment of curls  
 On Romney’s feet, we heard the kisses drawn  
 Through sobs upon the foot, upon the ground—  
 ‘O Romney! O my angel! O unchanged!  
 Though, since we’ve parted, I have past the grave;  
 But death itself could only better *thee*,  
 Not change thee! *Thee* I do not thank at all;  
 I but thank God who made thee what thou art,  
 So wholly godlike.’ ”

Yet she tells him—

“ ‘You and I  
 Must never, never, never join hands so,’ ”—

and abides by her resolve to live apart, and consecrate the rest of her dim life to the care of her child. Romney announces to Aurora his penitence for self-confidence in his schemes, his tardy appreciation of her genius, and the calamity which has overtaken him of incurable blindness. This mutilation (which we consider in every point of view offensive) enables Aurora to confide the secret of her own attachment to him, and the poem concludes with the magnificent verses expressing the triumph of love which are already familiar to most readers.

In an artistic point of view, this work has all the defects and all the excellences of the authoress’s style. Those excellences more than counterbalance the defects. But it is a work written

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with an evident purpose, and it openly challenges criticism *ethically*. We cannot give a favourable verdict. Romney tells Aurora, in that early scene, that women never estimate principles, but only persons. Mrs. Browning has done her best to establish the truth of this dictum. If, as she herself declares, "wrong thoughts make wrong poems," there is much to censure in this one. The estimate she gives of the French and the eulogy of Louis Napoleon which follows it, is a glaring evidence of a judgment easily misled by the outward shows of things, and arrested by the *semblance* of Power.

We do not intend to diverge into the field of politics to point out in what manner their "twice absolute" Emperor *represents* this "poet of the nations," or *how* "his purple is lined with the 'democracy.'" It is more within the scope of our purpose to contend with those peculiar views of reform and social philosophy which this volume has for its text. There is a widespread and growing error to which its success has given a new impulse—an error founded in a truth, perhaps, but none the less fatal. We allude to the mistake of exaggerating the effect of Art—whether as exhibited through Music, Painting, or Poetry—in ameliorating or elevating the condition of the masses of the people in any age or country. It probably results from a transference of the feelings and sympathies, which arise from or are possible only under a certain degree of culture, to spheres where that culture does not exist. But, however originating, History and our every-day experience combine to demonstrate the error. Art and the perfection of the poetic sentiments follow, or are contemporaneous with an age of prosperity. They do not constitute, nor can they supply the place of material comforts and free institutions. Artistic culture, far from standing in the place of philanthropic effort, depends upon the success of that effort for its own permanence. Men must be fed, clothed, and washed, ere ever "the essential prophet's word comes in power" to awaken, elevate, and sustain their nobler energies. Mr. Ruskin, among many lasting obligations conferred on Art, has yet done something to adorn this error; and his agreement with the general drift of this poem may account for the exaggerated estimate of it which he has just recorded.\* He has found in the higher classes of our society, already disposed to extend beyond its due limits the domain of *Taste*, a wide sympathy with his eloquent exposition of its laws, even when he most misconceives their application. But in a more stirring time, it was a similar, though far grander Art-worship, a like contempt of material wants and depreciation of political struggles, that withheld many of the noblest

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\* See Appendix to "The Elements of Drawing."

minds of Europe from a comprehension of the great head, or a full sympathy with the greater heart, of the gigantic Goethe.

An attentive examination of the latter books of Mrs. Browning's poem will convince any one that we are not unjust in charging her with comparative contempt for the material agencies of civilization and disparagement, through precept and example of philanthropic effort. Here are some of the passages in which the moral of the whole book is, as it were, summed up:—

“ I walked on musing with myself  
On life and art, and whether, after all,  
A larger metaphysics might not help  
Our physics, a completer poetry  
Adjust our daily life and vulgar wants  
More fully than the special outside plans,  
Phalansteries and material institutes,  
The civil conscriptions and lay monasteries  
Preferred by modern thinkers, as they thought  
The bread of man indeed made all his life,  
And washing seven times in the ‘ People’s baths’  
Were sovereign for a people’s leprosy.”  
“ . . . . . What we are, imports us more  
Than what we eat : and life, you’ve granted me,  
Developes from within.”—(p. 311.)

Yet our physics must be seen too first. A truckle-bed is after all a narrow study for a metaphysician. It is but poor comfort to a starving wretch to tell him that it imports him more what he is, than what he *eats*. It must be a complete poetry indeed that will undertake the work of Mr. Mayhew among the criminals, or solve the problem of female labour in our large cities. There is some poetry that is really a power among the better portion of the labouring classes of a nation : but neither Burns nor Schiller penetrate to those depths where the zeal of a philanthropist is most beneficent. We require something more tangible to touch the under-current masses : the means of daily bread and the first rudiments of knowledge. Poetry about poetry is the last thing to descend to the people. We suspect the large sale of “ Aurora Leigh” has done but little to renovate or purify the alleys of London. We doubt not the good effect of the Manchester Exhibition, the Handel and Haydn festivals, on many even of our common workmen ; but their influence is insignificant compared with the benefit that would result to England from a good system of Secular Education. The new Venetian lecture room at Dublin, and the hints from Mr. Ruskin which have been acted on in its construction, must have gone far to elevate the taste of the masonic craft, but we suspect that the Northumberland baths and the National School have done still more for the morals and health of the city. In the wilder districts of England, in the moors of



Ireland, in Connemara or Cabirseveen, this romance of art appears in its full absurdity. You must drain those waste lands, put windows into those mud cabins, and teach their ragged inmates to read and to work, else the "prophet and the poet" will only "thunder down" in the guise of some wide-mouthed agitator preying on the passions and ignorance around him. It is well to know that man develops from within, that outward schemes are but imperfect methods, and that we ought not to sever poetry from the actual world. But if we doubt too much of our powers for doing good—of the possibility of lessening by enduring effort the ills around us, we fall into a profitless despair, or a false content, more truly named indifference; "Though we fail indeed," our authoress tells us:—

"You—I—a score of such weak workers—He  
Fails never. If He cannot work by us  
He will work over us. Does He want a man,  
Much less a woman, think you? Every time  
The star winks there, so many souls are born,  
Who all shall work too. Let our own be calm:  
We should be ashamed to sit beneath those stars,  
Impatient that we're nothing."

Ashamed? no; *proud* rather, that we feel so deeply the greatness of each atom of God's work. There is here, and in the magnificent poetry at the conclusion of the book, too much of the spirit of the Lotos Eaters—the most fatal, because the most fascinating form of the *laissez faire*—an acquiescence in the "Everlasting No!" The world would come right, we are told, if we leave it to God. *It wont*. Is it not one of the truisms of our morality, that where evil is active, good must be strenuous on all sides, or the fair fabric will go to ruin while the ministers he sent to keep it sound are singing hymns?

Romney Leigh himself seems to be treated no less unfairly than the cause he represents. There are absurd philanthropies in abundance, pretentious schemes with no heart in them, false and idle. Had the hero of this poem advocated the most impracticable of these, his punishment had been ~~too~~ severe. Let us see how Mr. Stephens, of the "Cambridge Essays" would phrase it? Romney Leigh for being a philanthropist,—to be rejected and lectured by his mistress—to have his intended wife stolen from him—to try everything, to succeed in nothing—to be laughed at by everybody—to lose his money—to have his house burned about his ears—to get both his eyes knocked out—to beg pardon of his old mistress at last, and confess that she was all right and he was all wrong—to have her to take charge of him afterwards in his mutilated state!!!

But Romney's schemes were not so impracticable; he was

too good and too great a man to devote his whole life and energy to an honest cause without some beneficent result. He did more holy work in his tender care and reformation of those poor girls in London, than his cousin's poems could effect, were they much better than we can imagine them to have been. If he erred, it was through excess of faith and hope and charity;—by trusting too much to the effect of kindness in remoulding rough natures: by a want of practical distrust. "Dear Romney, you're the poet," Aurora says herself; and some one well sings—

"To have the deep, poetic heart  
Is more than all poetic fame."

We do not blame Mrs. Browning for not doing what she does not profess to do,—she has, indeed, professed too much,—but for doing wrongly part of what she does. The work—full of beauty, large-heartedness, and valour, though it be,—has artistic defects sufficient to render it unworthy the place assigned to it by a great critic, as the greatest poem of the century:—it would have had a more prominent position in the first rank had it taught a truer and a nobler lesson.

Perhaps the worst effect of exaggeration is that it excites the opposite extreme. When Art is advocated by the depreciation of the other influences for the elevation of mankind, it receives the deepest injury. They who ignore its real glory and grandeur retaliate by a corresponding depreciation. The great agencies for harmonizing and adorning life should go hand in hand. The world prospers then, when "the poet and the philanthropist stand side by side" in grand equality; and its rough labour is most ennobled when music and poetry accompany and complement the worker's toil.



## ART. VI.—THE FOUR EMPIRES.\*

*Miscellaneous Papers on the Russian War.* London. 1854—  
1855.

SIR HAMILTON SEYMOUR is a great diplomatist. When we read in the Blue Books the account of his conversations with the Emperor Nicholas, we congratulated ourselves on the dexterous statesman who defended so ably the cause of England

\* Although we do not assent to all the statements and views contained in this article, we gladly give expression to the opinions of our able and distinguished contributor, and especially on a subject of such acknowledged difficulty and paramount importance as is that of the "Eastern question."  
—ED.



and of justice. A monstrous Ahab was coveting the vineyard of another Naboth, and here was a man and an Englishman who could see through his wicked designs, and expose and baffle them. As if in these late days of light and civilization the appropriation of a neighbour's territory by an encroaching power, was an unheard enormity, the country rang with outcries of robbery. Coloured maps filled the shop windows, showing the provinces which during the last century had been torn from Turkey by the Czars; and in an enthusiasm for the cause of right we painted the conflict to ourselves as a war between civilization and barbarism. The armies of Russia were a second swarm of Vandals and Goths, menacing Europe with a return to mediæval darkness, and Constantinople was to be the first sacrifice.

There is a story of an Irishman on his trial for felony who brought witnesses to speak for his character. They bore their testimony but too effectively—the catalogue of the novel virtues which were attributed to him so perplexed his imagination that he cried out in Court, "My lord, if I had but known what I was, I would not have done it!" Something of this sort the Turks must have felt when they found themselves treated by the press of Europe as holding the advanced post of civilization, and lauded in Cabinets as the representatives of progress. "No nation in the world," said Lord Palmerston, in the House of Commons, "had in the last twenty years made so great advances." True that the bestiality of social life in Constantinople could be paralleled only in the worst days of Imperial Rome—true, that alone in that one spot in Europe the slave-market was open—true that the Turkish Pashas filled their seraglios with the daughters voluntarily offered by those other champions of freedom, the Circassian chiefs, and that the trade was only checked by Russian cruisers—true that Asiatic Turkey was a wilderness swarming with brigands, that life and property were for the most part insecure a mile beyond the walls of a town, that the administration of justice was iniquity, that if there was honesty anywhere it was among the poor, and that rank and villany ascended in a corresponding ratio. No matter! It was for the interest of Europe that the Turks should keep the keys of the Dardanelles. It was for the interest of decency that they should seem to deserve their position. Ministers therefore imagined excellences for them to supply the lacking reality, the sympathies of the nation were roused easily for a weak people struggling unequally for their liberties, and England threw itself into the quarrel with an enthusiasm for justice and right almost reminding imaginative persons of the days of the early Christians "who were all of one heart and one mind."

When the unanimity was analysed, elements were found indeed

in the composition not exceedingly homogeneous. The Republicans expected that at the first cannon-shot the spirit of 1848 would revive again. Moderate Liberals still resented the oppression of Poland. Nicholas had assisted the Austrians to crush Hungary, and those who desired revolution in Germany and Italy, and those who saw in a constitutional system like our own the only permanent bulwark against revolution, looked alike to St. Petersburg as the stronghold of despotism, from which Berlin and Vienna, and the petty princes of the smaller states alike derived their inspiration. Kossuth had appealed to England in behalf of the "nationalities," and had failed; but the great body of the middle classes, who would not countenance insurrection, which threatened to become a war against property, were pleased with an opportunity of showing that they would strike for liberty in an orthodox manner; they believed that if Russia was seriously weakened, the despotic sovereigns would be compelled to modify their governments. So far the interest was rather political than diplomatic. Formally we were the champions of Turkey; but in reality we were fighting for European freedom.

But, again, there were the statesmen to whom a Russian occupation of Constantinople was the hereditary bugbear. As the restorer of order, as the vindicator of legitimate government against revolution, Russia would be tolerated and applauded; but in possession of the Dardanelles, Russia would command the Mediterranean; in possession of Turkey she would stretch her swelling influence to the Indus. The balance of power would be compromised; our Eastern Empire would be rendered insecure.

Finally, there were the philosophers who were weary of peace, who believed that the ancient English virtues were stagnating, who saw in war (so that it was just, or could be imagined to be just) a grand spirit of moral regeneration, an electric power which would turn "the snub-nosed rogue" behind the counter into a hero, and "his cheating yard wand" into a champion's sword. These were the feelings which were working in England beyond those which were provoked by the immediate mission of Prince Menschikoff, and the passage of the Pruth, vague and all of them, and irreconcilable — able for the moment to rouse the nation to enormous effort; yet containing in their very indefiniteness the seeds of their own ultimate disappointment. Every one was looking to uncertain possibilities. We knew as little what was really attainable as what we really desired. Finland was to be restored to Sweden, the shores of the Euxine to the Turks. When Russia was driven back from the seaboard, when her fortresses were in ruins, and her fleets destroyed, then only a condescending *Edinburgh Review* would consent that she might be spared from annihilation.



Perhaps the educated statesmen only saw their way with clearness, as they only in any sense can be said to have gained their object. To them the hope of the multitude was the principal alarm, and driven into this war reluctantly, they were resolved at least so to manage it that the spirit of revolution should be held from breaking. Liberty in a vague sense was a convenient watchword, but liberty in the concrete was anarchy and socialism. In a war of freedom Hungary would have been the ally whom we should have naturally sought, and Austria would have been our natural enemy; the theatre of the campaign would have been in Poland, where Russia could be wounded to the quick. But freedom was the one especial thing which was *not* to be fought for, and therefore Hungary was ignored except as a province of the Court of Vienna. Austria was courted for an ally with a passion which the most manifest double dealing failed to repress. The war was carried to the Crimea, which, if we conquered, we could not continue ourselves to hold, which the Tartar population could not defend, and which equally we could not restore to the Sultan. In the obscurity of the objects at which we were aiming, the soldiers before Sebastopol wrote that no one seemed to know for what or for whom we were contending, trusting only that it was not for the Turks; while to the rest of the world we presented the extraordinary phenomenon of a free people in alliance with two despots, and fighting for a third in the supposed cause of liberty. These anomalies at the outset were invisible in the enthusiastic hopes in which we were indulging;—while the struggle proceeded we were absorbed in the excitement of its details. But now, as we look back from the second year of peace, we are able more calmly to examine our gains and losses, and see how far our dreams are realized; how far the better interests of the world have received substantial advantage.

Before entering on the calculation, however, let it be at once allowed that the war, after the form which the Turkish question assumed in the mission of Prince Menschikoff, had become unavoidable. Although in England there was but little sympathy with the ultra-revolutionists on the Continent, the violent reaction of 1849 created a lively disappointment. When the confusion subsided we had expected that the foreign governments would have settled down into some mild kind of liberalism. In the place of it we saw the few constitutions which had been painfully laboured together lacerated on the points of bayonets. The close of the convulsions in Hungary formed an especial claim upon us; the Hungarians having been crushed not in any attempt at establishing novel schemes of government, but in

defence of their own hereditary laws. By their gallantry the Magyars had won their cause against heavy odds, and in the crisis of the victory Russia had stepped in with overwhelming force, and had given them over, bound hand and foot, to Austrian revenge. Not contented with the success of this injustice, the Courts of St. Petersburg and Vienna demanded the surrender of the patriot leaders who had taken refuge at Constantinople; and the Sultan (it was the one honest act of his reign) earned our respect by daring their anger, and refusing. On the first hint of the employment of force against him, the English fleet had been ordered to the Dardanelles in his support, and had the Northern Powers persevered, the war would have broken out five years sooner, as different in form from that out of which we have now emerged, as unquestionably it would have been different in its results. The crisis passed away, but the feeling which had been excited remained, and on a fresh spirit of aggression being manifested by Nicholas, the regard which Abdul Medjid had earned by his courage, coupled with a vague dread of Russian preponderance, roused a temper both in France and England which Louis Napoleon's Government could not have ventured to defy, and which no living English statesman would have been allowed to resist. We might have bowed to the judgment of a Peel or a Wellington—Aberdeen and Gladstone, Cobden and Lord John Russell only shattered their reputation in a useless opposition.

We accept the war, therefore, as our own work; nor in general need we quarrel with the conduct of it. Quite possibly it was directed to the objects which were alone obtainable; or if obtainable, were alone to be desired. Quite possibly, if we had gone to work in the style which would have pleased Kossuth and Mazzini, we should have let loose a spirit of mere anarchy and desolation. When the circumstances had once arrived at the position which we allowed them to assume, we can allow that the whole business was managed reasonably well; we fought because we could not avoid fighting; we made peace at the earliest moment at which a tolerable peace could be exacted.

Letting the facts, therefore, pass so far as open to no just question, we may sum up the results without blaming either ourselves or others if those results shall not appear as much to our advantage as we might desire. And first, it is quite clear that nothing has been gained for the nationalities or for European liberty. Russia may be weakened, but Austria is stronger than ever, and the petty despots who rest upon her; the dungeons of Naples are still thronged, and the paltriest wretch who disgraces a European throne can defy with impunity the united remonstrances of England and France. The Germans believed that if



the Northern Autocrat could be crippled, the Dukes and Princes would restore the constitutions—but their hopes deceived them; while Lombardy still languishes in chains—still looks to the poniard as the only possible deliverance. Nor again can the enthusiasts be altogether satisfied who prophesied to themselves a mighty moral regeneration of England from the revival of war. On the one hand the Browns and the Camerons, the Pauls and the Strahans, have shown no symptoms of repentance. Banking accounts continue to be cooked; chicory has not disappeared out of our coffee, nor devils-dust out of our calicoes. The independent electors as little looked for heroes to represent them in April, 1857, as in July, 1852. That which was crooked is crooked still; and that which was righteous is righteous still. We saw, also, that the expected regeneration was not so universally needed. The heart of the country rung sound at the first stroke. The young loungers of the barracks and the ball-room endured the first winter in the Crimea with the same courageous simplicity which their fathers showed in the Peninsula. The young Indian officers, who have been accused of caring only for their cigar and their billiard cues, are showing a quiet gallantry in this present dreadful mutiny which makes our ears tingle with admiration. But as they are acting now they would have acted ten years ago—the supposed degeneracy was but skin deep. Enthusiasm, now as ever, has been mistaken alike in its understanding of the present and its expectations of the future.

When we turn from dreams to reality, we are on sounder ground. It may be admitted that when the English Government declined to enter upon any secret understanding with respect to Turkey, the Emperor Nicholas intended to take the matter into his own hands. To Sir Hamilton Seymour he disclaimed an intention of a permanent occupation of Constantinople; but no doubt he was resolved to interfere more and more in the administration of the Turkish empire—to convert the Sultan into a helpless dependant, preparatory to ultimate absorption. He was foiled by a coalition which he believed impossible, and himself having been killed by anxiety and disappointment, his successor has been compelled to accept a peace which drives him back from the Danube; the military resources, which it had cost the labour of generations to accumulate, are for the present crippled, and any attempt at a renewal of the same game has been rendered impossible, perhaps for another quarter of a century. Great nations rally rapidly indeed from military exhaustion. Little more than forty years ago France was a chained captive at the feet of Europe; her capital twice occupied by invading armies; her last recruits drawn in vain from her exhausted provinces—powerless, prostrate, and crushed. In 1857 she is again the leading power of the world.

We must not expect too much from the weakness to which we have reduced Russia. Nevertheless, we may feel sanguine that she has received a check which for the present will be effective. On the principles on which the balance of power is now maintained, we have achieved a real victory, with which we have a right to be satisfied. We must not exaggerate or expect to maintain all that we have gained. Sebastopol is in ruins, and Russia is bound by treaty not to rebuild the fortifications, or to re-establish the Euxine fleet. For a certain number of years these stipulations will be observed: but from the nature of the case they are, and must be, temporary. Again and again restrictions of this kind have been imposed by the European nations on each other; but an unvarying experience shows that in the long run powerful governments cannot be coerced in their own dominions, as to the number of cannon which they will mount upon their walls or the number of ships which they will maintain in their harbours. Circumstances change; new dangers rise; new coalitions are formed; and, on the watch as they always must be for an escape from conditions galling to their pride, they cannot long be at a loss for an opportunity. Sebastopol, we may assure ourselves, will again resume its armour; its docks will again be cleared; again a fleet will float upon its waters, and when the steppes are crossed by railroads, and when in a few days, without exhaustion, the armies of the Empire can be poured into the Crimea, the hazardous experiment of 1854 will scarcely be repeated. Nevertheless, we have gained something. The settlement at the Conference of Paris will not be disturbed while the present order of Europe remains. How long that order will remain is another question. The revolutions of 1848 showed by how frail a tenure it is held; and while on this side of the question the uncertainty is so considerable, collateral considerations are, perhaps, of greater importance than the immediate conditions of the Peace. England, in its relations with Russia, must look not to Constantinople only, or the provinces on the Danube, but to Ispahan, to Cabul, to Peking, perhaps to the banks of the Indus, perhaps to the English Channel. Let us see, therefore, how, in these other respects, we stand towards her, and how far her enmity, which we have preferred to her friendship, is likely to be of moment to us.

The Russians, though our rivals in the East, had in Europe, till the outbreak of the war, been our surest allies. At the *coup d'état* in Paris, it was expected that Louis Napoleon might turn against us: an attack upon England is a card of popularity which any French Government may well be tempted to play. Waterloo is not forgotten by the French army; even now, in this last week, when "the medal of St. Helena" has been distributed among the surviving soldiers of the Imperial campaigns, we may



see an evidence that the uncle's exile is not forgotten by the nephew. But Louis Napoleon knew, and we knew, that the first stroke which was aimed at England would be the signal for the revival of the Holy Alliance, and the odds would be too heavy to contend against. Louis Napoleon has, perhaps, learnt that peace with us is more profitable than the paltry glory which might be gained in attempts to avenge Waterloo; but neither he, nor any Government by whom he may be superseded or followed, need now entertain the same alarms; we shall fight our battle with France single-handed, if we have to fight it at all. And again, the French may have no thought of striking us; but if they do, we have the satisfaction of knowing that we have surrendered the friendship of a Government which alone in Europe (if we except our own) is in no danger of an overthrow; while the alliance which we retain with a nation notoriously capricious—with a ruler whose tenure of power may perish as it rose, and whose policy, at best, will hardly survive his life, did not require any such sacrifice. When the war broke out we flattered ourselves with a prospect of insurrections of oppressed serfs, of legions deserting, and provinces rising in revolt: the house of Romanoff stood firm through a trial of unexampled severity; Pole and Muscovite united in a rivalry of loyalty; the Georgian levies were among the most faithful of the soldiers of Mouravieff. Whether it was from superstition or from cowardice—whether from national pride or gratitude towards a Government which is substantially sound and just, at all events, we have received a proof that the rulers of Russia need fear nothing from the disloyalty of their subjects or the dissatisfaction of the most remote countries which they have reduced to obedience. As much as this will scarcely be said for the position of our present ally; and in courting the friendship of Louis Napoleon, we have but partially acquired the friendship of France. Engaged as we have been in a good cause, we need not perhaps much concern ourselves with such considerations; yet we have learnt many other things with respect to the Russians which have corrected extravagant impressions, and have taught us, however inevitable their conduct had made the change, to regret the terms in which we have placed ourselves towards her. Notwithstanding the result of the siege of Sebastopol, they have not suffered in military prestige. We anticipated at the outset far easier work than we found. It was thought a light thing when our fleets first sailed to lay Cronstadt in ashes, and pound to atoms the plaster defences of the great arsenal of the Euxine. The whole power of England and France, supported passively by Austria, and actively by Sardinia and Turkey, succeeded, with their communications secure and rapid, with every advantage for procuring supplies, in partially conquering a single stronghold. It

was a great victory, but it was achieved at a cost to England alone of eighty millions of money, and perhaps fifty thousand lives. If any admirer of Russia had foretold beforehand that she would be capable of a defence so desperate, we should have laughed to scorn so extravagant a prophecy. She has shown that on her own ground, even at its extremity, where she is at greatest disadvantage, she has a power of resistance which the strongest nations must respect; while Mouravieff's army in Georgia, supported (notwithstanding that the communication through the Black Sea was cut off) in so high a degree of efficiency, was a proof of the immense efforts of which she was capable. The world has seen that she is weaker than France, England, and Austria united; but neither East nor West expected to find her otherwise. Undisputably, we have learnt to form a better measure of Russia's strength. At the same time, we have been forced to modify materially our conceptions of Russian barbarism. When the *Tiger* was wrecked at Odessa, her crew, it was thought, would be sent to the mines of Siberia, or would be sold as slaves. Lieutenant Royer found himself treated rather as a guest than as a conquered enemy; and the English prisoners have given but one account of the courtesy with which they were entertained. The officers who, in the Crimea or elsewhere, came in personal contact with Russians, never speak of them except with regard as gentlemen, and with respect as soldiers.

We have learnt something of our enemies: we have learnt something, also, of our friends. The cause of Turkey against Russia will hardly again be described as the cause of civilization against barbarism; and the progress of which we heard was a progress of rottenness. We went to war for the independence of Turkey. A free sovereign, we said, was not to be dictated to in his own dominions, nor Turkish magistrates to take orders from foreigners. But with all our eloquence we could not alter the facts. The Emperor Nicholas was right: the sick man was truly sick, helpless, incapable. The independent sovereign exists only by the will and for the convenience of the other Powers: he has now five masters instead of one, and is at this moment five times more a slave—five times more under the dominion of foreign dictation than he would have been if he had submitted to the exactions of Menschikoff. God forbid that it should be otherwise! It is the only chance to save him from instant dissolution; but the power of such support is possible only up to a certain stage of corruption. The end will come, and come speedily; and it is high time for us to consider seriously the very questions which Nicholas proposed, and come without delay to an understanding on the steps which are to be pursued when the catastrophe is upon us.



We cannot see as yet what those steps will be; but there are already no obscure indications of the direction which they will follow. The influence of England at Constantinople is less than it was before the war; the influence of France is immeasurably greater. The French threw us into shadow at Sebastopol; and the failure at Kars, glorious as it was, yet was still a failure, and the credit of it rests with us. And again, the French and the Russians are manifestly drawing together: the Porte, in spite of its own will and ours, is forced to bow to their dictation, and the division of the sick man's effects which was offered by Nicholas to England, and honourably refused by her, will take place at last; and, perhaps, in some indirect way not to our neighbour's disadvantage.

To us, at least, neither the war nor its consequences will have brought any benefit adequate to our sacrifice. It would be well if it had brought us nothing to the contrary. Others, however, will carry off the prize; we have to pay the cost, and bear the burden. The Persian war was a direct result of the rupture with Russia; and if it be true that, in consequence of the Bengal rebellion, Herat,\* after all, is not to be surrendered, who can tell into what expense and difficulty this may again plunge us. Commissioner Yeh doubtless was not set on to insult us by agents from St. Petersburg; but the Russians have had an embassy at Peking: the Chinese know that the two great Western Powers with whom they most are brought in contact have been fighting, and they have heard the Russian version of the issue. They know that the English were beaten at Petropaulowski—they have heard of the retreat from Castries Bay: they know, or hope, that in defying England they may count on Russia for a friend, and the expectation may well have encouraged them to give vent to their hatred of us. Lastly, although we should as little expect to find traces of direct Muscovite intrigue in Bengal as at Canton, yet we should doubt as little that the spent force of the struggle in the Euxine was felt upon the Ganges. The mutiny of the Sepoys we now know to have been long meditated: if they intended to rise against us, they must have looked forward for years past (our own fears must have taught them to do it) to a Russian invasion as their best opportunity; and the knowledge that the masters whom they hated were actually at war with Russia, the accounts of our sufferings and difficulties in the Crimea which were as rife in the Indian press as in our own, may have shown them that we were as liable as the rest of mankind to misfortune, and may have assisted easily to stimulate their restlessness. Of this, at least, we may be sure, that if it was understood in the East that Russia and England, instead of enemies, were cordial friends—that

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\* At present, however, report says that the surrender has been completed.

they recognised each other's position, and would assist each other in difficulties,—the imagination of resistance or rebellion would be quenched in the certainty of its hopelessness.

We are able to cope with our difficulties: we shall crush the miserable Bengalese, who have dishonoured humanity by their ferocity. We shall exact an expiation for their crimes, at the tale of which their children's children will quake. The Shah of Persia will repent if he trifle with his treaties. The Chinese can be compelled to make tenfold restitution for the burnt factories at Canton. We understand the measure of our power. Yet the sufferings which we have endured, and shall endure before the work is finished—the punishment which we shall inflict, falling unequally as it must fall on innocent as well as guilty, even the crimes themselves which we must revenge—these are no light things, to be dismissed with indifference. The eighty millions of money buried in the mud at Balaclava, which have bought so imperfect results for us, would have covered India with a meshwork of railways. We are compelled to ask whether, after all, these results, or others far better, might not have been arrived at by another road; or, if the past was inevitable, whether for the future some wiser policy may not be devised? A wiser policy—perhaps we ought to say at once, not the policy of the Peace Society, which might answer reasonably in the Millennium, when all things are to go well of themselves, but which while men are the half-brutes which we find them is a dream of imbecility.

When the Crystal Palace was opened in Hyde Park, all nations, it was supposed, were meeting there in a new spirit. The race was no longer to be to the strong, but to the skilful and the industrious. Cannon were to be melted into steam-engines, and bayonets twisted into reaping-machines. As we passed under the gleaming aisles, we were entering the temple of a new era. Enlightened self-interest was to work a revolution where the Gospel had failed. How has the vain imagination withered! The answer to the prayer of the Archbishop of Canterbury has come down in the battle whirlwind—distress of nations, and perplexity. The Angel of Justice, to whom alone it is given to introduce order into this planet, is painted, in one hand with the balance, in the other—not with eloquent persuasion, and reason, and commercial interests, and collective wisdom—but with the sword. The voluble lips of the peace prophets are for a time closed. We have no leisure in these stern days for sentimental folly, which must be content to wait for a fairer occasion.

Well, then, let us look, at any rate, at the facts as they really are; and if we commence with a broad sweep, we shall return again upon our subject with a clearer understanding of its bearings. The Turkish question is part of the Asiatic question; the Asiatic question is part of one which is wide as the world.



Turn where we will in Asia, from Constantinople to Peking, we see everywhere but one phenomenon—a swift and absolute social dissolution. Oriental governments, Oriental society, Oriental religions, are giving way from internal weakness and pressure from without. Of any principle of internal organizing life there is no symptom anywhere. Brahminism, Buddhism, Parseism, either linger as shadows or as horrid and hideous superstitions. Mahometanism, which in the sixth century rode over the earth as a purifying power, has corrupted, like the creed which it displaced, retaining nothing of its old self except ferocity and fanaticism. Even China, whose constitution had reached its maturity in the days of Pericles, and has preserved itself unchanged for more than twenty centuries, is failing and disintegrating at last. In a few more years, the ruin will be complete. So it has been with half of the human race; with the other half the expansion and growth have been no less marvellous. Four centuries ago, the Mahometans divided the Spanish Peninsula with the princes of Castile and Portugal. The Russians were but one of the unnumbered races who shared the plains of Tartary; the French hardly defended their independence against England and Burgundy; and the English could call their own but half a narrow island, and their number scarcely perhaps exceeded the present population of a first-class Chinese city. The forest tree, if it break down, will become a heap of earth and dust: the single acorn, if it be alive, will expand into the oak; if necessary, it will people the world with oaks. The Portuguese and the Spaniards spread east and west, and founded empires. The Russians, taking root round Moscow, formed as it were an expanding circle of firm ground in the midst of the surrounding anarchy, and grew and conquered it. The English and French stretched across the Atlantic, and contended for North America; and the result of this conflict, which neither foresaw, has been the creation of a new Power equal in strength to either. They went eastward, and struggled for Hindostan. If there England prevailed, France has been indemnified by another conquest in another continent, and has formed in Northern Africa an outlet for her energies, little less splendid than our own. Thus we have all gone forward, sometimes as enemies, always as rivals, yet with ever accelerating speed. The Spaniards have fallen out of the race, but their place has been taken by the Americans; and it may now be said that the control of the future fortunes of mankind, and the ultimate empire over them, lies between France, Russia, the United States, and ourselves. We have accused each other of ambition, of aggression; we have watched one another with anxious jealousy; we have looked eagerly for the mote in our neighbours' eyes, careless altogether whether the beam was in our own; or, again,

we have talked vaguely of "manifest destinies," or "designs of Providence." But destiny in these matters is but the natural superiority of moral strength over moral weakness; and the aggressions, in the long run (as in our own case we can see clearly enough), are the natural and inevitable consequences of the intercourse between civilized nations and barbarians. Our merchants open a trade with India; they are received with welcome, they build factories, accumulate property, and then either they awaken the cupidity of the native rulers, who desire to rob them, or they are injured by the people, and can obtain no redress. They appeal to their own government: there is a display of force—an indemnity is exacted for the past, a piece of ground is demanded as a guarantee for the future, and a weak power makes promises which it has no intention of observing. Then comes, perhaps, some act of treachery or cruelty—a murder, or perhaps a massacre. Stern punishment is necessary; troops are sent, native rulers are deposed; a force must be maintained for future defence, and the nucleus of an empire is commenced. Other princes are next about our frontiers: we make treaties with them, which their subjects do not observe. There are robberies on the border which must be redressed, and the rulers are too feeble to insist upon it; or they make coalitions against us which, for our own security, we must break; or English parties are formed in the native courts, which we naturally encourage. So by degrees the strong power grows, generally with actual justice on its side, never without pretence of justice; and, taking with it as it goes forward, strength instead of weakness, order instead of anarchy, it creates its title by the benefits which it conveys. At length the native powers are altogether overshadowed; they court our protection, and are at last absorbed by it, or they attack us desperately, and are overwhelmed. We find ourselves the lords of an empire which our rivals say we have taken by force from its natural owners; while, in detail, each separate step which we have made in advance has been forced upon us by necessity or justice. Such, in outline, is the history of all conquests which have grown, like those of England, out of commerce.

The growth of Russia has been different, yet for Russian writers equally easy to justify in detail—equally carrying with it an ultimate justification in its results. It is a weary business to hear English orators declaim on Poland, and foreigners in return pointing scornfully to the centuries of Irish misery. We censure others freely; and we ourselves do the same thing. But leaving Poland and looking to the East, where our present business lies, the enormous tract now marked on maps as the Russian Empire in Asia was not so long ago the hunting-ground of nomad tribes of hereditary robbers. It is now drilled into quiet and industry,



—roads cross it, cities rise over it, property and life are secure upon it. The same blessings which England has conferred on India, in smaller degree, perhaps, but the same in kind, the Government of St. Petersburg has carried from the Baltic to Behring's Straits, from the White Sea to the banks of the Tigris. Neither our administration nor theirs is perfect; the worst of the two is immeasurably preferable to anarchy. We clamour at the manner in which Russia has made her conquests. We should remember the proverb of those who live in glass houses: Russia may have been, if possible, less scrupulous, but the question is merely of degree. Let us compare, for instance, the two last examples of our several aggressions.

The Turks, originally mere barbarian conquerors, treated everywhere their Christian subjects as an inferior race. The evidence of Christians was not admitted in courts of justice; their property even by law was scarcely secured from pillage: as every one who had travelled in Turkey knew, they were the pariahs of society, regarded rather as dogs than men. Some modification of these iniquities had been extorted by the Czars, and had been conceded in treaties; but even the concessions granted had fallen short of what might have been justly demanded; while such as they were, in the Asiatic provinces at least, they were never enforced. The right was plainly on one side, the wrong was as plainly upon the other. And had Constantinople been on the site of Kazan, and Asia Minor on the frontier of Siberia, we should have looked on with indifference and perhaps with applause, while an effete but persecuting race were stripped of their power of doing evil. The situation which affected little the justice of the quarrel, converted demands which would elsewhere have been reasonable into a nefarious aggression. War began, and was called an unjustifiable invasion. The Turkish fleet was attacked in a harbour and destroyed; and Europe rang with the massacre of Sinope.

Turning to the other picture, a Chinese coasting vessel having on board persons suspected of piracy was at anchor in the Canton river, and carrying, lawfully or unlawfully (for the point is disputed), the English flag. She was boarded by the local authorities; the crew being Chinese subjects, and accused of having committed crimes in the Chinese waters, were seized and carried ashore for trial. There is not a doubt that in any French or American harbour the same course would have been pursued, and would have been allowed as a matter of course. Under circumstances infinitely more open to question, the same English flag was hauled down by the Americans at the Consul's house at Greytown, and there has been no resentment. The right of a strong power to deal with its own subjects in its own waters by its own laws would be admitted universally without reserve; but the

Chinese are not a strong power, and therefore have not the same rights. We are not quarrelling with the necessity of dealing very different measure to Commissioner Yeh from what we should attempt with President Buchanan or Louis Napoleon, only it must be allowed that it is different. We insist on the right to confer on Chinese subjects the privileges of Englishmen—to interfere by force in the government of a foreign country; and when our demands are not complied with—when the reparation which we demand is not given with the absolute submission which we require, we do not even appeal to the supreme authority—we do not even declare war against the Chinese nation; but we take the law into our own hands then and there, and upon the spot: we bombard a city, sacrificing, of course, innumerable lives. As the quarrel deepens, we destroy a fleet five times as numerous as that which perished at Sinope. Had the independence of China been of the same moment to the other great powers as the independence of the Porte—had the growth of England in the East been regarded with the same jealousy as the advances of Russia into Turkey, can we flatter ourselves that the voice of Europe, which condemned Menschikoff, would have acquitted Sir John Bowring—that when Sinope was stigmatized as an outrage against humanity, the bombardment of Canton would have been considered a legitimate act of warfare? Let us call things by their true name. Each of these proceedings belongs to that dubious class of actions which are provoked by circumstances—actions which those who commit them consider absolutely right, which a pedantical morality shudders at as absolutely wrong; and the character of which impartial judgment will pronounce upon hereafter by the ultimate consequences, rather than by the immediate motive. If we say that the possession of Constantinople by the Czar is dangerous to Europe, and must not be tolerated, we are speaking like reasonable men. It is true; and we have a right in our own defence to act on our conviction. If we hold up our hands in pious horror at annexations and aggressions—if we affect to be amazed when a vigorous government interferes with its feeble neighbours, shortens their frontier, and meddles with their administration, we may be speaking in entire conformity with the principles which we most of us like to be supposed to act upon; but such language in the mouths of Englishmen must seem, nevertheless, tolerably absurd.

In truth, were the world wide enough for all of us, we should each advance our own way and fulfil our own mission, troubling ourselves little with mutual jealousies. Unhappily we are, or have been, competitors for the same prizes, or we foresee a time when we may become so. The inevitable work of annexation goes forward; and as we approach more nearly to each other's



frontiers, as countries lie at our feet in which we all may claim a share, we watch each other with anxiety and terror. Again and again, in the last twenty years, our animosities on this ground have brought us to the verge of war. The French occupation of Algeria is in itself a good thing. Quiet people can till the ground there without fear of marauding Arabs. Honest merchants can trade there without alarm for the pirate's flag; and yet to us, almost till the recent alliance, it was an object of mere alarm and annoyance. In 1838, a dread of Russia plunged us into the ill-omened invasion of Affghanistan. In 1840, we barely escaped a quarrel with France on the question of Syria and Egypt. The French had not forgotten that they once disputed with us for the Indian peninsula; and French officers trained the Sikh artillery, whose fatal excellence we felt to our cost upon the Sutlej. The Turkish affair came after; and though the wound is closed, it is not healed, and it cannot heal till in some form it is re-opened; for the sickly days of the Turkish rule are numbered, and will not be prolonged by the skilfullest leech in Downing-street. From the Russian war grew out the Persian; we could not avoid it; nor so long as we continue in our present spirit towards each other, is there any end to the long vista of similar difficulties which open before us. If we would, we cannot stand still; this present war with China has grown out of a shadow—a mere casual accident which may occur any day. In the Crimea, we had France upon our side, and Russia for our only antagonist; but times change, and *one* quarter of the world is not as another—new combinations may be formed. In China another competitor enters upon the scene who will not stand by and see us play again the same game which we have played in Hindostan. For the present, both France and the United States may be pleased to see us fight a battle at our own cost by which they will profit as well as we; but when the work is finished, at our peril we must seek for no advantages, of which we ourselves are to be the monopolists—a single eagle will not be allowed to fatten on so rich a carcass as China; and when the present difficulty passes off, the Chinese Emperor, if he is wise, may make his game out of our quarrels. The Russians have their Embassy at Peking. Both Russians and Americans have their fleets in the Chinese waters. And in the common jealousy which England has displayed towards them, they have shown a tendency, as natural as it is marked, to coalesce. The Celestial Emperor, in his terror of ourselves, may bribe them to become his patrons; and there, where the French have little interest and little ability to help us, we may find the tables turned against us by a combination as formidable as that which has crushed Sebastopol. This is no imaginary danger; with the same measure which we mete it shall be measured to us: and if we

make it our business, as some of us pretend, to curb the aggression of the Muscovites—to check the growth of the United States, and quarrel with them for the Protectorate of vagabond Indians upon their frontiers—in self-defence they will retaliate upon us in our own coin, and teach us that if annexation is a crime, the English have no dispensation for the exclusive practice of it.

But annexation is no crime, when it is the substitution of a just and vigorous government for a wicked and worthless one. The arbitrary frontier lines which divide kingdom from kingdom have no magic in them which limits the right of interference, and conveys a licence to those who live within the boundaries to acknowledge no law but their own wills. The conditions cannot be laid down in terms and propositions which decide when interference becomes justifiable; but each separate case contains the principles of its own adjustment. The liberties of the individual are abridged by the interests of the state; the liberties of each particular state must yield to the common interest of humanity; and the same right may be said to exist in well-ordered nations to coerce the vicious and disorderly nations as exists in separate communities to punish individual criminals. This is the true object of war; and in this spirit, for the most part, after large necessary deductions for the imperfections of all human things, the four empires which wield the present strength of this planet have grown. Ambition, policy, fanaticism, pride of power, and perhaps even baser passions have had their place in building up the fabric; but this is for the most part true, that wherever England, France, Russia, and America have set their foot, they have taken with them something better than what they have supplanted, and the further that they can go on in the same course the better for mankind. A military mutiny has broken the peace of Hindostan; but that peace had already lasted for a century, and will return again more firmly assured. Who can doubt that the Chinese would lead far happier lives—or if not happier, at least purer and better lives—if they too were under a strong just hand, if their country was opened to commerce, and themselves wheeled into intercourse with the rest of the world. If Asia Minor could be governed as Georgia is governed, or as the French govern Algeria, the cities with which it once was covered might rise again from their ruins, and the shores of the Archipelago become once more the garden of the world. California, as a Mexican province, was the hunting-ground of Indians or the asylum of half-breed cut-throats. California in ten years had become the cynosure of emigrants—the Eldorado of the old imagination. In the luxuriance of its growth, evil had sprung up with good. It was the scene of aspiring toil, where the finer culture as yet waited for admission; yet who will compare the worst errors of the worst governed American state



with the degenerate ferocity of New Spain?—who does not feel that with the Americans in possession of Mexico property would rise to twentyfold its value, and life would at least be moderately secure?—that in Cuba, if slavery remained, the hateful slave-trade would be honourably closed?

And it may once for all be assumed, that the human race, whatever Cabinets or Parliaments may think of it, will not be driven from their inevitable course. The work which has begun so largely will go forward. The Asiatic independence which survives will narrow down and grow feebler, and at last die. The will and the intellect of the more advanced races will rule in due time over that whole continent. The genius of France will follow the shores of the Mediterranean; the line of kingdoms which divides the empires of England and Russia will grow thinner, till their frontiers touch. In spite of Clayton-Bulwer treaties, and Dallas-Clarendon interpretations of them, the United States will stretch their shadow over further south. Revolution will cease to tear the empire of Montezuma. The falling republics of Central America will not for ever be a temptation, by their weakness, to the attacks of lawless ruffians. The valley of the mighty Amazon, which would grow corn enough to feed a thousand million mouths, must fall at last to those who will force it to yield its treasure. The ships which carry the commerce of America into the Pacific, carry, too, American justice and American cannon, as the preachers of it. The Emperor of Japan supposed that by Divine right, doing as he would with his own, he might close his country against his kind; that when vessels in distress were driven into his ports he might seize their crews as slaves, or kill them as unlicensed trespassers. An armed squadron, with the star banner flying, found its way into the Japan waters, and his Serene Majesty was instructed that in nature's statute-book there is no right conferred on any man to act unrighteously, because it is his pleasure; that in their own time, and by their own means, the Upper Powers will compel him, whether he pleases or not, to bring his customs into conformity with wiser usage.

—The fact must be accepted then. Order will triumph over disorder, industry over idleness, justice over crime. Good will grow when it can by its own merit. It will enforce itself by arms when it cannot otherwise find entrance. It will be despotic, interfering, dictatorial, aggressive. If needful, it will obliterate frontiers, invade, depose, annex—with the most entire composure.

These influences, again, will not radiate exclusively from ourselves. There are other centres of civilization besides England, which England cannot annihilate by denying, which it would be wise, therefore, for England to recognise and admit.

Our fashion, hitherto, has been to justify our own conquests on the ground of their utility, to condemn all others as rapacity and ambition. We abolish without compunction the independence of Oude because its court was feeble and licentious; its government dangerous from its worthlessness. When a Turk is the sufferer, and from another hand, we imagine virtues in him which have never approached so much as his dreams, and we call him the victim of lawless aggression. Fact is wiser than we are; and goes its own way, whether we like it or clamour at it. After all necessary allowance for the uncertainty of human things, the decisive balance of probability declares that, in the immediate future, the four powers which, by commerce, conquest, and colonization, are brought in contact with the surviving barbarians or semi-civilized nations, will each continue on the same road; and the choice remains to them whether their relations to one another shall continue also the same relations of mutual jealousy, suspicion, and distrust, which they have hitherto proved, or whether, once for all, they can arrive at some common understanding, no longer closing their eyes or opening them, as it suits their separate convenience, but looking the truth in the face, and submitting to be guided by it.

Either of these courses is possible. We have seen, however, what the past has already cost us, and the same dangers and difficulties will in the future multiply indefinitely. Asiatic independence will daily become more impossible. Parties will form, or have already formed, in the various courts—Russian parties, English parties, French parties. There will be intrigue and faction, and civil war and invasion. Pashas and governors will revolt; and as in Egypt, in 1840, one of us will support the master; another, the rebellious satrap. Other wretched Shah-Soojahs will be thrust upon thrones which they will disgrace. Other Akhbar Khans will revenge the insults by treachery and murder. Which of us cares to know the true deserts of the Circassians? They are opposed to Russia, and therefore we imagine them to be heroes. Yet what worse abomination have we heard of the Princes of Oude than the willing baseness which feeds the harems of Constantinople with the daughters of these patriots of the Caucasus? We shall call evil good, and good evil; careful only to support whatever will lend itself to our separate cause; from time to time, as occasion rises, we shall be ourselves dragged into the quarrel; we shall intrigue with one another's subjects, stimulating villains like the Sepoys to rebellion, in the name of liberty. We shall be precipitated one upon the other, tearing each other to pieces for Turkey, Egypt, Persia, Cabul, or China, each of which will be cursed by the independence which one or other of us may be fighting to



inflict upon it—each of which would be infinitely blessed in lapsing honestly under any one of our separate protectorates. Sometimes, as in the recent struggle, the balance of power may be on the side of England, but in a conflict where justice will be determined by interest, other coalitions will rise on the wheel, and our turn may come to struggle single-handed against a confederacy. Looking to the complications before us, which will not be avoided—looking to the elements of folly and fanaticism, of conceit and vice, of cruelty and treachery, which enter so deeply into the character of Asiatics—we may feel some certainty that if we allow ourselves to drift any longer as the current of circumstances for the moment flows, the world is entering on one of the most frightful centuries which history as yet has chronicled.

The same event will in the end be arrived at: weary at length of strife, those who survive the conflict will be forced to acquiesce in a peaceful settlement, and after ages will wonder at the perversity which refused to accept tranquillity except at the price of wretchedness.

But there is time yet to strike into a better path; and little as the present temper of this country promises the adoption of it, we shall hope against hope for a fairer future. There is an alternative besides drifting with the winds and the waves; let us imagine for a moment that the last five years have been blotted out—that Sir Hamilton Seymour is again listening to Nicholas as he descants on the sick man's approaching end, and with another chart will attempt a fresh channel. "Sire," we will suppose him to have replied, "what you say is undoubtedly correct. The Turks, or the upper ranks among them, have lost the virtues of their ancestors, while they have retained their vices. Every symptom which has preceded the dissolution of empires is to be found rife at Constantinople, and they would long ago have been hurled back across the Bosphorus, or have fallen to pieces by internal revolution, had it not suited our convenience to maintain a feeble people in possession of a position which in your hands would be dangerous. But so artificial an existence cannot be sustained for ever. The Turkish provinces fall away from them, or crumble into anarchy. The Sultan promises you to prohibit the persecution of the Christians, but he is unable to fulfil his engagements. It is a grave responsibility to support a government which is a curse to its subjects; and perhaps, as you say, the time is near when it will be no longer possible. But while the English Government recognises fully the necessity of preparing for a change, they cannot consent to any private arrangement between you and themselves. It may be necessary to abolish the Turks out of Europe, or partition their provinces, or the form may be left, while the administration is placed in other and better

hands. You answer for Austria; but the French, at least, must be consulted—we cannot move without them. It is but just, and prudent as well as just, that every government whose interests are affected by the fall or the maintenance of Turkey, and who have the power to interfere, should have a voice in this matter.

“But your Highness has opened the question: permit us now to extend it. Turkey is not the only Asiatic kingdom in which you, and we, and France, are interested. Your empire and ours have grown rather through our necessity than our ambition; but if India was rather forced upon us than sought by us, we cannot afford to lose it; and as we dreaded Napoleon's menaced invasion from Egypt and Persia, so we have dreaded you. We have been driven, in the supposed necessity of defending ourselves, to meddle in the kingdoms of Central Asia. Our borders are stretching northwards towards you, and yours are reaching downwards towards us. What is to be done with the kingdoms which lie between us, whose weakness and lawlessness will compel interference, but which we shall fight for at last if we do not understand each other? In China, too, which seemed so long to defy all change, and to stand aloof in its isolation, we have been forced to meddle; and we may be obliged to meddle there again. In that difficulty the United States will claim a voice, and so will you. Our real interests are all identical. We desire that the Chinese shall enter the society of nations; shall open their ports to our commerce; shall observe their engagements and respect the laws which regulate the intercourse of the world. But it may be necessary to lay force upon them before they will understand fully their true relations towards us. In the last war, we were obliged to take from them a small fraction of territory. In the next, we shall perhaps ask for more, and then you may take umbrage; you may be afraid that we intend to found in China a second Hindostan. Our American friends may take the same view; and if there is a prey in the wind, they may claim a share in the carcass, and ask for it disagreeably.

“And once more (for all these lines radiate from the same centre, and may be dealt with on the same principle): You know how jealous both you and we have been about the French in Africa; about the Americans on the Isthmus of Darien and in Mexico. Of course the French will do better in Algiers than the Moors could do; and to Mexico itself an American conquest would be an infinite advantage: but we are all suspicious and afraid of each other. Each fresh accession of empire is an accession of strength; and strength gained by one may be used to the disadvantage of the rest. Now, is it not possible that, taking this Turkish difficulty as our starting-point, we may arrive in concert at some general principles of conduct



which shall be our guide in our relations with one another, when we come in contact with such other countries as it is desirable that we should severally influence.\* I do not speak of annexation: there are many places where we would gladly escape the necessity of annexation, if by any other means the desired results of reasonable government could be attained. At present, the half-civilized nations are encouraged by the knowledge of our rivalries. If a pressure is laid on them by any one of the great powers, they understand that they may look with confidence to the support of the others. Let them be informed that henceforward they shall encourage no such hope; that when they offend against the laws of civilization, the joint pressure of four strong nations will unite to compel them into wiser conduct. English officers are sent into Bokhara; the Khan sees that our hand is far off, and cannot reach him, and they are villainously murdered. If the Khan had understood that such a crime would have been resented by your Highness—that he would be treated by you as an offender against the common laws of humanity—the certainty of punishment would have held his hand. In Constantinople, at Tcheran, at Khiva, at Cabul, at Peking, at Japan, let us insist then on the admission of our representatives, who shall be instructed to act together in a cordial and generous spirit. If necessary, let them revise the laws. If the native courts refuse compliance with these suggestions, let the native courts be informed that we shall unite to enforce such compliance. If they pretend that they are without power over their own subjects, let them be taught, if desirable, by experience, that the power will be supplied by us. It will be enough to insist on a few broad conditions. Intolerance must be at an end. The missionaries of Christianity must have free course through the world, and free exercise of religion be permitted everywhere, without interference, without restriction, without the infliction of disabilities, political and social. Let trade be free, and property secure. Let the ways be opened everywhere to capital and enterprise, and the adventurers from our various countries will then carry with them spontaneously the habits and the thoughts which will spare us the necessity of conquest, and create, in a few generations, from within, an insensible revolution—a civil and spiritual renovation. The moral weight of our alliance for such an object will, in most cases, of itself compel submission. If it be refused, a fraction of the force which our present suspicions of each other oblige us to maintain will be adequate to a purpose as much simpler and easier as it is nobler and better, and more worthy of our position among mankind. Such a course promises the best for Asia, and for Turkey as part of it. It may fail; but the probabilities are in its favour; and when the happiness of so large a portion of the human family is at stake, we must do the best which

we can for them, and no longer deal with their interests by the uncertain suggestions of emergencies as they happen to arise.

“And again—our mutual relations appear likely to be no less improved. In the first place, a common engagement in a great generous purpose will be the best security that we shall keep the peace among ourselves. Governments may change, but a bond of union will remain, not easily broken. We shall study each other's habits in a larger spirit; no longer feeling it necessary to our position to magnify faults and close our eyes to our respective excellences. Again, the success of the policy which I propose will depend on the liberality and general confidence with which we engage in it. We must abstain from vexatious and impertinent interference with one another on minor matters; and therefore, should either of us, now or hereafter show signs of a desire for separate aggrandizement—if, in a serious matter like the present, when candour and unselfishness can alone lead to a useful result, symptoms should appear of private, unacknowledged objects being sought;—the compact might be so arranged as to secure the union of three Powers against the fourth.

“Again, since it is impossible to foresee the contingencies which may arise, and large free action must be left us on our frontiers and wherever we have interests, so if there be a question of declaring war, or of annexing a province, such a step should not be entered on without a conference, or, at least, without separate consultation of the four governments. We are weak men, and apt to be especially weak when we are plaintiffs, judges, and juries in our own quarrels; and although on the whole we may desire to act rightly, we have sometimes cause to wish that we had shown greater forbearance, and might have profited by the assistance of an independent opinion.

“Your Highness and your predecessors doubtless understood better than we did your quarrels with the Turks, and you felt yourselves justified in taking their conquests in Europe back from them; but your conduct could be represented by your enemies in more dubious colours. We are not the persons to throw stones. Your Highness knows Mr. Cobden, and may have read his pamphlet on ‘Wars in India.’ The affair at Rangoon was not as clear as we could wish it; and the less perhaps that is said of the opium question the better. All these points would have been benefited by freer ventilation; and although, nevertheless, the Pruth might still have been the boundary of the Russian empire, and England might still have occupied Pegu and brought the Chinese to their senses, the disputes would all have improved in form, and the conclusions have been more satisfactory. Letting bygones be bygones, let us try for the future the other system. There will be less occasion, we may hope, for annexation; but a



cause may arise—it is possible as a contingency. Constantinople is a ticklish subject. But it might be desirable, for instance, that the French should occupy Egypt and Syria. We ourselves may have to take the province of Canton. The Japanese may break their engagement with the Government at Washington. Or again, we know how Cuba lies at the mouth of the Mississippi, and we know the influence which in the long run these geographical positions exercise. As things now are, the Americans—if Spain will not sell Cuba—may pick a quarrel for it; or some filibustering expedition like that of Lopez may be fitted out and gain some success there or elsewhere; and the temptation might become too strong to resist, and then we should be all in confusion, and the peace of the world would be broken for a business which in itself no reasonable person would regret. Let it be agreed among us that these and all other changes, when really reasonable, shall be permitted and encouraged, so that they are effected in a reasonable manner, and all fair objections are fairly canvassed, considered, and answered. Then there will be less food provided for captious persons, less material for the mutual reproaches of Cabinets, and we shall not be drawn any longer to seek *ex post facto* justifications of arbitrary conquests in the advantages which have resulted from them."

In some such language we can conceive Sir Hamilton Seymour to have replied to the Emperor Nicholas, and England to have been richer by eighty millions of money, and tens of thousands of brave men. Or rather, perhaps, it is too promising a vision, and we can conceive nothing of the kind. It is no place for an ambassador to propound political theories. Russia was disguising a selfish ambition in the midst of designs which were but partially honest, and she required to be chastised. But Russia has bought her lesson, and we too have paid heavily for our mistakes—wilful, or inevitable. The difficulty is postponed, but it is not overcome; and although for the present we may rest contented in the Anglo-French alliance, it is idle to conceal from ourselves that it is subject to accident: that Russia and America are mighty powers, which can neither be ignored nor despised—powers which will and must exercise a vast influence upon the future condition of the world. A fabric of policy, as well as of stone and plaster, stands more firmly on four pillars than on two. The past of all of us poorly bears inspection: it is better for us to bury our recriminations, and endeavour to be wise for the future.

Suggestions little in harmony with the feelings towards our late enemies in which we have indulged so liberally may seem at first not easily tolerable; but the hostility of nations is not as the quarrels of individual persons, and ceases, or ought to cease, when

the immediate differences are composed. It were easy to write much on such a subject; but it is enough for the present to have sketched an outline, and details are beyond our purpose.

There remains but to consider such objections as may be urged, not by noisy, hysterical persons, who imagine themselves patriots because they can point rhetorical commonplaces on England's mission, and the destinies of the Anglo-Saxon race, but by those who can be contented to learn from facts, and to reason upon them calmly.

And first, it may be said that such a scheme as we have proposed, however we may hide its character under plausible disguises, is, in fact, an organized conspiracy against the liberties of weak nations who cannot defend themselves. In gigantic imitation of the partition of Poland, we are now to partition Asia. The true remedy would be, to abstain from plunder; and we suggest, instead, a quiet division of it. We answer, that Asia is now being partitioned; year after year huge segments of it lapse under one or other of our several dominions, and the only means by which the process can be arrested is, to prevent the native princes from indulging any longer in conduct which compels us, whether we desire it or not, to remove or punish them. That a concert of the Four Powers would be a conspiracy is quite true: it would be a conspiracy in the sense in which all society is a conspiracy—a conspiracy in which the better sort of persons lay their strength together to oblige the rest at their peril to submit to order. Neither man nor nation can plead a right to do what is wrong: let us do right of ourselves, if we are able and willing; if by any means we are out of the right way, let us be thankful to any beneficent person who will rein us and drag us back into it by force. This is to conspire against licence, it is not to conspire against liberty; nor would liberty, true liberty, be exposed to danger, either in Europe or in Asia. In Asia there is none to injure. In Europe, at present, however it may have been in times past, the true enemy of freedom is not Russia, but Austria; and neither Austria nor any of the German Powers would claim a voice in questions in which they are in no way concerned. Austrian influence, legitimate and illegitimate, is confined to Europe, and cannot extend into other continents. And even in Europe it is happily limited, and need not be enlarged. Austria's best friends would not desire to obtain for her an increase of hatred, by an extension of her detested administration into Wallachia and Moldavia—the only countries among those of which we are speaking in the settlement of which she might legitimately claim to be consulted.

But secondly—Is not such an alliance with such objects impossible? Who ever heard or read of a coalition of nations, ex-



cept in self-defence, or else for the perpetration of some iniquity? Yet in this great age, so fertile in new things, it is but one more novelty; and we will ask another question—Is it, or is it not, desirable? If we have a sufficient answer here, we will not believe in impossibilities. Difficult it may be; but was there ever a great or good thing achieved which has not been full of difficulty? And why are men of genius sent among us, except to cope with difficulty and conquer it? Two channels are open into which we may steer: one we know to be full of shoals and breakers; the other, though untried, appears to be deep water. The experiment is worth the attempt. The future is dark, we know not whither it may lead us; but we fly from an evil too well ascertained, and our intentions we presume to be honest. If we fail, the failure can lead to nothing worse than the certainty before us if we remain passive; at any moment we can fall back upon Lord Clarendon, and “drift” into war. If we succeed, the statesmen whose names are connected with the diplomatic revolution will take their place among the immortal benefactors of mankind.



#### ART. VII.—THE CHOEPHORE OF ÆSCHYLUS.

*The Choephore of Æschylus*: with Notes, Critical and Explanatory. By John Conington, M.A., Professor of Latin and Fellow of Corpus Christi College, Oxford. London: John W. Parker and Son, 1857.

WE regard this work with interest and satisfaction, not only as a very useful one in itself, but as a successful effort in the higher branches of classical criticism. Oxford has not hitherto been very great in this peculiar department of literature. With the exception of Mr. Linwood's “*Eumenides*,” and some other works from the same pen, little has yet been done to rival the fame of Cambridge in that sort of close verbal scholarship which delights in dealing with MS. readings, and in discussing and comparing the conjectures of the learned on perplexing passages in the Greek writers. In fact, Elmsley and Gaisford are almost the sole representatives of the Porsonian school in the sister University. Even the editions of the Greek tragedies which are issued from her press have been revised by a continental scholar. We shall not stay to discuss the causes of this evident difference in the classical studies of the two Universities; nor have we any wish to give mere criticism, as an art, undue preference over the intel-

lectual comprehension and analysis of the subject-matter of the poets, historians, and philosophers of Greece. It is easy to attend too exclusively to mere words, that is, to words considered singly, rather than in their logical combinations; it is easy also to forget, while we centre our thoughts solely on what is said, that words are the vehicles of the writer's mind, and that a perfect appreciation of the latter cannot be attained without exact attention to the former. Professor Conington has avoided both of these extremes, and has combined the rare qualities of an excellent-interpreter of his author's meaning, and of a judicious critic of his language. The Greek scholars of the last generation, if we may form an opinion from the tone of their commentaries, were more engaged in guessing what Æschylus wrote, than in considering why he wrote it. Of course, among many lucky hits, they also fell into a good many errors, and some absurdities. In a poet so full of abstruse speculations and mystical theology as Æschylus, it is highly expedient to explain to students the point and drift of each drama as a whole; at least, no edition can be called complete without such aids to the right understanding of it. Professor Conington has done this: he has given us an excellent Introduction, which throws much light upon the poet's peculiar treatment of his subject, and the relations subsisting between the unseen world of spirits and man, as unconsciously influenced by them. His book is, in a word, the best edition of the most difficult of all the Greek plays that have been separately published, either in this country, or on the continent. It is but a small book, but it contains all that can reasonably be required in the way of explanation; and this has been briefly but clearly given in nearly every line of the text, according to the author's own convictions. And it affords abundant evidences that he has not been ambitious merely to give new views or new readings, but has carefully weighed the opinions of his predecessors on the many obscurities which are to be met with in this play.

In the numerous editions which are almost daily appearing of the classical writers, though some may think the greater part of them wholly superfluous, we see a healthy sign of the firm hold that polite literature has taken in nearly all the educational schemes of the day. We still adhere to them; still vainly search for any adequate substitute for them. The very difficulties and discrepancies in them are useful incentives to research; they cultivate intellect and call forth talent; they are a source at once of pleasure and of profit, instead of a motive for discontentment and disparagement, as the adversaries of the old system wrongly contend. They furnish a common battle-field for genius, on which, at least, much ink has been and is likely to be shed. Were there nothing left to emend, nothing to interpret, nothing



further to discover, the ambition in scholarship would be less, and with it, the study itself would lose something of its present zest. It is therefore no paradox to affirm, that so far as concerns the use to which we put the ancient classical authors, their very faultiness constitutes much of their excellence.

The dramatic writers of Greece form a very extensive and singularly varied portion of its unrivalled literature. As the bards and ballad-singers of the pre-historic times were the chief instructors of the people in the deeds of their warlike ancestors, so in a more polished but equally imaginative age, the Drama kept alive the memory of kingly and heroic achievements. At a still later period of the Republic, the orators made it their duty, by appealing to the facts of history properly so called, to draw men's minds from the eternal details of the Trojan War, the deeds of Theseus, of Hercules, and other demi-gods, to the more recent and stirring scenes of national glory—the Persian wars, the wisdom of former legislators, the supremacy of Athens by sea and land, her colonies, her revenues, and her illustrious citizens. The tragic writers dealt entirely with myths; the orators chiefly in facts,—for, if they occasionally used the old myths, it was by way of appeal to the popular sympathy, a concession to the inordinate vanity of ancestry which was so singular a trait in the Athenian character. A natural result of this change from the ascendancy of the stage to that of the bema, was, that the people (who, though scarcely recognised as a part of the drama, are always the true actors in great events) became more prominently brought forward as the subject of every harangue. The democratic element thus completely displaced the high aristocratic and king-worshipping tendencies which so strongly tinge the writings of the older dramatists, Æschylus and Sophocles. Euripides, whose rhetorical propensities have often been remarked, had, in fact, much in common with the orators of the Pnyx. He formed, as it were, the medium between the impossible heroism of legendary Hellas, and the actual realities of every-day life. Men, not gods and heroes, were his favourite theme; and though he did not venture to violate the prescriptive right of Tragedy to select her materials from the heroic ages, he made use of them only as a mask, while he represented man in his true nature. He did not, like Æschylus and Sophocles, treat of woes, crimes, and sufferings, as resulting from the dark agencies of destiny, or the jealousy of the gods against too great prosperity; but he spoke of them as the direct consequences of man's own passions, his follies, and his perversities.

There certainly is something spell-like in the method which Æschylus adopts, and nowhere more powerfully than in the

"Orestea." His doctrines of Retribution for wrong, to be paid by the offender, sooner or later, to the uttermost,—of counter-acting good and evil influences in the world of spirits,—and of the control which even the dead in Hades exercise over affairs on earth, enable him to throw a veil of mystery over his characters such as the practical and less superstitious Euripides never attempts to interpose. The fate of Agamemnon, which is but slightly touched upon in the "Odyssey," was probably treated of more in detail by the authors of the Cyclic poems, from which, rather than from Homer himself, the tragic writers were in the habit of borrowing their themes. Æschylus, however, as Professor Conington remarks, has nothing in common with Homer but the bare fact of the return of Orestes after years of absence, and the revenge which he takes. If the Cyclic poets had not said more than this, it is difficult to account for the celebrity which the story seems to have acquired among the legends of early Greece. The narrative doubtless had its origin in truth; and it suited the feelings and impulses of the Greeks, with whom *revenge* was held as a most sacred duty. That each of the three rival dramatists have given the story as rivals—that is, with distinct references to each other's version of it, is no slight testimony to the favour with which it was then commonly received. And we cannot help noticing the proofs which the very fact of *such* a story being popular affords of the high intellect of the Greeks. They did not, like us, bestow their power upon light and amusing works of fiction; but the gloomy, the harrowing, the sublime, the mysterious, were the subjects from which they sought moral instruction as well as mental improvement. It is impossible that men could think lightly of such crimes as adultery and murder, when they read and heard of the *Tíσις*, or Divine Retribution, which overtook the royal criminals, even in the midst of their fancied security. Not only Æschylus, but his compeers in the tragic art, inculcate that doctrine of salutary terrorism—"TO THE DOER IT IS OWED THAT HE SUFFER." Fond as the Greeks were (and as all clever people are) of wit, they were not by nature frivolous. The name *Heathen* (ἑθνικός), as contrasted with Christian, is too apt to be disparaged. Those Christians who love Christianity more than they love truth, are loth to recognise that there was very much that was true, very much that was morally right, and very much of real virtue in the traditional system of the Greeks.

Impressed with the conviction that crimes *deserved* punishment, and regarding justice as an immutable law both of the gods and of civilized communities, the Greeks came to the conclusion that a man must suffer for his sins either in his own person, or in the persons of his immediate descendants, or, since



both were sometimes seen to escape, in the nether world, the *Hades* of departed spirits. Here, therefore, they anticipated the doctrine taught in the Hebrew Scriptures, that man will hereafter be formally arraigned before a judge, and must give an account of his actions on earth. Æschylus has a very remarkable passage on this subject in his "*Suppliant Women*." He asks, "How can a man be holy if he takes a woman to wife against the will of her father? *Not even in Hades after death will a lewd man escape being arraigned, if he has done this.*" There, also (*i. e.* as well as on earth), a god of the other world judges sins, as we are told, in the last judgment among the dead." The details of this judgment are given with extraordinary force and clearness by Plato in his Dialogue of "*The Gorgias*." We cannot doubt that much of the materialism which we find in the Christian conception of this judgment had its origin in those views of the Greeks, which are in themselves of unknown antiquity, and may have come to them along with the Pelasgio immigrations from the central plains of Asia. Euripides, who with most of the early philosophers taught the immortality of the soul, inculcates the very same doctrine of retribution in the world to come. "There is," he said in the "*Helena*," speaking of the dishonesty of violating solemn promises, "a vengeance for these things, both for those in Hades and for all mankind on earth. The mind of the departed does not indeed live (*i. e.* as in the human life), but it has a consciousness which is eternal, when it has been reunited to the eternal ether" (*i. e.* the celestial fluid whence it was thought to be derived).

Such passages will illustrate our meaning, when we say that the Greeks had clear conceptions of the beauty of virtue and of the penalties due to sin. It hence follows, that the exhibition of such plays as those of the "*Oresteia*" were great moral lessons, filling the minds of a reflecting people with awe, and exercising a salutary effect on dispositions which were naturally resentful and fierce, and on passions which were naturally strong. They had, we venture to affirm, a much better *moral* influence than the brutal exhibition of public executions has in the heart of our English towns. While old H  llas said to her people, "*You ought not to do this,*" modern England says, "*You shall not do this.*" No; the Greeks did not require an inspired scripture to be told the fact that murders, and adulteries, and violence, and fraud, were wrong, and would bring a curse, sooner or later, on those who practised them. They were equally aware of the beauty of virtue. The pictures we have in the Greek tragedies of youthful chastity under strong temptations, of sisterly affection, of conjugal self-devotion, of patience and fortitude under trials, besides the direct and repeated precepts and exhortations

to the practice of virtue, are positive proofs that "the beauty of holiness" was strongly felt by a nation whom ignorant people sneer at as "heathens," and whose glorious and immortal works fanatical people would proscribe, as filling the youthful mind with "unchristian notions." It may be safely averred that there is not a single moral doctrine, of all those which are commonly thought distinctively Christian, that may not be clearly traced in the writings of the Greeks. If they believed in punishments hereafter for sin, by the same inferences, drawn from the doctrine of eternal justice, they believed in the reward of virtue. Here is a charming passage from the "*Alcestis*" of Euripides:—"Let not the tomb of thy wife be looked upon as the mound of the ordinary dead. Let it be honoured by wayfarers as they would honour the gods. And some one, as he treads the sloping road, shall say, *This woman once died for her husband, but now she is a saint in heaven.* Farewell, holy one, and mayst thou send us what is good."

"But," it will be urged, "look at the horrible profligacy of the pagan times, and contrast it with the pure morality inculcated by Christianity." How often do we hear this, and how few there are really competent, either from their knowledge of antiquity or their knowledge of modern life—disguised as it is under that deceitful mask called *respectability*,—to pronounce such a judgment! We know pretty accurately, from Aristophanes especially, the abominations that did exist at Athens; and we know also from the equally minute details in Juvenal and Martial, that Rome under the emperors was very far indeed from being a heaven upon earth. But do we not also know, from modern police reports and other equally unequivocal proofs, that London is not one whit better than either Athens or Rome? Those who think that it is, very greatly deceive themselves. Man is man—the same in all ages, because the same passions and the same temptations exist under every dispensation. Christianity has *not* changed man. Perhaps it was not even intended that it should do so. That would have been to alter the very laws and impulses of humanity itself. To know our duty, either from direct revelation or from reason, is one thing; to practise it, even under the clear conditions of rewards and punishments, is more than man is willing to do, because man is so constituted that implicit obedience is nearly an impossibility to him.

The general theme of the trilogy comprising the "*Agamemnon*," "*Choephoræ*," and "*Eumenides*," together called by Aristophanes "*The Oresteia*," may be given in a very few words. In (1) *Agamemnon*, the victor of Troy, is murdered on his return to Argos by his faithless wife and her paramour *Ægisthus*. In (2) the son *Orestes* returns from exile, and, instigated by an oracle of *Apollo*,



slays his mother to avenge his father, and immediately becomes a maniac, from horror and remorse at the deed. In (3) he places himself under the protection of his patron god at Delphi, and is by him commanded to fly to the statue of Pallas at Athens. There he is formally tried by a jury of the citizens under the presidency of the goddess herself, and is acquitted. It is with the second of these subjects exclusively that the *Choephoræ* treats.

Professor Conington has given in the Introduction a very valuable analysis of the plot: an account of the sources whence it was derived, a comparison of the same subject as treated by Sophocles and Euripides, and a critique of the separate characters, in all of which we heartily agree with him. The path which he has marked out for himself as a critic is, we think, open to some animadversion. He prefers to give the text of the MS. in passages where it is avowedly quite corrupt (and consequently, is simply worthless to a reader, whatever it may be to a professed critic), to the rejection of conjectural emendations which, though not absolutely certain, yet possess such a high degree of plausibility as to satisfy less scrupulous minds that they approach at least very closely to the words of the author. Some emendations indeed he has admitted, as every one must, who would make the play intelligible at all; but we think he might have extended the licence with advantage to his readers. In fact, we don't think the Professor, in his zeal for the vulgate text, has quite fairly stated the case as at issue between the emendators and the conservative editors. His words are these (Preface, p. ix.)—"Surely where—as in the obscurity of the author and the deficiency of documentary evidence may well be the case—an editor is unable to satisfy himself of the true reading of a passage, his business is to give the text as it stands, adding such opinions as may commend themselves to him on the probabilities of the matter. The question is not simply, as some appear to think, between two readings, neither, doubtless, the product of the author, but one making sense, the other nonsense, but between a reading which, if not genuine, is the wreck of the genuine one, and another, which is confessedly only a makeshift till the genuine one be found." Now, no critic who has hit upon an emendation in a corrupt passage, would regard it as *doubtless* not more the true reading than the corrupt word of the MS., nor even as *confessedly* only a makeshift till a better one can be found. If this is the light in which the Professor views conjectural restorations of the text, we think he has hardly been consistent in admitting them at all; still less is he consistent in complaining that little has been done by recent editors in the way of successful critical restoration. When a critic has to deal with

a corrupt passage, he has before him three conditions which any emendation must completely satisfy before it has, avowedly, the slightest claim to pass current as the true text of the author. . . It must suit the context, i. e., be exactly the word which the poet *ought* to have written to carry out his own meaning; it must suit the metre to a syllable (which in choral verses is an evidence of the utmost weight); and it must be defensible on the known laws of palæography, that is, it must be such a word as easily might, according to the mistakes known to have been often made by transcribers, have passed into the corrupt word found in the MSS. To illustrate this by a single example. In v. 649 of the present play we find the manifestly corrupt words *διμασε δωμάτων*. Professor Conington retains them in his text, marked with †, as a sign that the clause is not to be construed, simply because it cannot be. Now, the poet is here speaking of vengeance for *blood* which will happen to the *house*. The Greek scholiast, in paraphrasing the passage, gives the word *οἴκοις*, and also the word *αἱμάτων*. The metre of the strophe requires the original in the first word to have been  $\cup - \cup -$ , a diambus. Hermann has restored *δόμοισιν, ἐκ δ' αἱμάτων*. All the evidences concur in pointing to this as *undoubtedly* the true reading. But Professor Conington rejects it, and on what grounds? Because, we suppose, it is "confessedly only a makeshift till a better one can be found." We should like to know what may be the chances of such an emendation as this being ever surpassed by another.

On the same grounds, we think the Professor wrong in not adopting *ἐπορθιάζων* for *εποχθιαξεν* in v. 955, and the brilliant emendation of Hermann in v. 800, *μυχὸν ἐνίζετε* for *μυχὸν νομίζετε*. The new reading restores the metre, the old one violates it. The one is natural and good Greek; the other is the strangest of phrases, "to habituate a house" instead of "to inhabit it." And so, we must confess, instead of the worthless *farrago* in v. 544, *οὔφεισεπασσπαργανηπλείζετο*, which Professor Conington divides indeed into words, but leaves in the text, we had rather see *οὔφεις ἅπασι σπαργάνοις ὠπλίζετο*, even though here it is confessedly doubtful whether the second word should be *ἅπασι*, or *ἔπειτα*, or *ἐμοῖσι*, or *ἅπαστος*, or some other epithet not yet proposed. But we have a grave objection here to make to the course which the Professor has followed in two of the most difficult of the choruses. The antithetical metres, of course, are the most certain and indisputable tests of genuine and corrupt readings. If the strophic and the antistrophic verse do not coincide, one or the other is indisputably wrong. But here the Professor has omitted the usual marks of antistrophic notation; and so, while he gives the corrupt MSS. readings as the genuine words of Æschylus, he has, like a shrewd lawyer, kept back the



evidences that existed against himself. Both these choruses can be, and have been, emended, so that, metrically and grammatically, not a flaw remains even of a single faulty syllable. It is true such a restoration involves a considerable liberty in dealing with the more perplexing corruptions, but let us put the question in this light:—If the old readings *cannot possibly* be, and the new readings *very probably* are, the exact words of the poet, why should we prefer the former, or what satisfaction results to the young student from the contemplation that they are at least “the wreck of the genuine text?”

It is quite an error to urge that emendations at best are only intended just to make a Greek sentence capable of being construed. Were that indeed the case, something might still be said in their favour; for were our school and college texts but an admixture of passages, some of which had a meaning while others had none at all, comparatively few students would be induced to give sufficient time and attention to them. But we claim for good emendations a far higher ground of admission than this,—viz., that though we cannot *prove* them to be exact restorations of the original, they still possess, for the most part, by the common law of chances, as regulated by the finite capabilities of the language, a claim to supersede what is absurd, impossible, and indefensible on any other plea than the antiquity of a few hundred years.

Having stated thus much, we have nothing but praise to give for the principles on which the work was undertaken, and for the manner in which it has been carried out. Neither haste nor inaccuracy can be alleged against the learned editor. It is evident that he never speaks but after mature thought; never hazards an assertion for which he has not his reasons. He has weighed, scrupulously and laboriously, the conflicting opinions of the best editors; and his strong sense and powerful mind give great weight to the judgment which he pronounces. Consequently, the present edition is one of unquestionable value, and every future editor will be under an obligation to go through it with all the care that it deserves. It remains only for us to mention as briefly as possible a few passages where we are compelled to differ from the interpretations propounded in the notes.

In v. 172, and again in v. 189, the learned editor gives, on very insufficient grounds, a meaning to *κείρεσθαι* (“to mourn for a person”) which, though it has analogy in its defence in the similar use of *κόττεσθαι* and *ῥύττεσθαι* *τινα*, is not only without example, but departs from the natural sense of the passages, both of which directly refer to the cutting of hair as a token of mourning. Electra, finding a lock laid on her father’s tomb, argues thus:—“I see here an offering to my father. Now, no one here

at Argos, except myself, could have left it, because all his other relations are hostile to him; consequently (as I did not myself leave it) it must be the offering of my brother Orestes who has returned." The reader must judge whether this inferential reasoning "introduces an absurdity," as the Professor objects. In the other passage he admits, as all must admit, that "at first sight" the verb more naturally refers to the hair as the object than to Agamemnon. We apprehend that in neither passage is there any doubt that the old interpretation is the true one; especially as Homer uses *κείρασθαι κόμην*, and indeed other writers also, as Euripides, "Electr.," 546.

In v. 177 the editor prefers the old reading (*μῶν ἤ* interrogatively) to the obvious correction *ἦν*, "Can it then be that this offering was secretly made by Orestes?" The use of the subjunctive, though very common in deliberation, and consequently where the verb implies some action that may be done by the speaker, is contrary to the laws of the Attic language when used with a neuter or substantive verb in the third person. Thus, no Attic writer would have said, and no modern scholar would attempt to defend, *μῶν τοῦτο γένηται δίκαιον*—"Could this be right?" The subjunctive, under every possible combination, is *future*; and if it ever refers to what has actually happened, it can only mean that experience has yet to show whether or not it has so happened. But even thus it is never used interrogatively. The poet would have said, *μὴ ἔστι*, not *μῶν ἤ*, in the sense "Can it be?" Compare Sophocles, "Trachiniae," v. 316.

In the corrupt verse 224, a little attention to a fact which is too commonly unnoticed by editors,—viz., that the *nominative of the personal pronoun is only used where emphasis is conveyed*, would have shown that *ἐγὼ* is a metrical makeshift, inserted after *προσεννέπω* had been corrupted to *προϋννέπω*, and *ταῦτα* to *τάδε*,—both very ordinary errors of transcribers. We think the Professor should have adopted the obvious emendation, *ταῦτά σε προσεννέπω*, given in another editor's text. For *προσεννέπω* may be called certain, as necessary to the meaning.

In that most perplexing passage, v. 278, &c., the editor, in proposing *βλαστάνειν* for the doubtful *τὰς δὲ νῶν* of the MSS., should at least have mentioned Hermann's highly ingenious, and, we must think, more probable emendation, *τάσδ' αἰνῶν νόσους*, "specifying the following diseases—namely, leprosy," &c. The word proposed has two objections, though neither, indeed, is insuperable—viz., the *εἰ* before *βλ*, and the active use of a neuter verb. In *φωνεῖν*, for *φωνεῖ*, he is, perhaps, right: not that the meaning he gives is a very plain or natural one, but it is the best remedy that has been proposed, except the transposition of v. 285 to follow v. 288.



In v. 204, Porson's emendation *συνθύειν* for *συλλύειν* (recorded by Mr. Burges in p. 195 of his "Appendix to the Troades"), is a very probable one. We know not how it has so long escaped the notice of the editors. Hermann himself quotes a fragment of Euripides, which might have suggested it to him—*μή μοι γένοιτο μήτε συνθύτης θεοῖς*.

The passage in v. 623-630, certainly one of the most perplexing in the extant plays, has not, we think, been very successfully treated in this edition. The editor makes the whole of the strophe one sentence, whereas the two last lines, as in the antistrophe, clearly form a separate conclusion deduced from what precedes. We cannot accept either of the meanings which he thinks may attach to *ἀκαίρως τιεν τι*,—"to pay honour which is no honour," or "to celebrate wrongly," for "to celebrate as wrong." The old scholiast, we think, was right in the main in supplying "I will now mention Clytemnestra's case;" and we believe *ἄκαιρον* for *ἀκαίρως*, is all the correction that is required. There is, in fact, an *aposiopesis*, of which we have an exactly similar example in v. 192. The sense is then as follows:—"And now that I have made mention of the troubles caused by implacable women (I might, indeed, speak of Clytemnestra);—however, 'tis not now the time nor the place to describe an unloving marriage, detestable to the house, and the plottings of female craft against a husband bearing arms in the field. No! I approve of a hearth which is unembroiled by domestic bickerings, and the disposition of a wife that knows no daring."

We wonder that Professor Conington has adopted, as an "admirable emendation" (especially when so many others, infinitely more probable, have found no favour with him), the strange compound, *θεροσκυθρωπῶν*, in v. 738. His translation, indeed, "adoptively sad-faced," is almost as quaint as the word itself. The MSS. give *θέρο σκυθρωπὸν*, which (as the omission of the augment in a senarius does not seem to have been allowed by Æschylus, as it was, under certain circumstances, both by Sophocles and Euripides), has been altered to *ἔθερο*. A verb is wanted, though not absolutely necessary to the syntax. The Professor might have added, as an argument in his own favour, that an initial anapæst is a licence which Æschylus avoids, perhaps, as carefully as the omission of the augment. Whether, however, *θέρο* or *ἔθερο* be right, the appropriateness of the phrase, as descriptive of a hypocritical sorrow, "to store up a smile behind a stern look," will hardly be questioned. It beats the "adoptively sad-faced" theory all to nothing.

The whole of the speech of the garrulous old nurse (v. 734, &c.), is remarkable in several respects: first, from its difficulty, arising,

as many think, from an intentional incoherency suited to the *persona loquens*; secondly, from its singular truthfulness to nature, and perhaps we may say, from its referring to domestic matters little suited to the dignity of tragedy; thirdly, from its being nearly the only effort we have from Æschylus to describe *low life*, which is rather the department of comedy. Professor Conington remarks with truth (Introduction, p. xxiii.) that "a certain pomp of language clings to him, even where the matter to be spoken of is meanest, and though the experience of the modern drama has taught us that the high and the low may be exhibited in juxtaposition on the stage, as in nature, without producing a sense of incongruity, the violence of the contrast strikes us at once as irreconcilable with the fitness of ancient art, and we pronounce the attempt a failure." It so happens that in this play there are three speeches of nearly equal length and equal difficulty: that of Orestes, at v. 269; again, his address to the bystanders after the death of Clytemnestra and Ægisthus, at v. 973; and the present soliloquy of the nurse, who has just learned the death, falsely reported though it be, of her darling foster-child, Orestes. Each of these is full of critical and grammatical perplexities, and Professor Conington has given on them as satisfactory a comment, perhaps, as any that exists. We will only remark, on the last of these speeches, that the Professor's opinion that the bodies of the murdered pair were now in sight of the spectators, is confirmed by the technical use of *ἐκτείνειν*, in v. 983, which probably means, as in Hippol. 789, *Alcest.* 366, "to lay out, i. e., to straighten the limbs of a corpse;" and not, as commonly interpreted, "stretch out," and exhibit the robe in which Agamemnon was murdered. To confine ourselves, however, to the present speech, that of the nurse, we will first observe, that the Professor need not have entertained any scruples about *εὖ φρονεῖν* being equivalent to *χαίρειν*, on the ground that other instances are wanting. The following are unquestionable examples of a usage that has quite escaped the notice of lexicographers: *Agam.* 262, *Eurip. Ion*, 518. We doubt if he is right in construing *κακῶς ἔχει δόμοις ὑπὸ φήμης*, "the family is unfortunate on account of the tidings." We refer the last words to the preceding verse, giving *κεύθουσα* a sense slightly different from the ordinary interpretation, "concealing" a smile, and more consistent with its primary sense of "keeping in reserve as a store for future use." In v. 763, we do not believe that *πέϋθουμαι τῶν κότερος* is capable of defence in the sense—"I learn that he is dead." As in the passage of the *Odyssey*, i. 281, quoted by the Professor, we think it is the genitive absolute; although there is a distinction to be made between inquiring about a person (*περί τινος*),



and hearing *the fact* that he is dead. Of course, two lines below we prefer τόνδε πεύσεται λόγον to τῶνδε—λόγων, which we suspect to be a solecism.

In prose translations of the Greek and Roman poets it is a very great error to combine into a continuous narrative sentences which, in the original, are terminated by verses. And in all translations, *i. e.*, either in prose or in blank verse, much emphasis is lost by not keeping, as far as can be done, to the exact *order of the words*. By way of illustrating our meaning, and giving our non-classical readers a sketch of a gossiping old slave-nurse, as nurses were some five hundred years before the Christian era,—that is, much the same as they are now,—we append a very literal prose translation of this speech:—

*(Enter NURSE, alone on the stage, weeping.)*

“To summon *Ægisthus* to the strangers the mistress  
Orders me with all speed, that more surely  
A man from a man these newly-brought tidings  
May learn on coming. To the servants indeed  
She concealed under stern eyes a smile,  
Which she kept in reserve at deeds that had been done well  
For her,—while to this house 'tis altogether a bad business,—  
Influenced by the news which the strangers had plainly announced.  
Methinks that *he* on hearing it will give vent to joyful feelings,  
As soon as he shall have learned the story. Unlucky that I am!  
How to me that mess indeed of old  
'Troubles so hard to bear, that in this house of Atreus  
Happened, did afflict my mind within my breast!  
But sure, I never yet had to endure a woe like this!  
'That dear Orestes, the darling of my soul,  
Whom I brought up, taking him from his mother's womb,—  
And from his shrill cries that kept me astir at nights,  
'Those many and tiresome toils, of no avail now to me  
Who had to bear them,—for that which has no intelligence, like a  
brute creature,  
One can only nurse, of course, according to its humour;—  
For a child can articulate nothing, while yet in swathing bands,  
When a feeling of hunger or thirst, or a call of nature,  
Possesses it,—and then the young stomach of infants seeks no aid  
from another.  
Of such wants being aware beforehand, yet often, I dare say,  
Mistaken, as washerwoman of an infant's clothes  
I fulfilled the double office of fuller and feeder.  
Well then, I these two handicrafts  
Practising, took Orestes from his father's arms;  
And now, woe to me! he is dead, and I have lived to hear it.  
But I must go to summon the man who has brought all the  
mischief on this  
Family; and glad enough he will be to hear this report.”

We have not space to discuss that most difficult chorus in v. 784, &c.; but of this we are sure, that no scholar will ever be induced to accept it as from the pen of the poet himself in the form that the present editor has, in somewhat a retrograde spirit, ventured to exhibit it. We will only notice one other passage, v. 842, where the Professor has, much to our surprise, gone back not only to the old punctuation, but to the old absurdity of construing φόνος δεδηγμένος, "bitten murder," with this explanation—"The murder is said to be bitten, because its effects are compared to those of a bite where the wound festers." It had already been pointed out, that the construction is ὁ ἐλκαίνων καὶ δεδηγμένος φόνο τῷ πρόσθεν,—"one who is still sore (*i. e.* in his conscience) from being stung by the murder he has already committed." The poet is speaking of Ægisthus, who fears that the death of Orestes should be laid to his charge as that of Agamemnon has justly been. Here we abide by the MSS., where the Professor has departed from them in two instances. The reader shall decide between us, the meaning being conveyed by a close English version. We interpret the poet's words thus:—"But as for the death of Orestes, to attribute *this*, too, to the family (*i. e.* to his own relations) would indeed be a burden (on the conscience) instilling terror to one who is festering, and has been stung by the former murder." We do not see what reason there can be to quarrel with this. The following is according to Professor Conington's text:—"And this for the house to bear, would be a burden dropping blood (in addition to) the former murder festering and bitten."

On such passages, however, there will ever be differences of opinion. Professor Conington never dogmatizes, and therefore he can never offend, as some do, by presumptuously gainsaying the statements of those who are at once more temperate scholars and more mature critics. Whether his convictions are well founded, that "much yet remains to be done for the study of Æschylus," and that we may yet see such an edition of that poet "as would in some sort be both critically and philosophically satisfactory, developing the significance of the poet's words and thoughts, and regulating his text with a discernment which can reject the wrong even when unable to discover the right," is perhaps doubtful. But, if the Professor's duties in the sister language allow of his continued application to the tragedies of Æschylus, we know of no person in this country who is more likely to fulfil his own prophecy.



## ART. VII.—REPRESENTATIVE GOVERNMENT—WHAT IS IT GOOD FOR?

1. *Latter-day Pamphlets.* Edited by Thomas Carlyle. London : Chapman and Hall. 1850.
2. *The Shilling House of Commons.* London : Hardwick. 1857.

**W**ERE it not based upon a popular error, Shakspeare's simile for adversity—

Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,  
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head,

might fitly be used also as a simile for a disagreeable truth. Repulsive as is its aspect, the hard fact which dissipates a cherished illusion is presently found to contain the germ of a more salutary belief. The experience of every one furnishes instances in which an opinion long shrunk from as seemingly at variance with all that is good, but finally accepted as irresistible, turns out to be fraught with benefits. It is thus with self-knowledge: much as we dislike to admit our defects, we find it better to know, and guard against, than to ignore them. It is thus with changes of creed: alarming as seems the reasoning by which superstitions are overthrown, the convictions to which it leads are ultimately discovered to be much healthier ones than those they superseded. And it is thus with political enlightenment: men eventually see cause to thank those who pull to pieces their political air-castles, hateful as their antagonism once seemed. Moreover, it is not simply that it is always better to believe truth than error; but it is that the apparently disagreeable facts are ever found to be parts of something far more perfect and beautiful than the ideal which they dispelled: the actuality always transcends the dream. To the many illustrations of this which might be cited we shall presently add another.

It is a conviction almost universally entertained here in England that our method of making and administering laws possesses every virtue. Prince Albert's unlucky saying that "Representative Government is on its trial" is vehemently repudiated: we consider that the trial has long since ended in our favour on all the counts. Partly from ignorance, partly from the bias of education, partly from the patriotism which ever leads the majority to pride themselves in their own institutions, we have

an unhesitating belief in the entire superiority of our form of political organization. Yet there is evidence that it has not a few apparently serious defects. Unfriendly critics can point out vices that are manifestly inherent. And if we may believe the defenders of despotism, these vices are fatal to its efficiency.

Now we think that instead of denying or blinking these allegations, it would be much wiser candidly to examine them—to inquire whether they are true, and if true what they imply. If, as most of us are so confident, the representative form of government is better than any other, we can afford patiently to listen to all adverse remarks, believing that they are either invalid or that if valid they do not essentially tell against its merits. And we may be sure that if our political system is well founded, this crucial criticism will serve but to bring out its worth more clearly than ever; and to give us better conceptions of its nature, its meaning, its purpose. Let us, then, banishing for the nonce all prepossessions, and taking up a thoroughly antagonistic point of view, set down without mitigation its many vices, flaws, and absurdities.

Is it not manifest on the face of it that a ruling body, made up of many individuals who differ in character, education, and aims—who belong to classes having more or less antagonistic ideas and feelings, and who are severally swayed by the special opinions of the districts deputing them,—is it not manifest that such a body must be a cumbrous apparatus for the management of public affairs? When we devise a machine for the performance of any operation, we take care that its parts are as few as possible; that they are adapted to their several ends; that they fit well together; and that they work smoothly to their common purpose. Our political machine, however, is constructed upon directly opposite principles. Its parts are extremely numerous: multiplied, indeed, beyond all reason. They are not each one chosen as specially qualified for a particular function assigned to it, but are mostly chosen without reference to particular functions. No care is taken that they shall fit well together: on the contrary, our arrangements are such that they are certain not to fit. And that, as a consequence, they do not and cannot work smoothly, is a fact nightly demonstrated to all the world. In truth, had the problem been to find an appliance for the slow and bungling transaction of business, it could scarcely have been better solved. Immense hindrance results from the mere multiplicity of parts; a further immense hindrance results from their incongruity; and yet another immense hindrance results from the frequency with which they are changed; while the greatest hindrance of all re-



sults from the want of subordination of the parts to their functions—from the fact that the welfare of the legislator is not bound up with the efficient performance of his political duty, but is bound up with quite other things, and is often totally at variance with the performance of his political duty.

These are defects of a kind that do not admit of remedy: they are clearly inherent in the very nature of our institutions, and they must clearly produce disastrous mismanagement. If proofs of this be needed, they may be furnished in abundance; not only from the current history of our central representative government, but from that of local ones, public and private—from that of municipal corporations, boards of health, boards of guardians, mechanics' and literary institutions, and societies of all kinds: the universality of the evils showing that they are not accidental but intrinsic. Let us, before going on to contemplate these evils, as displayed on a great scale in our legislature, glance at some of them in their simpler and smaller manifestations.

We will not dwell upon the often-proved inefficiency of deputed administration in all mercantile affairs. We might describe at length the almost universal failure of representative government in such institutions as trades' unions and co-operative stores. The untrustworthiness of management by proxies might be afresh illustrated by the many recent joint-stock bank catastrophes: the recklessness and dishonesty of rulers, whose interests are not one with those of the concern they control, being in these cases conspicuously displayed. Or we could enlarge upon the same truth as exhibited in the doings of railway boards; in the frequent malversations proved against them; in the carelessness which has permitted Robson and Redpath frauds; in the almost incredible rashness with which they have continued making branches and extensions, to the extreme injury or ruin of the properties entrusted to them. But facts of this kind are sufficiently familiar. All men are convinced that for manufacturing and commercial ends, management by many partially-interested directors is immensely inferior to management by a single wholly-interested owner.

Let us pass, then, to less notorious instances. In all of those we may recognise the same truth. Mechanics' institutions will supply our first field for displaying it. The theory of these is plausible enough. Artisans wanting knowledge, and benevolent middle-class people wishing to help them to it, constitute the raw material. By uniting their means they propose to obtain literary and other advantages, which else would be beyond their reach. And it is concluded that, being all interested in securing the proposed objects, and the governing body being chosen out of their number, the results cannot fail to be such as were intended. In

most cases, however, the results are quite otherwise. Indifference, stupidity, party-spirit, and religious dissension, nearly always thwart the efforts of the promoters. It is thought good policy to elect as president some local notability, probably in no wise distinguished for wisdom, but whose donation or prestige more than counterbalances his defect in this respect. Vice-presidents are chosen with the same view: a clergyman or two; some neighbouring squires, if they can be had; an ex-mayor; several aldermen; half a dozen manufacturers and wealthy tradesmen; and a miscellaneous complement. While the committee, mostly elected more because of their position or popularity than their intelligence or fitness for co-operation, exhibit similar incongruities. Causes of dissension quickly arise. A book, greatly approved and much wished for by the mass of the members, is tabooed, because ordering it would offend the clerical party in the institution. Regard for the wishes of certain magistrates and squires who figure among the vice-presidents, forbids the engagement of an otherwise desirable and popular lecturer, whose political and religious opinions are somewhat extreme. The selection of newspapers and magazines for the reading-room is a fruitful source of disputes. Should some, thinking it would be a great boon to those for whom the institution was expressly established, propose to open the reading-room on Sundays, there arises a violent fight, ending, probably, in the secession of some of the defeated party. The question of amusements, again, furnishes a bone of contention: Shall the institution exist solely for instruction, or shall it add gratification? The refreshment-question also is apt to be raised, and to add to the other causes of difference. In short, the stupidity, prejudice, party-spirit, and squabbling are such as eventually to drive away in disgust those who should have been the administrators, and to leave the control in the hands of a clique, who pursue some humdrum middle course, satisfying nobody. Instead of that prosperity for which there is such abundant scope, and which would probably have been achieved under the direction of one good man of business, whose welfare was bound up with its success, the institution loses its prestige, and dwindles away; ceases almost entirely to be what was intended—a *mechanics'* institution; and becomes little more than a middle-class lounge, kept up not so much by the permanent adhesion of its members, as by the continual addition of new ones in place of the old ones constantly falling off. Meanwhile, the end originally proposed is fulfilled, so far as it gets fulfilled at all, by private enterprise. Cheap newspapers and cheap periodicals, provided by publishers having in view the pockets and tastes of the working-classes; coffee-shops and penny reading-rooms, set up by men whose aim is profit; are the



instruments of the chief proportion of such popular culture as is going on.

In higher class institutions of the same order—in Athenæums, philosophical societies, town and country libraries, &c., the like inefficiency of representative government is very generally displayed. Quickly following the vigour of early enthusiasm come class and sectarian differences, the final supremacy of a party, bad management, apathy; subscribers complain they cannot get the books they want, and one by one desert to private book-clubs or to Mudie.

Turning from non-political to political institutions, we might, had we space, draw many illustrations of our position from the doings of the old poor-law authorities, or those of modern boards of guardians; but omitting these and others such, we will, among local governments, confine ourselves to the case of the reformed municipal corporations.

If, leaving out of sight all other evidences, and forgetting that they are newly-organized bodies into which corruption has scarcely had time to creep, we were to judge of these municipal corporations by the town improvements which they have effected, we might pronounce them successful. But, even without insisting on the fact that such improvements are more due to the removal of obstructions, and to that same progressive spirit which has established railways and telegraphs, than to the positive virtues of these civic governments, it is to be remarked that the execution of numerous public works is by no means an adequate test. With a power of raising funds limited only by a rebellion of ratepayers, it is easy in prosperous, increasing towns to make a display of efficiency. The proper questions to be asked are:—Do municipal elections end in the choice of the fittest men that are to be found? Does the resulting administrative body perform well and economically the work that devolves upon it? And does it show sound judgment in refraining from needless or improper work? To these questions the answers are by no means satisfactory.

Town-councils are not conspicuous for either the intelligence or the high character of their members: on the contrary, they consist of a very large proportion of ciphers, interspersed with a few superior men. Indeed, there are competent judges who think that on the average their members are inferior to those of the old close corporations they superseded. As all the world knows, the choice turns mainly upon political opinions. The first question respecting any candidate is, not whether he is a man of great knowledge, judgment, or business faculty—not whether he has any special aptitude for the duty to be discharged; but whether he is Whig or Tory. Moreover, even supposing his politics to

be approved, his nomination still does not depend chiefly upon his high character or capacity, but much more upon his friendly relations with the dominant clique. A number of the corporation magnates, habitually meeting probably at the chief hotel, and there held together as much by the brotherhood of conviviality as by that of opinion, discuss the merits of all whose names are before the public, and decide which are the most suitable. This gin-and-water caucus it is which practically determines the selection of candidates, and by consequence the elections. Their own friends—those who will succumb to leadership—those who will merge their private opinions in the policy of their party, of course have the preference; while men too independent for this, too far-seeing to join in the shibboleth of the hour, or too refined to mix with the “jolly good fellows” who thus rule the town, are shelved; notwithstanding that they are, above all others, fitted for office. Partly from this underhand influence and partly from the consequent disgust which leads them to decline standing if asked, the best men are very generally not in the governing body. It is notorious that in London the most respectable merchants will have nothing to do with the local government. And in New York, according to the *Times* correspondent, “the exertions of its better citizens are still exhausted in private accumulation, while the duties of administration are left to other hands.” It cannot then be asserted that in town-government the representative system succeeds in bringing the best men to the top.

The efficient and economical discharge of duties is, of course, more or less hindered by this inferiority of the deputies chosen; and it is yet further hindered by the persistent action of party and personal motives. Not whether he knows well how to handle a level, but whether he voted for the popular candidate at the last parliamentary election, is the question on which may, and sometimes does, hang the choice of a town surveyor; and if sewers are ill laid out, it is a natural consequence. When, a new public edifice having been decided on, competition designs are advertised for; and when the designs, ostensibly anonymous, but really identifiable, have been sent in; T. Square, Esq., who has an influential relative in the corporation, makes sure of succeeding, and is not disappointed: albeit his plans are not those which would have been chosen by any one of the judges had the intended edifice been his own. Brown, who has for many years been on the town-council, and is one of the dominant clique, has a son who is a doctor; and when, in pursuance of a meddling Act of Parliament, an officer of health is to be appointed, Brown privately canvasses his fellow councillors, and succeeds in persuading them to elect his son; though his son is by no means the fittest man the place can furnish. Similarly with the choice of tradesmen to execute



work for the town. A public clock that is frequently getting out of order, and Board-of-Health water-closets which disgust those who have them (we state facts), sufficiently testify that stupidity, favouritism, or some sinister influence, is ever causing mismanagement. The choice of inferior representatives, and by them of inferior *employés*, joined with private interest and divided responsibility, inevitably prevent the discharge of duties from being either efficient or economical.

Moreover, the extravagance which is now becoming a notorious vice of municipal bodies, is greatly increased by the practice of undertaking things which they ought not to undertake; and the incentive to do this is, in many cases, traceable to the popular origin of the body. The system of compounding with landlords for municipal rates, leads the lower class of occupiers into the error that town burdens do not fall on them; and they therefore approve of an expenditure which seemingly gives them gratis advantages. As they form the mass of the constituency, extravagance becomes a popular policy; and popularity-hunters vie with each other in bringing forward new and expensive projects. Here is a councillor who, having fears about his next election, proposes an extensive scheme for public gardens—a scheme which many who disapprove do not oppose, because they, too, bear in mind the next election. There is another councillor, who keeps a shop, and who raises and agitates the question of baths and wash-houses; very well knowing that his trade is not likely to suffer from such a course. And so in other cases: the small direct interest which each member of the corporation has in economical administration, is antagonised by so many indirect interests of other kinds, that he is not likely to be a good guardian of the public purse.

Thus, neither in respect of the deputies chosen, the efficient performance of their work, nor the avoidance of unfit work, can the municipal governments of our towns be held satisfactory. And if in these recently-formed bodies the defects are so conspicuous, still more conspicuous are they where they have had time to grow to their full magnitude: witness the case of New York. According to the *Times* correspondent in that city, the New York people pay “over a million and a half sterling, for which they have badly-paved streets, a police by no means as efficient as it should be, though much better than formerly, the greatest amount of dirt north of Italy, the poorest cab system of any metropolis in the world, and only unsheltered wooden piers for the discharge of merchandize.”

And now, having glanced at the general bearings of the question in these minor cases, let us take the great case of our cen-

tral government, and in connexion with it pursue the inquiry more closely. Here we shall find the inherent faults of the representative system still more clearly displayed. The much greater number of the individuals who constitute the governing body, involves greater cumbrousness, greater confusion and delay. Differences of class, of aims, of prejudices, are both larger in number and wider in degree; and hence arise dissensions still more multiplied. The direct effect which each legislator is likely to experience from the working of any particular measure, is usually extremely small and remote; while the indirect influences that sway him are, in this above all other cases, numerous and strong; whence follows an especially marked tendency to neglect public welfare for private advantage. But let us set out from the beginning—with the constituencies.

The representative theory assumes that if a number of citizens, deeply interested as they all are in good government, be endowed with political power, they will choose the wisest and best men for governors. Seeing how greatly they must suffer from bad administration of public affairs and benefit from good, it is considered self-evident that they must have the *will* to select proper representatives; and it is further taken for granted that the average common sense gives the requisite *ability* to select proper representatives. How does experience bear out these assumptions? Does it not to a great degree negative them?

We find several very considerable classes of electors who have little or no *will* in the matter. Not a few are to be met with who pique themselves on taking no part in politics—who claim credit for having the sense not to meddle with things that do not concern them. Many others there are whose interest in the choice of a member of Parliament is so slight that they do not think it worth while to go out of their way to vote. A considerable proportion, too, shopkeepers especially, care so little about the result, that their votes are determined by the wish to please their chief patrons. In the minds of a yet larger class, a small sum of money, or even an *ad libitum* supply of beer, outweighs every desire they may have to use their political power independently. Those who recognise in any adequate degree the importance of honestly exercising their judgments in the selection of legislators, and who give conscientious votes, mostly form but a minority; and the election usually hangs less upon their wills than upon the indirect and illegitimate influences which sway the rest.

Then, again, as to their intelligence. Even supposing that the mass of electors have a sufficiently decided *will* to choose the best rulers, what evidence have we of their *ability*? Is the picking out of the wisest man among them a task within the



range of their capacities ? Let any one listen to the conversation of a farmer's market-table, and then answer how much he finds of that wisdom which is required to discern wisdom in others. Or let him read the clap-trap speeches that are made from the hustings with a view of pleasing constituents, and then estimate the penetration of those who are to be so pleased. Even among the higher order of electors he will meet with gross political ignorance—with notions that acts of Parliament can do whatever it is thought well they should do ; that the value of gold can be fixed by law ; that distress can be remedied by poor-laws ; and so forth. If he descend a step, he will find in the still prevalent ideas that machinery is injurious to the working-classes, and that extravagance is "good for trade," indices of a yet smaller insight. And in the lower and larger class, formed by those who think that their personal interest in good government is not worth the trouble of voting, or is outbalanced by the loss of a customer, or is of less value than a bribe, he will perceive an almost hopeless stupidity. Without going the length of Mr. Carlyle, and classing the people as "twenty-seven millions, mostly fools," he will yet confess that they are but very sparsely gifted with wisdom.

That these should succeed in choosing from out their number the fittest governors, would be very strange ; and that they do not so succeed is manifest. Even as judged by the most common-sense tests, their selections are absurd, as we shall shortly see.

It is a self-evident truth that, in dealing with our fellow-men, we may most safely trust those whose interests are identical with our own ; and that it is very dangerous to trust those whose interests are at variance with our own. All the legal securities we take in our transactions with each other, are so many recognitions of this truth. We are not satisfied with *professions*. If another's position is such that he must clearly be liable to motives at variance with the promises he makes, we take care by introducing an artificial motive (the dread of legal penalties) to make it his interest to fulfil those promises. Down to the taking of a receipt, our daily transactions with each other testify that, in consequence of the prevailing selfishness, it is extremely imprudent to expect men to regard the claims of others equally with their own,—all asseverations of good faith notwithstanding. Now, it might have been thought that even the modicum of sense possessed by the majority of electors, would have led them to recognise this fact in the choice of their representatives. But the results show a total disregard of it. While the theory of our Constitution, in conformity with this same fact, assumes that the three divisions composing the Legislature will severally pursue each its own ends—while our history shows that Monarch, Lords, and Commons, *have* all along more or

less conspicuously done this; the votes of our electors imply the belief that their interests will be as well cared for by members of the titled class as by members of their own class. Though, in their determined struggle against the Reform Bill, the aristocracy showed how greedy they were, not only of their legitimate power, but of their illegitimate power,—though by the enactment and pertinacious maintenance of the Corn Laws, they proved how little popular welfare weighed in the scale against their own wealth,—though they have yearly displayed a watchful jealousy even of their smallest privileges, whether equitable or inequitable (as witness the recent complaint in the House of Lords against the Mercantile Marine Act, that it calls on lords of manors to show their titles before they can claim the wrecks thrown on the shores of their estates, which before they had always done by prescription), though they have all along pursued that self-seeking policy which men so placed were sure to pursue; yet our constituencies have decided that members of the aristocracy may fitly be chosen as representatives of the people. Our present House of Commons contains 98 Irish peers and sons of English peers; 66 blood-relations of peers; and 67 connexions of peers by marriage: in all, 231 members whose interests or sympathies, or both, are with the nobility rather than the commonalty. We are quite prepared to hear the doctrine implied in this criticism condemned by rose-water politicians as narrow and prejudiced. To such we simply reply, that they and their friends fully recognise this doctrine when it suits them to do so. What is the meaning of their wish to prevent the town constituencies from predominating over the country ones, if it does not imply the belief that each class will consult its own welfare? Or what plea can there be for Lord John Russell's proposal to represent minorities, unless it be the plea that those who have the opportunity will sacrifice the interests of others to their own? Or how shall we explain the anxiety of the upper class to keep a tight rein on the growing power of the lower class, save from their consciousness that *bonâ fide* representatives of the lower class would be less regardful of their privileges than they are themselves? The truth is plain enough, even for a child to comprehend. If there be any reason in the theory of the Constitution, then, while the members of the House of Peers should belong to the peerage, the members of the House of Commons should belong to the commonalty. Either the constitutional theory is sheer nonsense, or else the choice of lords as representatives of the people proves the folly of constituencies.

But this folly by no means ends here: it works out other results quite as absurd. What should we think of a man giving his servants equal authority with himself over the affairs of his



household? Suppose the shareholders in a railway company were to elect, as members of their board of directors, the secretary, engineer, superintendent, traffic-manager, and others such: should we not be astonished at their stupidity? Should we not prophesy that the private advantage of officials would frequently override the welfare of the company? Yet, glaring as would be such a blunder, our parliamentary electors commit one of just the same kind. For what are military and naval officers but servants of the nation; standing in a relation to it like that in which the officers of a railway company stand to the company? Do they not perform public work? do they not take public pay? And do not their interests differ from those of the public, as the interests of the employed from those of the employer? The impropriety of admitting servants of the State into the Legislature, has over and over again thrust itself into notice; and in minor cases has been prevented by sundry Acts of Parliament. Enumerating those disqualified for the House of Commons, Blackstone says that—

“No person concerned in the management of any duties or taxes created since 1692, except the commissioners of the treasury, nor any of the officers following, (*viz.*, commissioners of prizes, transports, sick and wounded, wine licences, navy, and victualling; secretaries and receivers of prizes; comptrollers of the army accounts; agents of regiments; governors of plantations, and their deputies; officers of Minorca or Gibraltar; officers of the excise and customs; clerks and deputies in the several offices of the treasury, exchequer, navy, victualling, admiralty, pay of the army and navy, secretaries of state, salt, stamps, appeals, wine licences, hackney coaches, hawkers and pedlars), nor any persons that hold any new office under the crown created since 1705, are capable of being elected, or sitting as members.”

In which list naval and military officers would doubtless have been included, but that they have ever been too powerful a body and too closely identified with the dominant classes. Yet glaring as is the impolicy of appointing public servants to make the laws, and clearly as this impolicy is recognised in the above-specified exclusions from time to time enacted, the people at large seem totally oblivious of it. They have returned at the last election, 9 naval officers, 46 military officers, and 51 retired military officers, who in virtue of education, friendship, and *esprit de corps*, take the same views with their active comrades—in all, 106: not including 64 officers of militia and yeomanry, whose sympathies and ambitions are in a considerable degree the same. If any one thinks that this large infusion of officialism is of no consequence, let him look in the division lists. Let him inquire how much it has had to do with the maintenance of the purchase system. Let him ask whether the almost insuperable obstacles to the promotion of the private soldier have not been strengthened by it. Let

him see what share it had in keeping up those worn-out practices and forms, and mis-arrangements, which entailed the disasters of our late war. Let him consider whether the hushing-up of the Crimean Inquiry, and the whitewashing of delinquents were not aided by it. Yet, though abundant experience thus confirms what common sense would beforehand have prophesied; and though, notwithstanding the late disasters, exposures, and public outcry for army reform, the influence of the military caste is so great, that the reform has been staved off; our constituencies are stupid enough to send to Parliament as many military officers as ever.

Not even now have we reached the end of these impolitic selections. The general principle on which we have been insisting, and which is in a great measure recognised by constitutional writers, when they teach that the legislative and executive division of the Government should be distinct,—this general principle is yet further sinned against; though not in so literal a manner. For though they do not take State pay, and are not nominally Government officers, yet, practically, lawyers are members of the executive organization. They form an important part of the apparatus for the administration of justice. By the working of this apparatus they make their profits; and their welfare depends on its being so worked as to bring them profits, rather than on its being so worked as to administer justice. Exactly as military officers have interests quite different from, and often antagonistic to, the efficiency of the army; so, barristers and solicitors have interests quite different from, and often antagonistic to, the simple, cheap, and prompt enforcement of the law. And that they are habitually swayed by these antagonistic interests, is notorious. It is not in human nature that they should be otherwise. So strong is the bias, as sometimes even to destroy the power of seeing from any other than the professional stand-point. We have ourselves heard a lawyer declaiming on the damage which the County Courts Act had done to the profession, and expecting his non-professional hearers to join him in condemning it therefor! And if, as all the world knows, the legal conscience is not of the tenderest, is it wise to depute lawyers to frame the laws which they will be more or less concerned in carrying out; and the carrying out of which must affect their private incomes? Are barristers, who habitually take fees for work which they do not perform, and attorneys, whose bills are so often exorbitant that a special office has been established for taxing them,—are these, of all others, to be trusted in a position which would be trying even to the highest disinterestedness? Yet, glaringly impolitic as is such a course, the towns and counties of England have returned to the present House of Commons 98 lawyers—some 60



of them in actual practice, and the rest retired, but doubtless retaining those class views acquired during their professional career.

The criticisms thus passed upon the conduct of constituencies do not necessarily commit us to the assertion that *none* belonging to the official and aristocratic classes ought to have been chosen. Though, doubtless, it would be the safer to carry out in these important cases the general principle which, as above shown, Parliament has itself recognised and enforced in unimportant cases; yet we are not prepared to say that occasional exceptions might not be made, on good cause being shown. All which we aim to show is the gross impolicy of selecting so large a proportion of representatives from classes having interests different from those of the general public. That in addition to more than a third taken from the dominant class, who already occupy one division of the Legislature, the House of Commons should contain nearly another third taken from the naval, military, and legal classes, whose policy, like that of the dominant class, is to maintain things as they are, we consider a glaring instance of electoral misjudgment. That out of the 654 members, of which the People's House now consists, there should be but about 250 who, as considered from a class point of view, are eligible, or tolerably eligible (for we include a considerable number who are more or less objectionable), is significant of anything but popular good sense. That into an assembly whose function is to protect their interests, the commonalty of England should have sent one-third whose interests are the same as their own, and two-thirds whose interests are at variance with their own, proves a scarcely credible lack of wisdom; and seems an awkward fact for the representative theory.

If the intelligence of the mass is thus not sufficient even to choose out men who by position and occupation are fit representatives, still less is it sufficient to choose out men who are the fittest in character and capacity. To see who will be liable to the bias of private advantage is a very easy thing; to see who is wisest is a very difficult thing; and those who do not succeed in the first must necessarily fail in the last. The higher the wisdom, the more incomprehensible does it become by ignorance. It is a manifest enough fact that the popular man or writer is always the one who is but a little in advance of the mass, and consequently understandable by them; never the man who is far in advance of them, and out of their sight. Appreciation of another necessarily implies some community of thought. "Only the man of worth can recognise worth in men. . . . The worthiest, if he appealed to universal suffrage, would have but a poor chance. . . . Alas! Jesus Christ, asking the Jews what he deserved—was not the answer, Death on the gallows!" And

though men do not now-a-days stone the prophet, they, at any rate, ignore him. As Mr. Carlyle says in his vehement way—

“If of ten men nine are recognisable as fools, which is a common calculation, how, in the name of wonder, will you ever get a ballot-box to grind you out a wisdom from the votes of these ten men? . . . . I tell you a million blockheads looking authoritatively into one man of what you call genius, or noble sense, will make nothing but nonsense out of him and his qualities, and his virtues and defects, if they look till the end of time.”

So that, even were electors content to choose the man proved by general evidence to be the most far-seeing, and refrained from testing him by the coincidence of his views with their own, there would be small chance of their hitting upon the best. But judging of him, as they do, by asking him whether he thinks this or that crudity which they think, it is manifest that they will fix on one far removed from the best. Their deputy will be truly representative,—representative, that is, of the average stupidity.

And now let us look at the assembly of these representatives. Already, in commenting on the short-sightedness of constituencies, we have seen what is the composition of this assembly as respects the interests of its members; and we have just seen what the representative theory itself implies as to their intelligence. Let us now, however, consider them more nearly under this last head.

And first, what is the work which they undertake? Observe, we do not say, the work which they *ought* to do; but the work which they *propose* to do, and *try* to do. This comprehends the regulation of almost all actions going on throughout society. Not only do they devise measures to prevent the aggression of citizens on each other, and to secure each the quiet possession of his own; not only do they assume the further function, also needful in the present state of mankind, of defending the nation as a whole against invaders; but they unhesitatingly take upon themselves to provide for countless wants, to cure countless ills, to oversee countless affairs.\* Out of the many beliefs men have held respecting God, Creation, the Future, &c., they presume to decide which are true, and endow an army of priests to perpetually repeat them to the people. The distress inevitably resulting from improvidence and the greater or less disproportion between population and produce, they undertake to remove; settle the minimum which each rate-payer shall give in charity, and how the proceeds shall be administered. Judging that emigration will not naturally go on fast enough, they provide an apparatus of means for carrying off some of the labouring classes to the colonies. Certain that social necessities will not cause a sufficiently



rapid spread of knowledge, and confident that they know what knowledge is most required, they use public money for the building of schools and paying of teachers; they print and publish State school-books; they employ inspectors to see that their standard of education is conformed to. Playing the part of doctor, they insist that every one shall use their alleged specific, and escape the danger of small-pox by submitting to an attack of cow-pox. Playing the part of moralist, they decide which dramas are fit to be acted, and which are not. Playing the part of artist, they prompt the setting up of drawing-schools; provide masters and models; and at Marlborough House enact what shall be considered good taste and what bad. Through their lieutenants, the corporations of towns, they supply means for the washing of peoples' skins and clothes; they in some cases manufacture gas and put down water-pipes; they lay out sewers and cover over cess-pools; they establish public libraries and make public gardens. Moreover, they determine how houses shall be built, and what is a safe construction for a ship; they take measures for the security of railway travelling; they fix the hour after which public-houses may not be open; they regulate the prices chargeable by vehicles plying in the London streets; they inspect lodging-houses; they arrange for town burial-grounds; they fix the hours of factory hands. In short, they aim to control and direct the entire national life. If some social process does not seem to them to be going on fast enough, they stimulate it; where the growth is not in the mode or the direction which they think most desirable, they alter it; and so they seek to realize some undefined ideal community.

Such being the task undertaken, what, let us ask, are the qualifications for discharging it? Supposing it possible to achieve all this (which we do not), what must be the knowledge and capacities of those who shall achieve it? Clearly, before successfully prescribing for society, it is needful to understand the structure of society,—the principles on which it is organized,—the natural laws underlying its progress. If there be not a true understanding of what constitutes social development, there must necessarily be grave mistakes made in checking these changes and fostering those. If there be lack of insight respecting the mutual dependence of the many functions which, taken together, make up the national life, unforeseen disasters will ensue from not perceiving how an interference with one will affect the rest. If there be no knowledge of the natural *consensus* at any time subsisting in the social organism, there will of course be impossible attempts to achieve ends which do not consist with its passing phase of organization. Clearly, before any effort to regulate the myriad multiform changes going on throughout society can be

rationally made, there must be an adequate comprehension of how these changes are really caused, and in what way they are related to each other,—how this perplexed web of phenomena hangs together,—how it came thus, and what it is becoming. That is to say, there must be an adequate acquaintance with the social science: the science involving all others; the science standing above all others in subtlety and complexity; the science which the highest intelligence alone can master.

And now, in how far do our legislators possess this qualification? Do they in any moderate degree display it? Do they make even a distant approximation to it? That many of them are very good classical scholars is beyond doubt: not a few have written first-rate Latin verses, and can learnedly criticize a Greek play; but there is no very obvious relation between a memory well stocked with the words talked two thousand years ago and an understanding disciplined to deal with modern society. That in learning the languages of the past they have learnt some of its history, is also true; but considering that this history consists mainly in a narrative of battles and conquests, it does not throw much light on social philosophy,—not even the simplest principles of political economy have ever been gathered from it. We do not question, either, that a moderate per centage of members of Parliament are fair mathematicians; but valuable as is mathematical discipline, we would suggest that since political problems are not susceptible of mathematical analysis, their studies in this direction will not much aid them in legislation. To the large body of military officers who sit as representatives we would not for a moment deny a competent knowledge of fortification, of strategy, of regimental discipline; but we do not see that these throw much light on the causes and cure of national evils: and, indeed, considering that all war is anti-social, while the government of soldiers is necessarily despotic, military education and habits are more likely to unfit than to fit men for regulating the doings of a free people. Extensive acquaintance with the laws may doubtless be claimed by the many barristers and solicitors chosen by our constituencies; and perhaps this will be thought a kind of information having some relation to the work to be done. Unless, however, this information is commonly more than technical,—unless it is accompanied by a knowledge of the ramified consequences that laws have produced in times past, and are producing now (which nobody will assert); it cannot be held to give much insight into the Social Science. A familiarity with laws is no more a preparation for rational legislation, than would a familiarity with all the nostrums men have ever used be a preparation for the rational practice of medicine. Thus, nowhere in our representative body do we find appropriate culture. Here is



a clever novelist, and there a successful maker of railways; this member has acquired a large fortune in trade, and that member is noted as an agricultural improver; but none of these achievements imply fitness for controlling and adjusting social processes. Among the many who have passed through the public school and university *curriculum*—including though they may a few Oxford double-firsts and one or two Cambridge wranglers,—there are scarcely any who have received the discipline required by the true legislator. Scarcely any have that competent knowledge of Science in general, culminating in the Science of Life, which can alone form a basis for the Science of Society. For it is one of those open secrets which seem the more secret because they are so open, that all phenomena whatever displayed by a nation are phenomena of Life, and are without exception dependent on the laws of Life. There is no growth, decay, evil, improvement, or change of any kind, going on in the body politic, but what has its original cause in the actions of human beings; and there are no actions of human beings but what in these ultimate genesis are traceable to the laws of Life in general; and cannot be truly understood until those laws are understood. We do not hesitate to assert that without a knowledge of the laws of Life, and a clear comprehension of the way in which they underlie and determine the growth, the organization, the changes of a nation, the attempted regulation of national life must end in perpetual failures.

See, then, the immense incongruity between the end and the means. See on the one hand the countless difficulties of the gigantic task, and on the other hand the almost total unpreparedness of those who undertake it. Need we wonder that legislation is ever breaking down? Is it not natural that complaint, amendment, and repeal should form the staple business of every session? Is there anything more than might be expected in the absurd Jack-Cadeisms which almost nightly disgrace the debates? Even without setting up so high a standard of qualification as that above specified, the unsuitness of most representatives for their duties is abundantly manifest. You need but glance over the miscellaneous list of noblemen, baronets, squires, merchants, barristers, engineers, soldiers, sailors, railway directors, &c., and then ask what training their previous lives have given them for the intricate business of legislation, to see at once how extreme must be the incompetence. One would think that the whole system had been framed on the sayings of some political Dogberry:—"The art of healing is difficult; the art of government easy. The understanding of arithmetic comes by study; while the understanding of society comes by instinct. Watchmaking requires a long apprenticeship; but there needs

none for the making of institutions. To manage a shop properly requires teaching; but the management of a nation may be undertaken without preparation." Were we to be visited by some wiser Gulliver, or, as in the "*Micromegas*" of Voltaire, by some inhabitant of another sphere, his account of our political institutions might run somewhat as follows:—

"I found that the English were governed by an assembly of men said to embody the 'collective wisdom.' This assembly, joined with some other authorities which seemed practically subordinate to it, has unlimited power. Their law-books say that its right of action is absolutely unbounded. I was much perplexed by this. With us it is customary to define the office of any appointed body; and above all things to see that it does not defeat the ends for which it was appointed. But both the theory and the practice of this English Government imply that it may do whatsoever it pleases. Though, by their current maxims and usages, the English recognise the right of property as sacred,—though the infraction of it is held by them to be one of the gravest crimes,—though the laws profess to be so jealous of it as to punish even the stealing of a turnip; yet their legislative body suspends it at will. They take the money of citizens for any project which they may choose to undertake, though such project was not in the least contemplated by those who gave them legislative authority; nay, though the greater part of the citizens from whom the money is taken had no share in giving them such authority. Each citizen can hold property only so long as the 654 deputies do not want it. It seemed to me that an exploded doctrine once current among them of 'the divine right of kings,' had simply been changed into the divine right of Parliaments.

"I was at first inclined to think that the constitution of things on the Earth was totally different from what it is with us; for the current political philosophy here seems to imply that acts are not right or wrong in themselves, but become one or the other by the votes of legislators. In our world it is considered quite manifest that if a number of beings live together, there must, in virtue of their natures, be certain primary conditions on which only they can work satisfactorily in concert; and that the conduct which breaks through these conditions is bad. In the English legislature, however, it would be considered extremely absurd to propose to regulate the laws by any such abstract standard. I asked one of their members of Parliament whether a majority of the House could legitimize murder. He said, No. I asked him whether it could sanctify robbery. He thought not. But I could not make him see that if murder and robbery were intrinsically wrong, and not to be made right by any decision of statesmen, that similarly *all* actions must be either right or wrong,



apart from the authority of the law; and that if the right and wrong of the law were not in harmony with this intrinsic right and wrong, the law itself was criminal. I found, indeed, that there were some among the English who thought as we do. One of their remarkable men (not included in their Assembly of Notables) writes thus:—

“To ascertain better and better what the will of the Eternal was and is with us, what the laws of the Eternal are, all Parliaments, Ecumenic Councils, Congresses, and other Collective Wisdoms, have had this for their object. . . . Nevertheless, in the inexplicable universal votings and debates of these Ages, an idea or rather a dumb presumption to the contrary has gone idly abroad; and at this day, over extensive tracts of the world, poor human beings are to be found, whose practical belief it is that if we ‘vote’ this or that, so this or that will thenceforth *be*. . . . Practically, men have come to imagine that the Laws of this Universe, like the laws of constitutional countries, are decided by voting. . . . It is an idle fancy. The Laws of this Universe, of which if the Laws of England are not an exact transcript, they should passionately study to become such, are fixed by the everlasting congruity of things, and are not fixable or changeable by ‘voting!’ ”

“But I find that, contemptuously disregarding all such protests, the English legislators persevere in their atheistical notion that an Act of Parliament duly enforced by state-officers will work out any object; no question being put whether Laws of Nature will permit. I forgot to ask whether they considered that different kinds of food could be made wholesome or unwholesome by state decree.

“One thing that struck me much was the curious way in which the members of their House of Commons judge of each others’ capacities. Many who expressed opinions of the crudest kind, or trivial platitudes, or worn-out superstitions, were very civilly treated. Follies as great as that but a few years since uttered by one of their ministers, who said that free-trade was contrary to common sense, were received in silence. But I was present when one of their members, who as I thought was speaking very rationally, made a mistake in his pronunciation—made what they call a wrong quantity, and immediately there arose a shout of derision. It seemed quite tolerable that a member should know little or nothing about the business he was there to transact; but quite intolerable that he should be ignorant on a point of no moment.

“The English pique themselves on being especially practical—have a great contempt for theorizers, and profess to be exclusively guided by facts. Before making or altering a law, it is the cus-

tom of their legislature to appoint a committee of inquiry, who send for men able to give information concerning the matter in hand, and ask them some thousands of questions. These questions, and the answers given to them, are printed in large books, and distributed among the members of the Houses of Parliament; and I was told that they spent about 100,000*l.* a year in thus collecting and distributing evidence. Nevertheless, it appeared to me that the statesmen and representatives of the English people were most pertinacious in their adherence to theories long ago disproved by the most conspicuous facts: they paid great respect to petty details of evidence, but of large truths they were utterly regardless. Thus, it had been shown by the experience of age after age, that state-management was almost invariably bad. The national estates were so miserably administered as often to bring loss instead of gain. The government ship-yards were uniformly extravagant and inefficient. The judicial system works so ill, that most citizens will rather submit to serious losses than run the risk of being ruined by a law-suit. Countless facts prove the Government to be the worst owner, the worst manufacturer, the worst trader; in fact, the worst manager, be the thing managed what it may. But though the evidence of this is abundant and conclusive—though during a recent war the bunglings of officials were as glaring and multitudinous as ever; yet the belief that any proposed duties will be satisfactorily discharged by a new public department appointed to them, seems not a whit the weaker. Legislators, thinking themselves practical, cling to the plausible theory of an officially-regulated society, spite of overwhelming evidence that official regulation perpetually fails.

“Nay, indeed, the belief seems to gain strength among these fact-loving English statesmen, notwithstanding the facts are all against it. Proposals for State control over this and the other have been of late more rife than ever. And, most remarkable of all, their representative assembly lately listened with grave faces to the assertion, made by one of their high authorities, that state workshops were more economical than private workshops. Their prime minister, in defending a recently established arms-factory, actually told them that at one of their arsenals certain missiles of war were manufactured not only better than by the trade, but at about one-third the price; and added ‘*so it would be in all things.*’ The English being an especially trading people, who must be tolerably familiar with the usual rates of profit among manufacturers, and the margin for possible economy, the fact that they should have got for their chief representative one so utterly in the dark on these matters, struck me as a wonderful result of the representative system.



"I did not inquire much further, for the truth was manifest, that if these were really their wisest men, the English were not a very wise people."

Representative government, then, cannot be called a success, in so far as the choice of men is concerned. Those it puts into power are the fittest neither in respect of their interests, their culture, nor their wisdom. And as a consequence, partly of this and partly of its complex and cumbrous nature, representative government is anything but efficient for all administrative purposes. In these respects it is manifestly inferior to monarchical government. This has the advantage of simplicity; which is always an element in efficiency. And it has the further advantage that the power is in the hands of one who has a direct and entire interest in the good management of national affairs: seeing that the continued maintenance of his power—nay, often his very life—depends on this. As a natural consequence, he chooses the wisest councillors he can find, regardless of class distinctions. His interest in getting the best help is too great to allow of prejudices standing between him and a far-seeing man. We see this abundantly illustrated. Did not the kings of France take Richelieu, and Mazarin, and Turgot to assist them? Had not Henry VIII. his Wolsey, Elizabeth her Burleigh, James his Bacon, Cromwell his Milton? And were not these men of greater calibre than those who hold the reins under our constitutional régime? So strong is the motive of an autocrat to make use of ability wherever it exists, that he will take even his barber into council if he finds him a clever fellow. Moreover, it is not only for ministers and advisers that monarchy seeks out the most competent men, but also for other offices. Thus we see Napoleon raising his marshals from the ranks; and owing his military success in great part to the readiness with which he saw and availed himself of merit wherever found. Thus, again, we have recently seen in Russia how prompt was the recognition and promotion of engineering talent in the case of Todtleben; and know to our cost how greatly the prolonged defence of Sebastopol was due to this. While in the marked contrast to these cases supplied by our own army—in which genius is ignored while muffs are honoured—in which wealth and caste make the advance of plebeian merit next to impossible—and in which jealousies between Queen's service and Company's service render the best generalship almost unavailable,—we see that the representative system fails in the officering of its executive as much as in the officering of its legislative. Any one who seeks a striking antithesis between the actions of the two forms of government, will find it in the evidence given

before the Sebastopol Committee respecting the supply of huts to the Crimean army—evidence showing that while, in his negotiations with the English Government, the contractor for the huts met with nothing but vacillation, delay, and official rudeness; the conduct of the French Government was marked by promptitude, decision, sound judgment, and great civility. Everything goes to show that for administrative efficiency autocratic power is the best. If your aim is a well-organized army—if you want to have sanitary departments, and educational departments, and charity departments, managed in a business-like way—if you would have society actively regulated by staffs of State-agents; then by all means choose that system of complete centralization which we call despotism.

Probably, notwithstanding the hints we dropped at the outset, most will have read the foregoing pages with surprise. Very likely some have referred to the cover of the *"Review"* to see whether they have not, in mistake, taken up some other than the *"Westminster;"* while some may, perhaps, have accompanied their perusal by a running commentary of epithets condemnatory of our seeming change of principles. Let them not be alarmed. We have not in the least swerved from the confession of faith set forth in our prospectus. On the contrary, as we shall shortly show, our adhesion to free institutions is as strong as ever—nay, has even gained strength through this apparently antagonistic criticism.

So far from believing that the subordination of a nation to a man is a wholesome state of things, we daily see more reason to think that it is an essentially vicious state: needful, indeed, for a vicious humanity; but to be outgrown as fast as may be. The instinct which makes it possible is anything but a noble one. Call it "hero-worship," and it looks respectable. Call it what it is—a blind awe and fear of power, no matter of what kind, but more especially of the brutal kind,—and it is by no means to be admired. Watch it in early ages deifying the cannibal chief; singing the praises of the successful thief; commemorating the most bloodthirsty warriors; speaking with reverence of those who had shown undying revenge; and erecting altars to such as carried furthest the vices which disgrace humanity; and the illusion disappears. Read how, where it was strongest, it immolated crowds of victims at the tomb of the dead king,—how, at the altars raised to its heroes, it habitually sacrificed prisoners and children to satisfy their traditional appetite for human flesh,—how it produced that fealty of subjects to rulers which made possible endless aggressions, battles, massacres, and horrors innumerable.



merable,—how it has mercilessly slain those who would not lick the dust before its idols;—read all this, and the feeling no longer seems so worthy an one. See it in later days idealizing the worst as well as the best monarchs; receiving assassins with acclamation; hurrahing before successful treachery; rushing to applaud the processions and shows and ceremonies wherewith effete power strengthens itself; and it looks far from laudable. Autocracy presupposes inferiority of nature on the part of both ruler and subject: on the one side a cold, unsympathetic sacrificing of other's wills to self-will; on the other side a mean, cowardly abandonment of the claims of manhood. Our very language bears testimony to this. Do not *dignity*, *independence*, and other words of approbation, imply a nature at variance with this relation? Are not *tyrannical*, *arbitrary*, *despotic*, epithets of reproach? and are not *truckling*, *fawning*, *cringing*, epithets of contempt? Is not *slavish* a condemnatory term? Does not *servile*, that is, serf-like, imply littleness, meanness? And has not the word *villain*, which originally meant bondsman, come to signify everything which is hateful? That language should thus inadvertently embody the dislike of mankind for those who most display the instinct of subordination, is alone sufficient proof that it is habitually associated with evil dispositions. It has been the parent of countless crimes. It is answerable for the torturing and murder of the noble-minded who would not submit—for the horrors of Bastiles and Siberias. It has ever been the represser of knowledge, of free thought, of true progress. In all times it has fostered the vices of courts, and made those vices fashionable throughout nations. With a George IV. on the throne, it weekly tells ten thousand lies, in the shape of prayers for a “most religious and gracious king.” And even now it is daily guilty of falsehood, in selling and buying portraits which every one knows to be utterly untrue. Whether you read the annals of the far past—whether you look at the various uncivilized races dispersed over the globe—or whether you contrast the existing nations of Europe; you equally find that this sentiment of submission to authority decreases as morality and intelligence increase. From ancient warrior-worship down to modern flunkeyism, the sentiment has ever been strongest where human nature has been vilest.

This conspicuous relation between barbarism and loyalty is one of those beneficent arrangements which “the servant and interpreter of nature” everywhere meets with. The subordination of many to one, is a form of society needful for men so long as their natures are savage, or anti-social; and that it may be maintained, it is needful that they should have an extreme awe of the one. Just in proportion as they are selfish, aggressive, vindictive,—just in proportion as their conduct to each other is such as

to breed perpetual antagonisms endangering social union ; just in that proportion must there be a reverence for the strong, determined, cruel ruler, who alone can repress their explosive natures, and keep them from mutual destruction. Among such a people any form of free government—presupposing as it does some share of equitable feeling and self-control in those concerned,—is an utter impossibility : there must be a despotism as stern as the people are savage ; and that such a despotism may exist, there must be a superstitious worship of the despot. But as fast as the unceasing discipline of social life modifies the human character,—as fast as, through lack of use, the old predatory, aggressive instincts dwindle,—as fast as, by constant exercise, the sympathetic feelings grow ; so fast does this hard rule become less necessary ; so fast does the authority of the ruler diminish ; so fast does the awe of him disappear. From being originally god, or demi-god, he comes at length to be regarded as a very ordinary person ; liable to be criticised, ridiculed, caricatured. Various influences conspire to this result. The accumulation of knowledge tends gradually to divest the ruler of those supernatural attributes which are at first ascribed to him. The conceptions which developing science gives, not only of the grandeur of creation, but of the constancy and irresistibleness of its omnipresent laws, make all feel the comparative littleness of human power ; and the awe once felt for the great man is, little by little, transferred to that incomprehensible Universe, of which the great man is seen to form but an insignificant part. Moreover, the continued increase of population, among whom there is ever a certain proportion of great men, involves the comparative frequency of such ; and the more numerous they are, the less respect can be given to each : they dwarf each other. Add to which, that as society becomes settled and organized, its welfare, its progress become more and more independent of any one : in a primitive society, the death of a chief may alter the whole course of things ; but in a society like ours, things go on much as before, no matter who dies. Thus, many influences combine to diminish autocratic power, whether political or other. It is true, not only in the sense in which Tennyson writes it, but also in a higher sense, that—

“The individual withers, and the world is more and more.”

Further, it is to be noted that while the unlimited authority of the greatest man becomes gradually less needful ; and while the superstitious awe which upholds that unlimited authority becomes gradually weaker ; it at the same time becomes impossible to get the greatest man to the top. In a rude social state, where might is right, where war is the business of life, where the qualities



required in the ruler, alike for controlling his subjects and defeating his enemies, are bodily strength, courage, cunning, will, it is easy to pick out the best; or rather—he picks himself out. The qualities which make him the fittest ruler for the barbarians around him, are the very qualities by which he gets the mastery over them. But, in an advanced, complex, and comparatively peaceful state like ours, these qualities are not the ones needed (and even were they needed, the firmly organized arrangements of society do not allow the possessor of them to break through to the top). For the rule of a settled, civilized community, the virtues required are—not military prowess, but a love of order; not a desire to conquer, but a desire for the general happiness; not undying hate of enemies, but a calm dispassionate equity; not artful manœuvring, but philosophic insight. How is the man most endowed with these to be found? That in no country is he ordinarily born heir to the throne every one knows; and that he can be chosen out of thirty millions of people no one will be foolish enough to think. The incapacity for recognising the greatest worth, we have already seen illustrated in our parliamentary elections. And if the few thousands forming a constituency, cannot pick out from among themselves their wisest man; still less can the millions forming a nation do it. Just as fast as society becomes populous, organized, complex, peaceful; so fast does the political supremacy of the best become impossible.

But even were the sentiment which induces the many to submit to one a noble sentiment,—even were the relation of autocrat and slave a morally wholesome one,—and even were it possible to find the fittest man to be despot; we should still contend that such a form of government is bad. We should not contend this simply on the ground that self-government is a valuable educator: though, had we space, we might say much to show that it is better for a people to be imperfectly governed by themselves than to be perfectly governed by another. But we should take the ground that no human being, however wise and good, is fit to be sole ruler over all the doings of a vast and involved society; and that, with the best intentions, such an one is very likely to produce the most terrible mischiefs, which would else have been impossible. In illustration of this position we will take the case of all others the most favourable to those who would give supreme power to the best. We will instance the man taken by Mr. Carlyle as a model hero—Cromwell. Doubtless there was much in the manners of the times when Puritanism arose, to justify its disgust. Doubtless the vices, vanities, and follies, bequeathed by effete Catholicism still struggling for existence, were bad enough to create a reactionary asceticism. It is in the order of nature, how-

ever, that men's habits and pleasures are not to be changed suddenly. For any *permanent* effect to be produced, it must be produced slowly. Better tastes, higher aspirations, must be grown up to; not enforced from without. Disaster is sure to result from the withdrawal of lower gratifications before higher ones have taken their place: for gratification of some kind is a condition to healthful existence. Whatever ascetic morality, or rather immorality, may say, Pleasures and Pains are the incentives and restraints by which Nature keeps her progeny from destruction. No contemptuous title of "pig-philosophy" will alter the eternal fact, that Misery is the highway to Death; while Happiness is added Life, and the giver of Life. But indignant Puritanism could not see this truth; and with the usual extravagance of fanaticism sought to abolish pleasure in general. Getting into power, it put down not only questionable amusements, but all others along with them. And for these repressions, Cromwell, either as enacting or maintaining them, was responsible. What, now, was the result of this attempt to dragoon men into virtue? What came when the strong man, who thought he was thus "helping God to mend all," died? There came a dreadful reaction; there came one of the most degraded periods of our history. Into the newly-garnished house entered "seven other spirits more wicked than the first." For generations the English character was lowered: vice was gloried in, virtue was ridiculed; dramatists made marriage the stock subject of laughter; profaneness and obscenity flourished; high aspirations ceased; the whole age was corrupt. Not until George III. reigned was there a better standard of living. And for this century of demoralization we have, in great measure, to thank Cromwell. Is it, then, so clear that the domination of one man, righteous though he may be, is a blessing? Is it not apt to be a curse?

And then, lastly, it is to be remarked that when the political supremacy of the greatest no longer exists in an overt form, it still continues in a disguised and more beneficent form. For is it not manifest to all who have any insight, that in these latter days the wise man eventually gets his edicts enforced by others, if not by himself. Adam Smith, from his chimney corner dictated greater changes than prime ministers do. A General Thompson, who forges the weapons with which the Anti-Corn-Law battle is fought—a Cobden and a Bright, who add to and wield them, forward civilization much more than those who hold sceptres. Repugnant as the fact may be to statesmen, it is yet one which cannot be gainsayed, that when to the great effects already produced by Free-trade are joined the far greater effects that will be hereafter produced, not only on ourselves but on all the other.



nations who must adopt our policy, the revolution initiated by these men is seen to be far wider than has been initiated by any potentate of modern times. As Mr. Carlyle very well knows, those who elaborate new truths and teach them to their fellows, are now-a-days the real rulers—"the unacknowledged legislators"—the virtual kings. From afar off, those who sit on thrones and form cabinets are perceived to be but the servants of such. And then note that the power thus indirectly exercised, is no longer a dangerous one; but one that is sure to be almost uniformly beneficial. For when, as with ourselves, the dicta of the Thinker cannot get established as law until after a long battle of opinion—when they have to prove their fitness for the Time by conquering Time; we have a guarantee that no great changes which are ill-considered or premature can be brought about. We have the good which great men can do us, while we are saved from the evil.

No; the old regime has passed away, never to return. For ourselves at least, the subordination of the many to the one has become alike needless, repugnant, and impossible. Good for its time, bad for ours, the ancient hero-worship is dead; and happily no declamations, be they never so eloquent, can revive it.

Here seem to be two totally irreconcilable positions—two mutually destructive arguments. First, a condemnatory criticism on representative government, and then a still more condemnatory criticism on monarchical government: each apparently abolishing the other.

Nevertheless, the paradox is easily explicable. It is quite possible to say all that we have said concerning the defects of representative government, and still to hold that it is the best form of government. Nay, strange as the assertion will appear, it is quite possible to derive a more profound conviction of its superiority from the very evidence which appears so unfavourable to it.

For nothing that we have urged tells against its goodness as a means of securing justice between man and man, or class and class. Abundant evidence shows that the maintenance of equitable relations among its subjects, which forms the essential business of a legislature, is surest when the legislature is of popular origin; notwithstanding all the defects to which such a legislature is liable. For discharging the true function of a government, representative government is shown to be the best, alike by its origin, its theory, and its results. Let us glance at the facts under these three heads.

Alike in Spain, in England, and in France, popular power embodied itself as a check upon kingly tyranny, that is—

kingly injustice. The earliest accounts we have of the Spanish Cortes, say that it was their office to advise the King, and to follow their advice was his duty. They petitioned, addressed, remonstrated, complained of grievances, and supplicated for redress. The King, having acceded to their requirements, swore to observe them; and it was agreed that any act of his in contravention of the statutes thus established, should be "respected as the King's commands, but not executed, as contrary to the rights and privileges of the subject." In all which we see very clearly that the special aim of the Cortes was to get rectified the injustices committed by the King or others; that the King was in the habit of breaking the promises of amendment made by him; and that they had to adopt measures to enforce the fulfilment of his promises. In England we trace analogous facts. The Barons who bridled the tyranny of King John, though not formally appointed, were virtually impromptu representatives of the nation; and in their demand that justice should neither be sold, denied, nor delayed, we discern the social evils which led to this taking of the power into their own hands. In early times the knights, citizens, and burgesses, summoned by the King with the view of obtaining supplies from them, had for their especial business the obtaining from him the redress of grievances, that is—the execution of justice; and in their eventually-obtained and occasionally-exercised power of withholding supplies until justice was granted, we see both the need there was for remedying the iniquities of autocracy, and the adaptation of representative institutions to this end. Add to which, that the further development of popular power latterly obtained, originated from the demand for fairer laws—for less class-privilege, class-exemption, class injustice: a fact which the speeches of the Reform-Bill agitation abundantly prove. In France again, representative government arose under the stimulus of unbearable oppression. When the accumulated extortion of centuries had reduced the mass of the people to misery,—when millions of haggard faces were seen throughout the land,—when starving complainants were hanged on "a gallows forty feet high,"—when the exactions and cruelties of good-for-nothing kings and vampyre nobles had brought the nation to the eve of dissolution; there came as a remedy, an assembly of men elected by the people. In this case, as in the cases of Spain and England, representative government originated in the demand for greater security of life, liberty, and property.

That, considered *à priori*, representative government is fitted for establishing just laws, is implied by the unanimity with which Spanish, English, and French availed themselves of it to this end; as well as by the endeavours latterly made by other



European nations to do the like. The *rationale* of the matter is simple enough. Manifestly, on the average of cases, a man will protect his own interests more solicitously than others will protect them for him. Manifestly, where regulations have to be made affecting the interests of several men, they are most likely to be equitably made when all those concerned are present, and have equal shares in the making of them. And manifestly, where those concerned are so numerous and so dispersed, that it is physically impossible for them all to take part in the framing of such regulations, the next best thing is for the citizens in each locality to appoint one of their number to speak for them, to care for their claims, to be their representative. The general principle is, that the welfare of all will be most secure when each looks after his own welfare: and the principle is carried out as directly as the circumstances permit. It is a corollary alike from human nature and from history, that a single man cannot be trusted with the interests of a nation of men, where his real or imagined interests clash with theirs. It is similarly a corollary from human nature and from history, that no small section of a nation, as the nobles, can be expected to consult the welfare of the people at large in preference to their own. And it is a further corollary that only in a general diffusion of political power is there a safeguard for the general welfare. This has all along been the conviction under which representative government has been advocated, maintained, and extended. From the early writs by which the members of the House of Commons were summoned, which declared it to be a most equitable rule that the laws which concerned all should be approved of by all, down to the reasons now urged by the unenfranchised for a participation in political power, this is the implied theory. Observe, nothing is said about wisdom or administrative ability. From the beginning, the end in view has been completer justice. Whether we consider the question in the abstract, or whether we examine the opinions men have entertained upon it from old times down to the present day, we equally see the theory of representative government to be, that it is the best means of insuring equitable social relations.

And do not the results justify the theory? Did not our early Parliaments, after long-continued struggles, succeed in curbing the licentious exercise of royal power; and in establishing the rights of the subject? Are not the comparative security and justice all along enjoyed under our form of government, indicated by the envy with which other nations have regarded it? Was not the election of the French Constituent Assembly followed by the sweeping away of the grievous injustices that weighed down the people,—by the abolition of tithes, seignorial dues, gabelle, excessive preservation of game,—by the withdrawal of numerous

feudal privileges and immunities,—by the manumission of the slaves in the French colonies? And has not that extension of our own electoral system embodied in the Reform Bill, brought about more equitable arrangements?—as witness the repeal of the Corn Laws, the equalization of probate and legacy duties, and the removal of many minor remnants of class-legislation. The proofs are undeniable. It is clear, both *à priori* and *à posteriori*, that representative government is especially adapted for the establishment and maintenance of just laws.

And now mark, that the objections to representative government awhile since urged, scarcely tell against it at all, so long as it does not exceed this comparatively limited function. Though its cumbrousness, its complexity, its mediocrity of intellect, make it quite incompetent to oversee and regulate the countless involved processes which make up the national life; they do not make it incompetent to enact and enforce those simple principles of equity which underlie the right conduct of citizens to each other. These are such that the commonest minds in a civilized community can understand their chief applications. Stupid as may be the average elector, he can see the propriety of such regulations as shall prevent men from murdering and robbing each other; he can understand the fitness of laws which enforce the payment of debts; he can perceive the need of measures to prevent the strong from tyrannizing over the weak; and he can feel the rectitude of a judicial system that is the same for rich and poor. Inadequate as may be the capacity of the average representative, he is competent, under the leadership of his wiser fellows, to devise appliances for carrying out these necessary restraints; or, rather—he is competent to uphold the set of appliances slowly elaborated by the many generations of his predecessors, and to do something towards improving and extending them in those directions where the need is most manifest. It is true that even these small demands upon electoral and senatorial wisdom are but imperfectly met. But though, as we have seen, constituencies are blind to the palpable truth, that if they would escape laws which favour the nobility at the expense of the commonalty, they must cease to choose representatives from among the nobility; yet we see that when the injustice of this class-legislation is glaring—as in the case of the Corn Law,—they have sense enough to use means for getting it abolished. And though most legislators have not sufficient penetration to perceive that the greater part of the evils which they attempt to cure by official inspection and regulation, would disappear were there a certain prompt and cheap administration of justice; yet, in the County Courts Act, and other recent law reforms, we find that they do eventually recognise the importance of more efficient judicial arrangements.



While, therefore, the lower average of intelligence which necessarily characterizes representative government, especially incapacitates it for discharging the complex business of regulating the entire national life; it does not incapacitate it for discharging the comparatively simple duties of protector. Again, in respect of this original, all-essential function of a government, there is a much clearer identity of interest between representative and citizen than in respect of the multitudinous other functions which governments undertake. Though it is generally of but little consequence to the member of Parliament whether state teachers, state preachers, state officers of health, state dispensers of charity, &c., do their work well; it is of great personal consequence to him that life and property should be secure: and thus he is more likely to care for the efficient administration of justice, than for the efficient administration of anything else. Yet farther, the complexity, incongruity of parts, and general cumbrousness which, as we have seen, deprive a representative government of that activity, decision, and unity of purpose required for the gigantic task of paternally superintending the affairs of thirty millions of citizens; do not deprive it of the ability to establish and keep in force the regulations by which these citizens are prevented from trespassing against each other: seeing that the principles of equity are not only simple but permanent; and once having been legally embodied in their chief outlines, all which devolves upon the government is to develop them more perfectly, and improve the appliances for enforcing them—an undertaking for which the slow and involved action of a representative government does not unfit it. So that while by its origin, theory, and results, representative government is shown to be the best for securing justice between class and class as well as between man and man; we find that the objections which so strongly tell against it in all its other relations to society, do not tell against it in this fundamental relation.

Thus, then, we reach the solution of the paradox. Thus we effect a reconciliation between the two seemingly contradictory positions awhile since taken. To the question—What is representative government good for? our reply is—It is good, especially good, good above all others, for doing the thing which a government should do. It is bad, especially bad, bad above all others, for doing the things which a government should not do.

One point still remains. We said, some distance back, that not only is it possible to regard representative government as the best, notwithstanding its many conspicuous deficiencies; but that it is even possible to discern in these very deficiencies further

proofs of its superiority. The conclusion just arrived at, implying, as it does, that these deficiencies simply tend to hinder it from doing the things which no government should do, has already furnished a key to this strange-looking assertion. But it will be well here to make a more specific justification of it. And this brings us to the pure science of the matter.

It is a truth becoming abundantly clear to such as contemplate the facts with a philosophic eye, that the ever-increasing complexity which characterizes advancing societies, is a complexity that results from the multiplication of different parts performing different duties. The doctrine of the division of labour is one which most now-a-days understand to some extent; and most know that in virtue of this division of labour, each operative, each manufacturer, each town, each district, tends constantly to be more and more restricted to one kind of work. Those who study the phenomena of organization displayed in living bodies, find the uniform process of development to be, that each organ gradually acquires a definite and limited function: there arises, step by step, a more perfect "physiological division of labour." And in an article on "Progress: its Law and Cause," published in our April number, it was pointed out not simply that this increasing specialization of functions is seen in the development of all organized bodies, social as well as individual; but further, that it is one of the manifestations of a still more general law pervading creation, inorganic as well as organic: the inevitableness of the metamorphosis being thus seen in the universality of the cause which determines it.

Now this specialization of functions, which is the law of all organization,—which is displayed in the unfolding of every part of every living body,—which is exhibited in the development of the social organism, not only in respect of its economical structure, but in respect of its governmental structure;—this specialization of functions, we say, has a twofold implication. At the same time that each part grows adapted to the particular duty it has to discharge, it grows unadapted to all other duties. The becoming especially fit for one thing, is a becoming less fit than before for everything else. We have not space here to exemplify this truth. Any modern work on physiology, however, will furnish the reader with abundant illustrations of it, as exhibited in the evolution of living creatures; and as exhibited in the evolution of society, it may be studied in the writings of political economists. All which we wish here to point out is, that this truth applies as much to the governmental part of the body politic as to its other parts. In virtue of this universal law, a government cannot gain ability to perform its special work, without losing such ability as it had to perform other work.



This then is, as we say, the pure science of the matter. As proved by the history of all races, the original and essential office of a government is that of protecting its subjects against aggression. In low, undeveloped forms of society, where yet there is but little differentiation of parts, little specialization of functions, this essential work, which is discharged with extreme imperfection, is joined with endless other work: the government has a controlling action over all conduct, individual and social,—regulates dress, food, ablutions, prices, trade, religion,—exercises unbounded power. Gradually, as it becomes constituted in such a way as to discharge better its essential function, it becomes more limited alike in the power and the habit of doing other things. And as fast as it acquires perfect fitness for performing its true duty, so fast does it acquire a more marked unfitness for all other kinds of action. This is the conclusion deducible from the universal law of organization; and this is the conclusion to which inductive reasoning has already led us. We have seen that, whether considered in theory or practice, representative government is the best for securing justice. We have also seen that, whether considered in theory or practice, it is the worst for all other purposes. And here we find that this last characteristic is a necessary accompaniment of the first. These various inabilities, which seem at first sight to tell so seriously against the goodness of representative government, are but the inevitable consequences of its more complete adaptation to its proper work; and, so understood, are themselves indications that it is the form of government natural to a more highly organized and advanced social state.

We do not expect this consideration to weigh much with those whom it most concerns: truths of so abstract a character find no favour with senates. The metamorphosis we have described is not mentioned in Ovid. History as at present written makes no comments upon it. There is nothing about it to be found in blue-books and committee reports. Neither is it proved by statistics. Evidently, then, it has but small chance of recognition by the "practical" legislator. But to the select few who study the Social Science, properly so called, we commend this general fact as one of the highest significance. Those who know something of the general laws of life, and who perceive that these general laws of life underlie all social phenomena, will see that this dual change in the character of advanced governments involves an answer to the first of all political questions. They will see that this specialization in virtue of which an advanced government gains power to perform one function, while it loses power to perform others, clearly indicates the true duty of the State. They will see that, even leaving out all other evidence, this fact alone shows conclusively what is the proper sphere of legislation.

## ART. IX.—MOMMSEN'S ROMAN HISTORY.

*Römische Geschichte.* Von Theodor Mommsen. Zweite Auflage.  
Berlin: 1857.

PROFESSOR MOMMSEN'S Roman History started the series of classical hand-books that are emanating from the press of Weidmann. Their "aim," we are told on the cover of the first volume, "is to extend to wider circles the livelier comprehension of classical antiquity." Professor Mommsen's book is not, like hand-books in general, one only aspiring to the merit of being a good compilation from the mass of standard writers on the subject treated of, and a compendium of received opinions. It is an original work, from the pen of a master. The style is nervous and lively, and its vigour is fully sustained. With regard to the matter, Professor Mommsen says that he recounts rather the history of Italy than that of the City of Rome; for, he says, "what we are in the habit of calling the conquest of Italy by the Romans, is rather the union in one state of the whole Italian stock." "Italian history falls," he tells us, "into two main divisions, (1) the internal history of Italy down to its union under the lead of the Latin stock, and (2) the Italian dominion over the world." The first division—represented by his two first books—treats of "the settlement of the Italian race on the peninsula; the jeopardy of its national and political existence, and its partial subjugation by peoples of different origin and older civilization, by Greeks and Etruscans; the rebellion of the Italians against the strangers, and the annihilation or reduction of the latter; finally, the struggles between the two chief Italian stocks, the Latins and the Samnites, for the hegemony of the peninsula, and the victory of the Latins at the end of the fifth century of the city." The second "opens with the Punic wars, and embraces the rapid extension of the Roman dominion to and beyond its natural boundaries, the *status quo* of the imperial times, and the collapse of the mighty empire." The three volumes that have as yet appeared carry us down to the battle of Thapsus, and contain five books. The first of these brings us to the end of the kings; the second, to the union of Italy under Roman dominion; the third, to the subjugation of Carthage and the Greek States; the fourth, to the death of Sulla; while the fifth relates "the foundation of the military monarchy."

The interest of the English public in early Roman history has been rekindled by the recent scholarly work of the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Notwithstanding all that may be said in reprehension of it, men will always feel a greater curiosity about an



obscure and mysterious subject than about one illumined with the broad light of day. The springs of the Nile retain a never-dying interest, while not a thought lingers upon the river that has issued from its dark and narrow defiles to give fertility and commerce to a vast region. We do not believe that Sir G. C. Lewis will alter the bent of human nature, and prevent any further researches amidst a darkness in which it will for ever remain a doubt whether the dim forms that we see through the gloom are realities or æry phantoms into which the clouds that hang over the scene have accidentally shaped themselves. We propose confining our attention to this part of the work before us. Distinctive views are more to be looked for here; and Professor Mommsen appears to us, upon the whole, to preserve very happily the balance between extreme scepticism and any such deference to authority as would shackle the critic. Wherever he can, he evidently takes a delight in informing us that we have something trustworthy to deal with—whether it be language, or a treaty, or a bit of law, or a coin, or some other relic of antiquity that has been washed to our shores from the billows of Time's vast ocean, which have so long rolled over the mighty wreck.

The first book opens with a spirited introduction—a prologue worthy of the great drama which is to follow. At the dawn of what we call history, we find on the shores of the Mediterranean a cluster of peoples ethnologically and philologically distinct, historically one system. Attached in their infancy to another drama and another history, they are now to fulfil a cycle of their own. Their civilization, linked through the Phœnicians to that of the East, presents three great stages of development, in which the Egyptians, the Hellenes, and the Italians successively play their parts. At length their cycle is accomplished. Ancient history ends, and modern begins. “New peoples, which have hitherto but laved, as it were, the strand of the Mediterranean States, pour over both its shores, and, while separating the history of the south coast from that of the north, remove the centre of civilization to the Atlantic ocean.” Professor Mommsen exhibits the last act of the great drama of ancient history.

Of the earliest immigrations into Italy we have not even a tradition. All the oldest migrations travelled by land. As to Italy, she could be reached from the sea by none but experienced sailors, and hence, even in Homer's time, was quite unknown to the Hellenes. The people whom we find settled here range themselves in three classes. We have the Hellenes, who came over in historical times; the Brettians, whose primitive character is quite obliterated; and an intermediate class. In instituting researches about this last class, “we should have,” says Professor Mommsen, “to give up the task as hopeless, did we only go back to the confused rubbish of names of peoples, and the jumble compiled for

us out of a few serviceable notes of civilized travellers, and a mass of mostly insignificant legends." However, we have an authentic, though fragmentary, authority in the native languages of these tribes. We find three main stocks—the Japygian, the Etruscan, and what may be called the Italian, as it is substantially to it that the peninsula owes its historical importance. This last parts off into two branches—the Latin and the Umbri-Sabellic. Professor Mommsen entertains no hope of the Japygian inscriptions ever being deciphered. They show not the slightest resemblance to the other languages of the peninsula, but an affinity to Greek and Sanscrit, which gives the language a claim to a place in the Indo-Germanic family. The feeble character of the nation confirms what its geographical situation indicates—that it was the oldest in the peninsula. Lingual analysis has shown that the Italian dialects "are, collectively, a link in the Indo-Germanic chain, and that the epoch when they were united was comparatively a late one." Professor Mommsen states the points of agreement and difference between this and other branches of the great clan. "The Greek and the Italian are," as he expresses it, "brothers; the Kelt and the Slave their cousins." That all Italian, as well as all Greek dialects, were early considered, on both sides, to form one body, is shown, he says, by the term *Graius* or *Graicus* denoting to an Italian every Hellene, while all Italians—not, observe, the Japygians—were comprised under the word *Ὀπικός*. He seems to have been led imperceptibly to call in a witness of no service to him. How many instances are there of the most heterogeneous clusters of peoples passing under a common name with the foreigner! Indeed, in a later chapter we are told that the Greeks called all Italians *Opicans*, because the settlers at Cumæ found the inhabitants of that coast so terming themselves.

"Language," observes Professor Mommsen, "is, in the plastic epoch especially, the true image and organ of the degree of culture attained," and "the comparison of languages gives us something like a picture of the stage" which the people had reached before the separation. Accordingly, he reconstructs the life of the united Indo-Germanic family in the same way as Professor Max Müller has in his essay on "Comparative Mythology." He then passes down to the Græco-Italian branch, as it existed before the forefathers of the future Greeks and Latins had parted, after being closer united together than both were with the Slave or even with the German. While the Indo-German "led a pastoral life and gathered the fruit of the stalk, but did not till the ground," the Græco-Italian was a corn-grower, and perhaps cultivated the vine and the olive. This is attested by the words common to the later Greek and Italian, and by the common form of the plough. Of baking being of later origin than the separation Professor Mommsen sees a trace in the regular use of dough,



or pap, in the Roman ritual. That the decimal system was in use among the Græco-Italians, and the more artificial duodecimal of later origin, may be inferred from the exact correspondence of the *vorsus* with the *πλείθρον*, and from the fact that the numerals stop at a hundred. The accurate determination of the foot was later, and hence the Roman foot is a little smaller than the Greek. The Italian mode of marking out the boundaries for the land is a relic of the Græco-Italian period, while rigidly to carry out the square measure is peculiarly Roman. The style of dress, and the form and furniture of the house, appear to have come down from the common ancestors, but it would seem that they only plied the oar, and knew not the use of the sail.

Thus in "the material foundations of human life" we find the Greeks and the Italians substantially one people, but "it is otherwise in the spiritual world. The great problem of humanity—to live in conscious harmony with one's self, one's like, and with the world at large—admits of numberless solutions; and it is in this sphere, not in the material, that the characters of individuals and peoples separate, and that the deep-seated difference between Hellenes and Italians manifests itself, the effects of which continue to the present day. Family and state, art and religion, were developed so differently," that we see no trace of a common foundation. To pass over other points of contrast, patriarchal notions, originally common to both, were legally riveted on the Italians, but early disappeared among the Greeks. Accordingly, we find among the latter a luxuriance of proper names, while the family name was the one commonly used by the Romans, though the more ancient Greeks added the family name adjectively, and Roman scholars knew that the later prænomen had been once the only name. Though the rude ideas of justice, the strict law of debt, and the germs of institutions analogous to our King, Lords, and Commons, were as old as the Græco-Italian period, all regular political institutions are later. So in religion we find but little of a common heir-loom. There is Hestia or Vesta, the sacred enclosure, and "the faith in the shadowy continuance of the dead;" but the opposite sides of religion—idea and image—are soon brought out distinctively, to the utter obscuration of the other. "When the thunder rolled along the mountains," the Greek "saw Zeus brandishing his bolts; when the blue heaven smiled again, he gazed into the bright eye of Athenæa, the daughter of Zeus: the forms had so much power over him, that he soon saw nought in them but human beings, illumined and supported by the splendour of the might of nature. . . . It was otherwise; not more feebly, that the deep religious feeling of the Italian manifested itself. He held the idea fast, and suffered not the form to obscure it. The Greek, while he

sacrifices, lifts his eyes to heaven—the Roman veils his head; for the prayer of the former is vision: that of the latter, thought." Man, tree, state, and store-room, each has its contemporary spirit—the copy of the physical world in the spiritual. Thus "in the prayer for the countryman the spirit of the fallow is addressed—that of ploughing, that of furrowing, that of sowing, that of covering the seed, that of harrowing, and so on to that of carrying in, laying up, and of opening the barn. . . . Meanwhile, the larger the sphere of the abstraction, the higher rises the god and the reverence of men." Distinctively Italican was the self-sacrifice on the part of the individual. However sad the loss thereby of individual variety, it was somewhat compensated for by "such a feeling of father-land as the Greeks never knew, and a nationality which gave the Italican dominion over the split-up Hellenic stock, and then over the whole world."

In his sketch of the physical geography of Latium, Professor Mommsen says that it is an error to suppose that the malaria of Campagna comes from the decline of agriculture. He would rather assign its origin to the want of a fall for the water, though he admits that culture has a good effect, partly, he says, from its drying up the standing water. That a numerous agricultural population should have lived in districts like the Latin plain, and the lowlands of Sybaris and Metapontum, he attributes to the greater capability of adapting themselves to the soil which is possessed by peoples in a lower stage of civilization. Besides, as he observes afterwards, the Roman peasant clothed himself warmly, and never let his fire go out—precautions taken by the Sardinian of the present day against the effects of the *aria cattiva*.

Professor Mommsen does not, with Sir G. C. Lewis, question the existence of Alba, any more than Schwegler does. The tunnel "by which the beautiful mountain-plain of Aricia was laid dry—a work of that epoch when Alba was *de facto* the capital of Latium, though Roman egotism has interwoven it with the capture of Veii"—he believes to have been the cause of the name of Aricia, "probably the fallow, from *arare*."

The Latins do not appear, says Professor Mommsen, to have built "fenced cities" on their first settlement in the country. Though the members of a *house* regularly met, doubtless each dwelt on the land that he ploughed, and his farm-fence was primarily his boundary and his bulwark. There would, however, be local centres, not so much because they would regularly meet at the same spot, but because they needed a hill or mound for defence against a raid. These spots—little if at all inhabited, but places of refuge, and containing the *templa* of the proprietors of the domains—"became the bases of the rural constitution of Italy, which can still be discerned in the country of the Marsians and

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in the Abruzzi. The country of the *Æquiculi*, who, even in the imperial times, dwelt in countless open hamlets, shows a multitude of 'rings of walls,' which, as 'deserted cities,' excited the astonishment of the Roman archæologists as well as of modern. The former thought they could here find a place for their Aborigines; the latter," says Professor Mommsen, sarcastically, "for their *Pelnsigi*." When the tribes that had settled in towns gave these towns stone walls, those who still lived in open hamlets replaced with stone their earthworks and stockades, thus bequeathing to posterity a puzzle. There is a trace, too, of the *house-domains* in the *pagi* of the Roman district, the names of which appear to be those of the most considerable of the *houses* settled in the Roman territory long before it was called Roman. Each domain was a little commonwealth; naturally, however, several would unite for greater common security. Here we have—

"The germ of the city leagues, whose development makes up Italian history till the establishment of an Italian nationality. Alba appears very early at the head of a considerable one. The list of the 'Alban peoples' is perhaps the oldest document of Italian history that has come down to us. . . . All these unions probably met at the Latin festival as the 'Old Latins' (*prisci Latini*), in contradistinction to the Latin communities who, at a later period, settled out of Latium. . . . Alba was certainly the head and mother community, and it is only in this sense that Rome is termed an Alban colony."

Rome's situation is not healthy, nor, comparatively speaking, fertile. It was even in olden times ascribed that there was a peculiar cause for its foundation, and Professor Mommsen believes it to have first become a place of importance when an *entrepôt* was wanted for Latin traffic, for which the Tiber was the natural road, while on that shore, so poor in harbours, the sailor was obliged to anchor at its mouth. In those days of pirates, it was better that such a place should stand some few miles from the coast, particularly so low a one. Thus Rome may be, as tradition says, the youngest rather than the oldest city of Latium, for a certain amount of culture and population must have preceded such a city. "Whether it sprang up," says Professor Mommsen, "from the resolve of the Latin federation, whether from the genius-glance of a forgotten founder of cities, whether through the natural development of traffic, who will venture to determine?"

We prefer the last of these three suggestions, and we thoroughly concur with Professor Mommsen in echoing the sentiment, "Rome was not built in a day." "Probably," he proceeds, "before the walls rose on the Capitol and the Palatine, a Roman community already existed, and found on these hills its sanctuaries and places of refuge, a long time before navigation and the defence of the border made this place an important one for Latium."

*Ramnes* was the old name of the inhabitants; so perhaps, says Professor Mommsen, *Roma* or *Rama* meant 'bush-town.' The idea of *Roma* being *ῥώμη* (strength), is certainly about as good as that of the river Dore, in Herefordshire, being D'or, whence the valley got the name of the Golden Valley, though the word should be written Door, being the Welsh Dwr (water). It is, indeed, so spelt in old books. The later Roman, with his Greek education, would as naturally set down *Roma* to be the Greek *ῥώμη*, as Door could be nothing but D'or to the monks of the Abbey.

Professor Mommsen exclaims with some warmth against the notion that, because we find the community a triple federation, the Romans were a mongrel people, composed of the three great races of the peninsula. He only recognises the fact that, "at a very distant period, when the Latin and Sabellic stocks were not so strongly opposed to each other as later were the Roman and the Samnite, a Sabellic community entered into a Latin domain-union, and Latinized itself completely in it, with the exception of a few national institutions transplanted in the ritual." He compares with this the complete absorption in Rome of the Claudians a few centuries later; but surely the two cases can hardly be compared, or the influence of such an immigration upon the mass at such different stages of its growth. As to the constituent elements of that primæval citizen-body, we agree with him in the uselessness of attempting to analyse such insignificant material.

It was her situation that caused Rome's distinctive position in Latium. To this points the tradition of the *asylum*, and of the interdiction of *connubium* with the neighbouring towns. She stands singular in her centralization and her rapid and vigorous development of town-life. She was no strictly agricultural state, no stranger to the sea, as we have been in the habit of representing her. Of all the Italian states she was the first to coin her own money; and at an incredibly early period she concluded treaties with transmarine commercial states.

Roman conquest took a different form from that of the other Latin towns. With them, weaker communities had to enter into the *clientela*; Rome absorbed her conquest in herself. Contemplate suns like ours, with their planets, though confessing their sovereignty, each retaining its own position in space; and then imagine one sweeping through a troop of these, and absorbing them one after another in his own body, to the utter obliteration of all separate existence. Such was Rome among the Latin towns. She permitted in her dominions no other political nucleus. Even the inhabitants of Ostia had no citizenship, save that Romans among them had that of Rome. In her compact strength Rome



could confidently encounter the extensive Alban league. "The union of the Latin stock under Roman hegemony is," says Professor Mommson, "the historical result of the kingly period of Rome."

The chapter on "The Original Constitution of Rome" begins with the Roman household, and goes on to the Roman state, which was based upon it, for it was the aggregate of the *houses*, as its territory was of their domains. However, nature gave no father and lord to the community answering to the father and lord of the household; so one was chosen, and "in or near his dwelling was the flaming hearth of Vesta and the well-closed store-chamber of the Penates." He is, in theory, as omnipotent in the state as the father in the family,—not the highest, but the sole possessor of power, all the other officials being merely his delegates and servants. Of that unity of the state, which is imaged in the religious world by *Diovis*, he is the legal representative, and the Roman king has the dress and insignia of the Roman god. However, the Romans did not live under a theocracy. There was no special divine favour resting on a particular *house*—no mysterious charm to make the king of different stuff from other men. Any alteration of the law or departure from it, needed the sanction of the popular assembly; and in important matters the king had to consult his council, to which, probably, originally each domain sent its oldest man. So, says Professor Mommson, "as long as a Roman community exists, the official has absolute command, the council of the elders is the highest authority, and every extraordinary resolution requires the sanction of the sovereign people." The remarkable tenacity with which the Romans clung to what they received from their forefathers, and their unwillingness to give up any form or usage hallowed by antiquity, has become a trite subject for observation, and suggested their similarity to our own countrymen.

The origin of the Servian reform "lies," says Professor Mommson, "in the same darkness as all the events of an epoch which we do not know through historic tradition, but only through conclusions from the later institutions. Its nature, however, shows that it cannot have been demanded by the plebeians, to whom the new constitution gave only duties, not rights, but rather that it owes its origin either to the wisdom of one of the Roman kings or to the pressure of the citizens for freedom from their exclusive military service, and for the inclusion of the non-citizens in the summons . . . that it did not proceed from the struggle of the classes, but that it bears the stamp of a reforming lawgiver, like the constitution of *Lycurgus*, of *Solon*, and of *Zaleucus*; that it arose under Greek influence. Single analogies may deceive, as, for instance, that of the cavalry-horses being at *Corinth* assigned to the widows and orphans; but

the borrowing of the armour as well as of the arrangement of the Greek hoplite-system is certainly no accidental coincidence, and it is as little accidental that *classis*, the most important word in the reformed constitution, is a word borrowed from the Greek. Now, if we consider that even in the second century of the City the Grecian states in lower Italy advanced from the pure *house-constitution* to a modified one, which placed the preponderance in the hands of the persons of property, we shall then recognise without hesitation the impulse which in Rome called forth the Servian reform—a change of constitution resting substantially on the same principle, and only led into somewhat deviating paths through the strictly monarchical form of the Roman state.”

There is a chapter entitled “The Umbri-Sabellic Tribes and the Infancy of the Samnites.” The Samnites had, to their cost, no town-centre, as the Latins had in Rome. “What Romans won, the State gained; what Samnites possessed, was conquered by troops of volunteers who went forth for territorial robbery” on their own account. We have something like this now-o’days, in the doings of citizens of the Union in Texas, Cuba, and Central America.

The chapter on “The Etruscans” begins with remarking their utter dissimilarity to Italicans as well as Greeks, no less physically than mentally. The slightness and symmetry of the Greek and the Italian differ as much from the Etruscan’s short, stumpy figure, with large head and thick arms, as his gloomy and fantastical religion from the clear rationalism of the Roman and the genial image-worship of the Hellene. The language, again, is as different, and indeed baffles all classification. “We clearly distinguish two periods. In the older we find the language soft and musical; in the more modern the vowels are dropped, and it is harsh and rough.” Whence it was that the people migrated to the country in which we find them, “is a question,” says Professor Mommsen, “that has been handled as eagerly as any, according to the archæologist’s principle of searching, by preference, for what neither can be known nor is worth knowing, ‘for the mother of Hecuba,’ as the Emperor Tiberius observed.” As to their Lydian origin, “the accidental resemblance in name,” says Professor Mommsen, “of these Tursennians and the Lydian people, the *Τούρρηβοί*—or also perhaps *Τούρρηνοί*,—so called from the town of *Τύρρα*, appears in fact the only foundation of that hypothesis—an hypothesis not a whit better for its great antiquity, and of the whole of that Babel of historical scribblings raised thereon. From the connexion of the ancient maritime traffic of Etruria with the Lydian piracy, and finally, again—Thucydides is the first that we know to have done it—mixing up the Torrebian corsairs, justly or unjustly, with the Pelasgian filibusters,



who lived and plundered on every sea, there arose one of the most wretched jumbles of historical tradition. The Tyrrhenians denote sometimes the Lydian Torrhebian — so in the oldest sources, as the Homeric hymns; sometimes, as Tyrrheno-Pelasgians, or simply Tyrrhenians, the Pelasgic nation; sometimes, lastly, the Italian Etruscans, without these last having ever had anything in common with either of them, in their descent or in their traffic." He thinks the story of Mastarna's settlement at Rome trustworthy, and indeed corroborated by the existence of the "Tuscan quarter," but his identity with Servius Tullius "nothing but an improbable conjecture of those archæologists who employed themselves in legend-parallelism." He observes that there is scarce a doubt of the Tarquins having been of Etrurian descent, and either of Tarquinii or Cære, where the family-sepuchre of the Tarchnas has been lately discovered, while Tanaquil or Tanchvil is a common name in Etruria; but he rejects the notion of Rome having been under the domination of the Tuscans or of a Tuscan community, or, on the other hand, of her having ruled over Southern Etruria. Indeed he thinks Etruria exercised no great influence over Rome during the time of the kings. He does not attempt to make out a list of the twelve cities. All we know, he says, are Volsinii, the metropolis, and Vetulonium, Volci, and Tarquinii.

In the chapter entitled "The Hellenes and Punians in Italy; Maritime Dominion of the Tuscans and Carthaginians," it is observed that we have in their use of the Persian system of weights a sure indication of the earliest Hellenic settlers of the West having come from Asia Minor. There is a picture of the Achaean agriculturists, dashed off in a few vigorous strokes. We see the Sybarite living at his ease, receiving his rents from the Barbarians of that land of herds and of wine (*Ἰταλία, Οἰνωπρία*), and "priding himself on growing grey between the bridges of his lagoon-town." Of the refinement attained by these Achæans we have a vestige in the surpassing beauty of their coins. However, they soon lost the elasticity of their race, and such people could produce no Ibycus or Archytas. "With this people," says Professor Mommson, "where the spit was for ever turning on the hearth, nothing throve but boxing." Among the social ulcers that destroyed them were such leagues as "that of 'The friends,' bearing the name of Pythagoras, which insisted, practically as well as theoretically, upon the ruling class 'being honoured like the gods,' and the serving class 'being subjugated like the beasts.'" No wonder that a fearful reaction came and swept off 'The friends.' We have, of course, due notice of Tarentum, "the Athens of Italy," who succeeded to the luxury of Sybaris, and whose gold coins are a lasting proof of her commerce. The

chapter closes with a lively sketch of the maritime power of the Etruscans in the western Mediterranean—which made the name of “the wild Tyrrhenians” the terror of the Greeks, of the coalition of Tuscans, Latins, and Carthaginians against the ingress of Greek enterprise, and of the rivalries of the allied flags.

We next come to a view of “Law and Justice” in anti-republican Rome. It is constructed on the basis of the common law in force half a century later than the expulsion of the Tarquins, Professor Mommsen thinking that it had undergone but slight changes. “We recognise therein,” he says, “the law of a far-advanced, important, and no less liberal commercial state. Here is no trace of that earliest state of things which the Germanic institutions exhibit, where the power of the State still struggles with the smaller associations of houses or domains,—no league for mutual security within the State, to make up for its imperfect help” (like the Vigilance Committee at San Francisco).—“no serious trace of avengement of blood, or of family-property being tied up, and the individual’s power of disposition being restricted. The like must probably have existed among the Italians also; a trace of it may be found in some of the sacral institutions, for instance, in the expiatory goat which the involuntary homicide was obliged to give to the nearest of kin to the slain; but even for the earliest times of Rome that we can conceive, this is a point long past.” The rigid severity of Roman law is the theme of some vigorous writing. “The poetic form,” we read, “the pleasant contemplativeness which charmingly reign in the Germanic legal ordinances, are foreign to the Roman. In his law everything is clear and short; there is no symbol, no superfluous institution. It is not cruel; everything necessary is performed without anything like pomp and ceremony,—even the punishment of death. That the freeman cannot be tortured is an axiom of the Roman law, to obtain which other peoples had to struggle thousands of years. But it is frightful—this law with its inflexible severity, which one cannot venture to imagine much softened by a humane practice; for it is indeed national law.” However, Professor Mommsen admires the grand spectacle of a people framing for itself and enduring such a law. We must modify any admiration that we may feel for it with regret that justice was not tempered with mercy and some of the milk of human kindness. But this was not to be till humane ideas were popularized by Christianity.

A chapter follows on “Religion.” What Professor Mommsen says of the community, as well as the individual, having patron-gods of its own might be said of the mediæval states of Europe and of the modern Roman Catholic, and recalls to us our childhood’s favourite “Seven Champions of Christendom.” Thus has



classical mythology repeated itself in the Church of Rome. Thus, Professor Mommsen would say, has history her ever renewed cycles, and, he would add, so much for the vaunted progress of humanity.

The parallel between the Grecian mythical vein and that of modern Europe has been handled at length by Mr. Grote. In many respects ancient Rome supplies a more real parallel, as indeed were to be expected. To proceed: Professor Mommsen observes that, "the Greek hero-worship is quite foreign to the Romans. What a late and poor invention is the story of Romulus is shown by his utterly un-Roman transformation into Quirinus. Numa is never worshipped at Rome as Theseus at Athens." He thinks that "the Lases, the older denomination of the genji, and Minerva, the goddess of memory," are of Latin, rather than Etruscan origin. His preference of the religion of the Roman to that of the Greek is again vented:—

"The Roman gods" (he says) "could not indeed inspire the poet and the artist, as did the Grecian, with their free and personal existence, and their peculiar character and lot, and to superficial observation that transparent world might appear flat, as the depth of the clear stream deceives the eye. But as the Christians of the first century were more pious than Raphael and his contemporaries, so does there lie in the Roman religion—spiritual as it was, and foreign to all imagery—a deeper piety than in the sensuous doings of the Greeks."

The ancient commerce of the Peninsula has a chapter devoted to it, in conjunction with agriculture and industry. Internally, it was carried on mainly by means of fairs. The antiquity of the Roman fair is shown by the abbreviation of the word *mercatus* taking place even before the disuse of the letter *k*. Professor Mommsen does not doubt that metal wares were very early imported from the East along the whole western coast of Italy. It would appear that, while Latium was mainly an agricultural country, Tuscan trade was great, and the Tuscans had reached a far higher degree of wealth and refinement than the Latins. While Latin currency was so much weight of copper, Etruria had a coinage little inferior to that of Magna Græcia. The line of her Adriatic commerce seems to have been from Spina and Hatria to Corcyra. Everything points to Latium's intercourse with Cumæ and the Sikeliotæ through Italian traders. In Rome, however, we find nothing like a class of merchant-princes. Wholesale trade seems to have been in the hands of the land-owners, who were always there the great speculators and capitalists. Indeed, commerce did not develope itself there to that extent, when it cannot be in the same hands as agriculture, nor was Rome such a commercial town as Cære or Tarentum.

There is a chapter on the "Measure and Writing" of that early

period. The duodecimal system of mensuration of weight and time appears to Professor Mommsen to have had a Latin origin rather than an Etruscan; while the custom of yearly driving a nail into the temple of the Capitoline Jupiter shows that it was older than the invention of writing. The Etruscan alphabet seems to have been mostly derived from the old Attic—the first Greek alphabet to drop the *koppa*; the Latin one from the Greeks of Cumæ and Sicily, not, as the Etruscan, at one time, but during a long period of intercourse. We cannot then infer from our finding an older Greek alphabet in use among the Etruscans that the Romans got the art of writing later; the old forms were not unknown to them, but they kept up with Greek changes. According to Professor Mommsen—and he gives numerous proofs,—everything points to the great antiquity of the use of writing in Rome:—

“Not ignorance of writing,” (he says,) “perhaps not even the lack of documents, has deprived us of knowledge of the oldest Roman history, but the incapacity of later historians for working out the archival records, and their perversity in seeking in tradition for descriptions of motives and characters, for accounts of battles, and narratives of revolutions; and, in so doing, misapprehending what it would not have denied to the earnest and self-denying inquirer.”

At the beginning of the chapter entitled “Art,” we find the following remarks:—

“With the Italian there is a want of the passion of the heart, of the longing to idealize the human and to humanize the lifeless, as well as of the right sense for melody. Therefore he seldom reaches beyond facility in the lyric and epic, as well as in the higher dramatic art, and no less in music. His keenness and his charming versatility allow of his easy success in *causerie* and anecdote in the style of Horatius and Boccaccio, in playful pleasantry in love and song, as shown by Catullus and the best of the modern popular songs, in low comedy and farce, but especially in rhetoric and theatrical art; and even the highest performances that have succeeded in Italy, divine poems such as Dante’s ‘Commedia,’ and historical books such as Sallustius and Machiavelli, Tacitus and Colletta, are yet produced by a passion rooted more in the understanding than in the heart, and more rhetorical than *naïve*.”

Accordingly the nature of the Italian forbade him the formation of legends. His gods were abstractions that could have no life of combats and love-expeditions. To him the greatest and noblest of mankind ever remained mortals, and were not raised by the yearning recollection of the multitude to godlike heroes. So an epos could not arise among such a people. But there was no lack of song, and one of their litanies has come down to us in the hymn of the Roman brothers of the field. Such compositions sung to the flute by two performers would naturally be de-



veloped by the Italian vein for mimicry into something like a play. The Etruscans seem to have been a still less poetical people than the Italians, and accordingly, remarks Professor Mommsen, are no better represented in Roman literature than by Persius.

The arts, as well as the alphabet, appear to have come to Etruria and Latium from different Greek sources; to the former from Attica, to the latter from Campania. Etruscan art presents a marked contrast to Italian. "The Etruscan works are as superior in size and splendour as they are inferior in spirit and beauty." "The most beautiful coins are those of southern Latium, those of Rome and Umbria are tolerable, while those of northern Etruria are almost imageless and barbaric." In copying Greek art, Etruria cannot help exaggerating—"the severe becomes with her hard, the pleasing effeminate, the terrible monstrous, the voluptuous obscene:" while Latium, though more limited in material, vied far more successfully with her Greek models.

The three first chapters of Book II. are devoted to Roman constitutional history.

The grandeur of Roman reform, says Professor Mommsen, consists in the fact that the attempt was never made to limit the omnipotence of the state, or even to deprive it of its adequate organs. "It was not limitation of the power of the state, but limitation of that of the official, that was the cry of the Roman progress-party from the times of the Tarquins to those of the Gracchi; and it was never forgotten that the people were to be governed, and not to govern." "The internal history of Rome moved within three conflicts." We have, 1stly, this struggle within the citizen-body; 2ndly, the non-citizen battling for political equality; 3rdly, the men of property arrayed against the impoverished occupiers of land. The other Italian communities probably went through the same struggles. The Servian reform appears to have been rather an administrative measure than one originated by a political party. The first political reform was the abolition of the life-tenure of the presidency of the community. Analogous changes in the states of both Peninsulas lead Professor Mommsen to conclude that it was in Rome the necessary result of natural development, though he does not doubt that the expulsion of the last of the Tarquins was caused by his arbitrary doings. However, the appointment of officers who are individually, not collectively, invested with the supreme power, is peculiarly Latin. He sees in the expulsion of the Tarquins "not the work of a people intoxicated with pity and enthusiasm for freedom," but that "of two great political parties, who, like the English Whigs and Tories of 1688, momentarily united to

save the state from" becoming a despotism. With the abolition of the kingly office, the civil and military powers were separated, the rule of the law and that of the axe, and the opposition between soldiers and Quirites gradually became deeper and deeper. While the highest officer had a lifetime for issuing arbitrary decrees, legislation had no play, but now it gained elbow-room for working. The executive fell, virtually, to the senate, originally simply a *wittenagemot* consulted by the king on important occasions. At the same time the change of constitution brought with it a financial and economic revolution, which tended to destroy the middle class, and develop on the one side a dominant body of landlords and capitalists, on the other an agricultural proletariat. Measures were taken that would naturally gain over "the multitude, which," observes Professor Mommsen, "desires nothing but just administration and protection of its material interests." We are reminded here of a conversation we had a year ago with a Frenchman, who, in defending the imperial *régime*, observed sententiously, "The object of government is not freedom, but administration." The middle class suffered especially from the change in the management of the state-domains. The usufruct of them was granted to individual nobles, and, as the revenue from them no longer flowed into the treasury, taxation increased. A stoppage was at the same time put to the vent hitherto existing for the poor agriculturists, and the lack of which proved the ruin of Etruria,—such a vent, says Professor Mommsen, as would be afforded in the present day by a magnificent system of emigration. We need not mention the debt and misery that ensued, and the institution of the tribunate of the people to act the part of what has been termed in our own country "His Majesty's opposition." Professor Mommsen does not look on the office with any favour, but regards it as a clumsy kind of device. "It has been said of the tribunate," he remarks, "that it preserved Rome from a tyranny. Were it true, it would signify little. The change of the form of the state is in itself no harm to a people, and to the Roman it was rather a misfortune that the monarchy was introduced too late, after the exhaustion of the physical and mental powers of the nation. It is not, however, correct." The fact is—he goes on to say—that tyrants were as much unknown to the Italian states as they regularly arose in the Hellenic, and this because tyranny is always the consequence of universal suffrage, and the Italians excluded the unlanded citizens from the assemblies longer than the Greeks did. When Rome deviated from this, the monarchy did not fail to come, even, indeed, united with the tribunicial officer. Any good that may have come from its giving a legal line of action to the opposition he considers to have been outweighed by the poli-



tical disorganization that it caused. After the equalization of the classes, the senate emerged from the chaos as the governing body. To quote from Professor Mommsen's warm eulogium, it was "the first political body of all times—an assembly of kings, which knew how to combine despotic energy with republican devotion; it was owing to it that the Roman people could for a longer period than any other carry out the grandest of all human works, a wise and happy self-government."

Four chapters follow on the external history. The fall of the Etruscan power, with the episode of the Kelts,—the subjugation of the Latins and Campanians,—the conflict with the Italians,—and, lastly, that with King Pyrrhus, are successively subjects of the pencil.

When the Tarquins were expelled from Rome, the Tuscans, says Professor Mommsen, were at the zenith of their power. Allied with Carthage, they were masters of the seas, and it was a great object to them to get possession of Latium, which separated Etruria from the vassal Volscan towns and from the Campanian possessions. And now Rome, the potent bulwark of the coveted territory, was in a state of prostration and confusion. The grand attack under Porsena was successful, and "it seemed as if the union of Italy under Tuscan supremacy could not be far distant." The common danger, however, united the Greeks and the Italians, and the men of Cumæ did timely and effectual service before beleaguered Aricia. "But the Hellenic nation had soon to go through a more critical struggle against the barbarians of the West, as well as of the East. It was about the time of the Persian wars. The position of the Tyrians towards the Great King brought Carthage also within the orbit of Persian politics, and with the Carthaginians the Etruscans. It was one of the grandest political combinations, that simultaneously poured the Asiatic hosts upon Greece and the Punic upon Italy, in order to exterminate at one blow freedom and civilization from the face of the earth." A twin-victory, we need not say, decided the crisis. At the same time Rome struggled, finally with success, against the Veientes. "We cannot determine," says Professor Mommsen, "how far this contest of Latium with Etruria is connected with that of the Greeks with the Pænians and Persians; but whether or not the Romans were in league with the victors of Salamis and Himera, it is certain that, at least, their interests coincided, and that the next consequence to the humiliation of Carthage was the fall of the maritime dominion of their Etruscan allies." Anaxilas had closed the Sicilian straits against them with his standing fleet; the Kymæans and Hiero of Syracuse defeated them in the great victory celebrated by Pindar. Massalia, and

still more Syracuse, now circumscribed their piracy, and, in storming Pyrgi, Dionysius dealt a blow at their heart. "This rapid and fatal change of fortune would," says Professor Mommsen, "be inexplicable, if the Etruscans had not, at the very time when the Sicilian Greeks attacked them at sea, found themselves hard pressed on all sides by land." Scarce had the defeat before Cumæ cut off the Tuscan settlement in Campania from the mother-country, when the Sabellic mountaineers made a successful inroad, which resulted in the extinction of the Etruscan name in that region. Meanwhile, in the North the territory of this people was confined to the district known by the name of Etruria. "A new nation," says Professor Mommsen, "knocked at the gates of the Alps—the Kelts."

"Amid many able and still more brilliant qualities, the Kelt," observes Professor Mommsen, "lacks the deep, moral, and statesmanlike disposition on which all that is good and great in human development is based." Fond though they be of huddling together, with the Kelts that attachment to their own soil is wanting, which is a property of the Italians and the Germans. Not only was the bond of nationality weak among them—as, indeed, we find it universally in the ancient world,—but the individual communities have no durable government, no earnest citizen-feeling. The only order to which they submit is military, in which the bonds of discipline take off from the individual the toil of subduing himself. Together with such remarks and others, Professor Mommsen quotes Thierry's character of the race—not assenting to his giving it the palm for personal bravery,—and old Cato's pithy one—"The Kelts are good at two things—fighting and *esprit*."

Professor Mommsen would not, with Professor Creasy, number the battle of the Allia among important events, but thinks that the temporary disaster "probably served essentially to take its edge from the opposition between Rome and Etruria, and, still more, to unite more firmly the old bonds of unity between her and Latium. Her conflict with the Gauls is not, as that with Etruria or that with Samnium, a collision of two political powers; it may be compared to the catastrophes of nature, after which the organism, if not destroyed, sets itself straight again immediately." The most important result of these forays was, he says, "that the Romans appeared to themselves and to foreigners, on a larger and larger stage, as the bulwark of the civilized nations against the assault of the dreaded barbarians—a notion which their later position in the world required more than one thinks."

The flood of Keltic hordes left here and there an insulated Tuscan settlement, occupying much the same position as Ephesus and Miletus did under Persian sovereignty. Under the name of



Ræti, they dwelt in the Graubundten and Tyrol, as the Umbrians did in the valleys of the Apennines, and as the Canaanites in their mountain-retreats, while the Hebrew invaders were masters of the plains.

Professor Mommsen gives a clear and lively account of the undeviating march of Roman dominion, and how she "revealed her grand and energetic state-craft, not so much on the battle-field as by the way in which she secured her conquests by an iron net of fortress-colonies." In a note he observes, that "perhaps no section of the Roman annals is worse disfigured than the narrative of the first Samnitic-Latin war, as it stands or stood in Livy, Dionysius, and Appian;" and that "it teems with impossibilities," which he enumerates, while "the repetitions are, perhaps, still more suspicious." The whole narrative appears to him to "betray another period and another hand than the other trustworthy reports of the annals."

"The story is full of detailed descriptions of battles, of interwoven anecdotes, such as that of the prætor of Setia breaking his neck on the steps of the senate-house, because he was bold enough to ask for the consulate, and the many little tales spun from the epithet of Titus Manlius; of detailed and partially doubtful archæological digressions, to which, for instance, belong the history of the legion, the forms of devotion, and the Laurentine alliance. Under such circumstances it appears of great weight that Diodorus, who follows other and often older accounts, knows absolutely nothing of all these events but the last battle near Trifanum; which, indeed, fits in badly with the rest of the tale, that, according to poetic justice, ought to close with the death of Decius."

Professor Mommsen does not think the Roman senate to blame for its conduct in the affair of the Caudine forks. It appears to him to make very little difference whether the letter of Roman law empowered the general in command to conclude peace without the authority of the citizens,—any but a purely military compact, by the spirit and practice of the constitution, appertaining to the civil authorities.

"No great people gives up what it possesses except under the pressure of necessity; all compacts of surrender are recognitions of such a pressure, not moral obligations. If every nation justly stakes its honour upon rending by force of arms a disgraceful compact, how can honour command it to adhere patiently to a compact to which an unsuccessful general had been forced, when the disgrace burns and the strength stands there unbroken?"

These remarks seem to us sensible and just.

Twice did the Roman state do battle with individual genius. By the side of Dr. Arnold's fine description of the struggle with Hannibal may be placed Professor Mommsen's chapter, entitled "King Pyrrhus against Rome."

When Rome was mistress of the world, the Greeks were wont to taunt her with owing her position to the fever which removed Alexander of Macedon. They would not unwillingly indulge the thought of what might have been, had the great captain turned westward, as he said to have been his intention, and contested the sea with the Carthaginians by his fleet, the land with the Romans by his phalanxes. It was worthy of the Hellenes to protect the Sikeliotes against Carthage, the Tarentines against Rome, and to put an end to the piracy on both seas. All such designs, however, were buried with him, who alone was destined "to hold united in his hand the whole intellectual strength of the Hellenes and the whole material abundance of the East," and the mutual embroilment of the states into which his empire broke up prevented any but commercial relations between the two political systems. We have no exceptional case in Tarentum's obtaining mercenaries from Greece, the common recruiting-place of that time, or her captains from Sparta; for this was a mere matter of business, and Sparta was no more embroiled thereby with the Italians than were the German states with the American Union, when, in the War of Independence, they sold their subjects to the English Government. So, too, Pyrrhus was nothing but a soldier of fortune and a military adventurer, though he might have lived and died as "King" of a small mountain-people, with an ancestral tree going back to Æacus and Achilles. "He has been, indeed, compared to Alexander of Macedon; and certainly the foundation of a West-Hellenic empire, the nucleus of which would have been formed by Epirus, Magna Græcia, and Sicily, and which would have dominated over both the Italian seas, and have forced Rome as well as Carthage into the list of the barbarian border-peoples of the Hellenistic political system, of the Kelts, and Indians,—this thought is certainly as great and bold as that which led the Macedonian king over the Hellespont." But the two expeditions are not distinguished only by their different issues. What was the King of Epirus in comparison with Alexander, along with his Macedonian army and excellent staff?

"It is (says Professor Mommsen) like placing Bavaria by the side of Prussia. Pyrrhus could only get a respectable army by means of mercenaries and alliances resting on accidental political combinations. Further, it was more feasible to transfer the seat of the Macedonian monarchy to Babylon than to found a dynasty of soldiers in Tarentum or Syracuse. In the East a national resistance was not to be expected; the change of despots was to the mass of the population indifferent, or even desirable. In the West, the Romans, the Samnites, and the Carthaginians might be conquered; but no conqueror could transform the Italians into Egyptian fellahs, or make of Roman



peasants vassals of the Hellenic barons. Accordingly the career of the Macedonian is the fulfilment of a great historical task, and the foundation of a new system of states and a new epoch of civilization,—that of the Epirote, an historical episode. Alexander's work outlived him, though its creator died prematurely; Pyrrhus saw with his own eyes the foundering of all his plans before death called him away. Both were bold and great natures, but Pyrrhus only the first general of his time, Alexander eminently the genius among its statesmen. It is the insight into the possible and the impossible that distinguishes the hero from the adventurer, Pyrrhus must be numbered among the latter, and he may as little be placed by the side of his greater kinsman as perhaps the Connetable de Bourbon beside Louis the Eleventh. And yet a wondrous charm is attached to the name of the Epirote; a familiar sympathy, which, it is true, attaches partly to his knightly and amiable personal character, but still more to the circumstance that he was the first Greek who faced the Romans in battle. With him begin those relations between Rome and Hellas, on which rests the whole later development of ancient civilization and an important part of the modern. The struggle between phalanxes and cohorts, between the mercenary army and the militia, between the military kingdom and the senatorial Government, between individual talent and national power—this contest between Rome and Hellenism was first fought out in the battles between Pyrrhus and the Roman generals; and, though the defeated party appealed often after to a new decision of arms, yet every later day of battle did but confirm the sentence. But if the Greeks were subdued here, their preponderance is no less decided in every other contest but the political, and even these struggles allow one to conjecture that the victory of Rome over the Hellenes would be a different one to that over the Gauls and the Punians, and that the charm first begins to work when the lance is broken and the helmet and shield laid aside."

Professor Mommsen gives an enthusiastic sketch of the early life of that Bayard, "sans peur et sans reproche," whom his loyal Albanians adored as the "Eagle" of their mountains, and than whom "none was more worthy to wear the kingly diadem of Philip and Alexander." The man who had worn Alexander's crown, the brother-in-law of Demetrius, the son-in-law of the Lagide and of Agathocles of Syracuse, the highly cultivated strategist, could not possibly end his life in looking through the accounts of the royal cattle-steward, and in yearly taking from his good Epeirotes their gifts of oxen and sheep, in exchanging oaths of fidelity, and spending the nights in carousing with them. The design of his father's cousin, Alexander of Epeirus, forty years back, and more recently of his father-in-law, Agathocles, now again seemed practicable; and he resolved to renounce Macedonia, and found for himself and for the Hellenic nation a new empire in the West. There is a graphic and spirited account of the adventures of the chivalrous Epirote. His failure is attri-

buted mainly to his impolitic conduct in Sicily. "He governed Sicily as he had seen Ptolemæus rule in Egypt; he did not respect the constitution of the community; he placed his confidants, as officials, over the cities; he gave them for judges his courtiers instead of the natives, the choice and the length of their tenure of office depending entirely on his own pleasure; passed arbitrary sentences of confiscation, banishment, and death, even on those who had most actively promoted his coming over to the island; placed garrisons in the towns, and ruled Sicily, not as chief of the national union, but as king." He may have "thought himself a good and wise ruler according to the ideas of the Hellenes of the East;" but the Greeks could not endure such a military government, nor would it do to transplant to Syracuse the system of the successors to the empire of Alexander the Great.

The second book closes with a chapter on "Internal Affairs," pointing out the most important changes which at this epoch took place in Italian national life, and answering to the last five chapters of the first book. If Rome is more prominent than formerly, it is not only, says Professor Mommsen, through the defectiveness of what has come down to us about those times, but rather it is an essential consequence of her political position that the Latin nationality begins to throw the rest into the shade. The almost entire lack of lingual monuments of the old dialects of the country, and the occurrence of very ancient Roman inscriptions in these parts, attest the incipient Romanization of Southern Etruria, of the Sabine and Volscian districts, and even of Campania, at this epoch. While the Latin language and manners were thus undermining those of the other Italian nationalities, and Rome was steadily advancing her boundaries in the material world, Greece was no less extending her influence in the intellectual; not by colonization, but through the silent effect of civilization. With the beginning of the fifth century its march became more rapid. In Apulia it seems to have gone hand-in-hand with the inland traffic of Tarentum. Noble Romans bear Greek names, and Greek manners and customs appear, as instanced in Lucius Scipio's epitaph, and in the bronze shields, bearing portraits and eulogies of his ancestors, suspended in the new temple of Bellona by that great innovator, Appius Claudius. Professor Mommsen thinks that later antiquarians started the notion that the children of the Roman nobles were educated in Etruria. He cannot see what they could have learnt there. The most zealous modern admirer of the Etruscans cannot, he says, maintain that the Tuscan language was to the Roman what the French is to the modern European, and it was a disgrace, we know, to a Roman to understand anything of the haruspical art.



The great change in Roman law during this period was, that it became a written law. There were some few new enactments, by which useful institutions were founded or social evils removed. Such were the sumptuary laws, and the recognition of the free right of association, and of the self-government of the unions which thus sprang up. Of old, a man could only dispose of his property in his lifetime, and to have his wishes with regard to the future carried out, required the consent of the State: now, the twelve tables gave immediate validity to private wills. This, we would remark, *en passant*, was an important step towards breaking up the power of the *houses*. The change in administration of justice was very considerable. Proceedings were divided into the establishment of the legal question before the magistrate, and the decision of the case by a private individual named by him. The civil law of Rome has, says Professor Mommson, to thank this separation for its logical and practical exactness and precision.

The early coinage of Italy is noticed here. It was in this epoch that the Italicans advanced beyond barter. During the first three centuries of Rome, the only coinage in Italy was that of the Greek colonies, with the exception of the Attic didrachmas, coined by Populonia, and perhaps a few neighbouring Tuscan cities, from the silver of their mines. Copper, by weight, was the currency of the Latins, and probably also of the Sabellans, as the ware in general use. When they discarded this system for that of coinage, they kept very close to the Greek pattern, but used copper still instead of silver, and retained the copper pound as their standard. The change appears to have proceeded from Rome and from the Roman Decemvirs, who borrowed from Attica her coinage as well as her Solonian legislation. There were numerous local differences, but nevertheless we can form three groups, viz., (1) the coins of the Etruscan and Umbrian towns north of the Ciminian Forest; (2) those of Rome and Latium; (3) those of the eastern coast. We are not surprised at the mountaineers of Samnium having no coinage whatever—an index of the small development of traffic among them. When Italy was united under Rome, all other mints but the Roman were limited to the coinage of the smaller coins, while the Roman issued a common Italian currency, the silver pieces of which corresponded with the Attic drachma, though a trifle lighter.

With the expulsion of the kings, art drooped. Professor Mommson observes, that the most considerable work of architecture of the period between that event and the Samnite wars—the Temple of Ceres at the Circus—originated from Spurius Cassius, who, in more than one respect, leant towards the traditions of the times of the kings. It was not till the brilliant financial state of Rome, as mistress of Italy, that the grand public

works were effected, in connexion with which the name of Appius Claudius stands out most prominently, and the Imperial City was decorated with the spoils of war, and the productions of artists from Campania and perhaps still more distant regions.

Professor Mommsen considers our data insufficient to enable us to state the advance of language in this interval. The strongly modernized fragments of the twelve tables, and the few other remains of the fifth century, differ far more from the Arval song than from relics of a later period. Professor Mommsen thinks that the story of the Roman *savans*, of the beginning of the seventh century, being scarcely able to understand the records of the third, may be an exaggeration. His opinion is that contemporary history began with the abolition of the life-tenure of the officials, and that when they changed annually, a year-book (*liber annalis*) was started, which was at first a list of magistrates, but by degrees included other notices also, and the direction of which naturally devolved on those learned in mensuration in writing, that is, the *pontifices*. The *fasti* that have come down to us labour doubtless under defects and interpolations, but are correct, in the main, from the beginning of this period; and the same may be the case now and then with a notice. However, there are many indications of a regular notation of the events of the year having been commenced much later, or, if earlier, having been destroyed in the Gallic conflagration. Thus we know that the earliest eclipse of the sun that we find duly observed and recorded in the city-chronicle is that of the year 350, shortly before the Gallic conflagration; that prodigies, for which expiation is made, are only found recorded since the time of Pyrrhus; and that the numbers of the census only begin to sound worthy of credit since the beginning of the fifth century. It is very probable that, about a generation after the Gallic conflagration, an attempt was made to restore the history of the times of the kings, which lacked its beginning, and to improve with a bold hand the scanty notices from the first times of the republic. Most likely a part of the materials was supplied by family traditions of the noble *houses*, and by putting into historical form the beginnings of old national institutions. Such, for example, the histories of the Fabians often appear, and the beautiful tale of the Horatians and Curiatians, which is intended to illustrate the origin of the system of *provocation*. We recognise sacristan-like tales in the little story of the holy fig-tree, and others which are attached to certain places and relics. The origin of the city it is attempted to base upon the Trojan cycle, and that of the constitution upon the ancient lore of the Pythagoreans. In the former case the legend of Æneas was substituted for that of Odysseus, which was localized far earlier on the Latin coast; in



the latter, the real national forms of King Numa and the wise Egeria were dimmed by their being mixed up with a foreigner who dabbled in politics and philosophy. This Hellenizing tendency of the conventional ancient history of Rome makes it probable that it did not arise before the second half of the fourth century; it is not, however, younger, for even Timæus (402—498) was acquainted with the Roman tradition of the *vóστοι* in Latium almost in the same form as we know it, and the first mentioned diplomatic contact between Rome and the Grecian East is the intercession of the senate for the kindred Ilians (472). The little value of the details given us in the annals of the fifth century is shown by comparing with them Lucius Scipio's epitaph, discovered about eighty years ago.

Professor Schneider, of the same university, in his "Admonitio" upon the work, discovers a few inconsistencies and ambiguities. We ourselves have pointed out one case of inconsistency, and we must add that the word "Italican" is frequently used loosely, though expressly restricted in the introductory chapter. But such trivial blemishes will doubtless disappear in the second edition. The plan of the series did not allow room for references to authorities, but one misses them. Professor Schneider observes that "in the case of a book which tells us so many things that are confirmed by no testimony, and tacitly suppresses as fabulous still more, which are affirmed by many, that shows remarkable ability in discerning and discovering the truth, a strong love of the truth when discovered, and a hatred of what is false, which scarce refrains from warm objurgation, all lovers of truth must be stimulated to investigating and examining the sources for themselves." We should welcome a larger edition of Professor Mommsen's work, with the authorities given at the bottom of the page. It is all that is needed to make the book a standard work.

Since this article was written, a second edition of Professor Mommsen's History has appeared, enriched with an abundance of new matter. In his preface to it, the author speaks in such a modest and apologetic strain of his work as his countrymen's reception of it might have well justified him in refraining from. He draws attention especially to the new matter on the first five centuries of Rome,—or rather comprising this together with many ages anterior, for the sands of Time are most industriously searched back to primæval darkness in quest of any relic that may throw light upon the future empire-city. What is added we have found characterized by all the acumen and profound thought that were stamped on the first edition. In *that* we had a history of Rome that said nothing of Romulus! What would our grand-

fathers, nay our fathers, have said to this? So in the second edition, lamenting that "history still borrows her representation of antiquity rather from the mostly sterile rock of tradition than from the rich mine of languages," Professor Mommsen sinks his shaft into the latter, and, by a union of laborious research with keen and rigid criticism, works up still more his vivid pictures of "the good days of old." We find the state of *Latium ante conditam condendam ve urbem* attempted at greater length, the ancient city more fully mapped out, and the respective influences of the native and the Hellene upon Roman civilization more carefully distinguished. The additions to the chapters on "Religion" and "Art" will probably be those most eagerly devoured by the general reader. A note to the latter gives an interesting account of the ruins of the Servian wall recently discovered. We welcome, as minor improvements, the insertion of marginal summaries, and of Kiepert's map to illustrate the military consolidation of Italy; while the years before Christ are placed in the margin to correspond with those of the city, given, according to the Varronic computation, in the text.

An English translation of this work would fill a gap in our literature. It would give the school-boy and the older student of antiquity a history of Rome up to the mark of present German scholarship, and at the same time, too, serve as a sample of historical inquiry for all ages and all lands.

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## ART. X.—THE PROGRESS OF ENGLISH JURISPRUDENCE.

*Commentaries on the Laws of England*, in four volumes. By Sir William Blackstone, Knt., one of the Justices of the Court of Common Pleas. A New Edition, adapted to the present state of law. By Robert Malcolm Kerr, LL.D., Barrister-at-Law. London. 1857.

**F**EW subjects can be conceived more interesting to the philosophical inquirer than the progress and various changes of law in a powerful and enlightened nation. From the moment that reason begins, however feebly, to assert its supremacy,—that some homage, however precarious and desultory, is paid to right,—that amid the discordant clamours of violence and fraud the whisper of truth and equity can be heard,—history assumes another character; ceasing to be a mere record of crime and bloodshed, it becomes, as it has been eloquently called, the light



of ages and the teacher of civil wisdom. The grandest function which has been assigned to man by the great Author of his being, the function which of all others most surely ratifies his noblest instincts, is the administration of justice; and abundant as are the traces of his infirmity which even such an inquiry must bring to light, how important and dignified is the pursuit, which shows us how the principles of right and justice, at first as it were in abeyance, then encumbered with pernicious forms, and involved in a labyrinth of chicane, gradually extricate themselves from the impurities by which they are encumbered, and win for themselves an ascendancy which everything that adds to human prosperity must strengthen, and which nothing but the return of barbarity can overthrow?

The "Commentaries" of Sir William Blackstone, which Mr. Kerr has once more presented to the public in the excellent edition which is now before us, must be still perused with diligence by him who desires to acquire an accurate knowledge of English history and of English law. In point of style they rank among the most classical writings in our language. The knowledge of general history which they exhibit is far more comprehensive than it was usual for the English lawyer even of that day, when his profession was not so grovelling a trade as it is too often at present, to possess: the views of the author, though not altogether untinctured by association, were, for the age in which he wrote, liberal and manly, whatever may be said by the half-taught scholars of Bentham; who find it easier to imitate the dogmatism and phraseology of their master than his patience or his acuteness. Blackstone, moreover, possessed an artist's power in grouping and arranging his details, and making them subordinate to the main figures on his canvas. The account given in his second volume of the struggle between the legislature and the clergy—between the perpetually renewed prohibitions of the one and the perpetually renewed evasions of the other—is, notwithstanding the repulsive nature of the subject, a model of elegant and perspicuous narrative; and although the topic is now matter rather of antiquarian research than of practical utility, will abundantly repay the attention of the reader. Abstaining with judicious reverence from all unnecessary interference with the text of a great writer, Mr. Kerr has nevertheless concisely pointed out the changes which have taken place in the law, and has annexed to the whole a luminous summary of the rapid progress which, during the last ten years, has been made in simplifying and amending our jurisprudence.

Indeed, when Blackstone wrote, the law was in a state which might well inspire not only so cultivated a mind as his, but the

mind of any tolerably-educated gentleman with antipathy and disgust. Since the days when Sir Henry Spellman tells us that at first he gave up the task of mastering it in despair, it had become still more intricate, voluminous, and incoherent. Nor had there been any serious attempt to render it more accessible. Sir Matthew Hale's "*History of the Law*" is a work quite below his reputation. The language in which the law was written was coarse without being plain; the terms it used on the most solemn occasions, as many an unhappy victim whose fate is recorded in the *State Trials*\* complained, were barbarous and unintelligible. The reasons it alleged were, as Mr. Burke termed them, the "refuse of the schools," never bottomed on original justice or sound analogies, but perverse, whimsical, and arbitrary.

To work such rude materials into a lasting structure—to give a tolerably accurate account of every part of such a system, from the law by which the personal liberty of every Englishman is secured, to the details of special pleading, in language imparting a certain grace and dignity to the strange and irrational devices of the Norman lawyer—and to make the word written for such a purpose a text-book of our language, was, whatever may be said by those who made the barbarity of their style the measure of their claims to admiration, a task which it required no trifling labour, and no common abilities to accomplish.

In studying the history of law in any country, we escape from those peculiarities of individual character, from that crowd of insignificant causes which exercise so vast an influence over the destinies of mankind. What in such a pursuit we are called upon to consider is, not the character of Cæsar or of Henry VIII., of Louis XIV. or Napoleon, the power of a particular favourite or the bent of a particular sovereign, but the different tendencies of many causes, of which the legislation into which we are inquiring is the joint result—the state of things which makes a particular change possible, or it may be inevitable, at a particular moment. These causes will be, human conduct combined with the general circumstances in which the inhabitants of a country happen to be placed, and which constitute their social and political condition. Such causes are very different from the pitiful intrigues or trifling accidents which sometimes decide the event of a battle or the fate of an administration; they do not depend on the position of a ditch, or the quarrel of a lady-in-waiting, or the intonation of an orator; of them it may be said, in the phrase of Demosthenes,

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\* See comedy of "*Ignoramus*." Ignoramus says to his clerk: "*Si non potes scribere verum Latinum ut ego scribo, abbrevia verba per diudivium—scribe cum dasho. Sic nec facias errorem in lege nec errorem in Latino.*" And see Charnock's Case in the *State Trials*.



that they *must* take place whether this word or that word is employed, and whether the arm of the counsellor is swayed in this or in that direction—

“ Whose course will on  
The way it takes, cracking ten thousand curbs  
Of more strong link asunder than can ever  
Appear in your impediment.”

The same cause which led in Rome to the existence of trusts—that is to say, in Lord Bacon's language, to a man's "relying" upon another person's conscience rather than his own possession—led to the existence of trusts in England. The same cause—that is, the perverse harshness and vexatious technicality of the law, grown up in a rude age among a semi-barbarous people—which established the Court of Chancery in England, led to the authority of the Roman Prætor; and, to take a still broader instance, a similitude of condition among the barbarous nations on the downfall of the Roman Empire led to the establishment of the feudal system in every kingdom which they founded. The grand distinctive lineaments of that system were the same everywhere, for everywhere it was the same encircling chain of bondage imposed on the little by the great, and on the feeble by the strong. Such was the state of the continent when, after the Norman Conquest, England first came to be interested in its affairs. By that event the views and institutions of our countrymen became extended beyond the precincts by which they had till then been circumscribed; the barriers between us and the rest of Europe were for a time thrown down; new courts of justice, new officers were appointed, new names and a new tenure of land were introduced. But the system which then grew up was peculiar to this island; a system which, though softened by religion, enlarged by commerce, exalted by freedom, and improved by the efforts of some enlightened minds, has never yet attained the dignity of a science, but, while every other study has advanced by rapid steps, has remained in comparative rudeness and imperfection. Mr. Kerr's labours naturally suggest some examination of the causes which have led to this result, and of the efforts that have been made to exchange such a state of things for one less discreditable to us as a nation. The vast difference between the public or constitutional, and the private or municipal law of England, can hardly fail to force itself upon the notice of the most superficial student of our institutions. The wisdom and excellence of the one presents a striking contrast to the confusion and perplexity of the other. In the fifteenth century the bold outline and noble rudiments of our constitution extorted the applause of the most acute and sagacious observer of his time: Philip de Comines remarks that in England the King can do nothing without the

assent of his Parliament, "*qui est chose juste et sainte*;" and on several other occasions he testifies his admiration of our government. Yet at the present moment the jurists of the continent\* speak with contemptuous surprise of the chicane and disregard of principle by which our private law is disfigured; and our American brethren, sprung from our blood, and trained in our habits, have in great measure, as the admirable works of Livingstone and the Codes of New York demonstrate, abandoned the traditions and forms derived from us for simpler, more concise, and more methodical proceedings.

This state of things must in great measure be ascribed to the dread that our forefathers entertained of the Roman law, which was considered by them, most erroneously, not as intended to adjust the relations of private life, but as the instrument of despotic power and of ecclesiastical usurpation. Thus, in England, that system of municipal law which, mutilated as it is by the ignorance and presumption of Tribonian, all jurists have agreed to celebrate as the most consummate model of jurisprudence that the world has known, formed no part of a lawyer's study, and only forced its way into our institutions through the medium of the casuists, by whom it was disfigured and corrupted. Borrowing from the Roman law much that was excellent, the Canonists, for obvious purposes, grafted upon it a technical and complicated procedure which our feudal lawyers took at second-hand from them, and which, aggravated by subtleties the most mischievous, and pedantry the most childish, was, under the name of special pleading, till within a very short time, the curse and scandal of English courts of common law. The Canonists, however, soon became jealous of the manifest superiority and increasing influence of the Roman jurisprudence, which rapidly became the great fountain of European civilization. By reducing their laws into a system they had done much for mankind, and their digests form an epoch in the intellectual history of the species. But the benefit of the species was with them a subordinate and collateral object, only pursued in so far as it was consistent with the authority of the Papal See.† They were unwilling that the false should be seen by the side of the real Florimel.

\* "*Angleterre, ce pays de légistes*," says one, a Frenchman: "England, that has always been below other countries in jurisprudence," says another, a German.

† Decret. Greg. IX., lib. i., tit. 33, cap. 6, § 4. "*Ad firmamentum igitur cœli, hoc est universalis ecclesiæ, fecit Deus duo magna luminaria, id est duas magnas instituit dignitates, quæ sunt pontificalis auctoritas et regalis potestas. Sed illa quæ præest diebus, i. e. spiritualibus, major est, quæ vero noctibus, i. e. carnalibus minor; ut quanta est inter solem et lunam, tanta inter pontifices et reges differentia agnoscatur.*"



The Decretal "*Super specula*"\* prohibited the study of the Roman law, and it was not until the year 1679 that the study of that science was restored in the University of Paris. At a time when the study of the law was almost confined to ecclesiastics, when, in the words of William of Malmesbury, "*nullus clericus nisi causidicus*," when the scholastic theology was at its height, when almost any system was preferable to the jurisdiction of rude and illiterate barbarians, administering an unwritten and customary law, the forms of the Canonists were barriers against mere violence and direct oppression.† They were stars glimmering through the thick gloom of feudal ignorance. Accordingly they were adopted by all regular tribunals, for it will be found on examination that all the procedure of modern courts of justice may be traced to the Canonists, and any one who wishes to find the origin of those forms to which, in this much-enduring country, substantial justice has been so long and so systematically sacrificed, must look for them in the Decretals. In France, though the Roman law prevailed in some districts (*pays de droit écrit*), and the feudal law in others (*pays de coutumes*), yet the effect of the former was everywhere perceptible, and tended to remove the anomalies and mitigate the harshness of the latter. Dumoulin is the great writer on the customary law of France. In every page of his admirable work the influence of the Roman law is visible, and great indeed is the contrast between his writings and those of my Lord Coke. For in England the lawyer, shut out from the school of those great teachers of jurisprudence to whom, in the language of D'Aguesseau, reason had unveiled her mysteries, and employed in carrying on verbal disputes in an uncouth dialect, became narrow-minded, and the English law, far more his work than that of Lords or Commons, continued barbarous. Warburton remarks that the constant study of the works of his predecessors made the Roman lawyer refined amid increasing barbarity, and that the same cause kept the English lawyer rude and ignorant, notwithstanding the increase of civilization: and any one who compares the fragments of Papinian with Aulus Gellius, or the language of the Year-books of the Reports and legal treatises with that of Chaucer, Ben Jonson, Dryden, or Swift, will be satisfied of the truth of this remark. It is a humi-

\* Decret. Greg. IX., lib. v., c. 28. "*Firmiter interdicimus et distinctius inhibemus ne Parisius vel in civitatibus vel aliis locis vicinis quisquam docere vel audire jus civile præsumat.*"

† The monks introduced the practice of drawing criminals on a hurdle instead of at the horse's tail. A judge in Edward III.'s time especially commanded that no friar nor other should help the culprit with anything to rest on when he was drawn to the gallows. David Prince of Wales was drawn through Shrewsbury, and Wallace through London, by the tails of horses.

liating truth that no English lawyer has written any known work on the science of jurisprudence, while, to take France alone, Cujacius, Donellus, Dumoulin, Favre, Lamoignon, D'Aguesseau, Portalis, are names with which it would be disgraceful for any jurist not to be familiar. How many Englishmen, not lawyers, have ever heard of the Pophams and the Gaudys, the Twisdens, Kelynges, Groses, and Lees—fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum? Some indeed, like Scroggs and Jeffreys, are known for transcendent baseness; and Pope has held up the unlucky Page to everlasting infamy by the rhyme into which he has hitched his name.

Bacon's reputation was certainly not acquired in the law, in which not only Coke but Fleming was preferred to him. Lord Clarendon cannot be considered a lawyer. Lord Somers was perhaps the only instance, as Swift says, of a great lawyer being a great man. There is not in any language a more awful satire than that in which Swift describes the attainments of lawyers and the chicane of English law. At this moment the best work on the science of law, written by an English lawyer, is that of Bracton, who wrote towards the close of Henry III.'s reign, and incorporated large portions of the canon and civil law with his treatise. The language, the topics, the arguments of our lawyers, would be unintelligible to any one beyond the precincts of the southern part of the island—anywhere, to borrow an expression of a writer in the Elizabethan age, "out of their own alley." No one out of England ever quoted the work of an English lawyer or the dictum of an English judge; and while attorneys wield so exclusively the patronage of the Bar, as to obtain their admiration is the aim of a more highly educated class, and while an attorney's office is the school of judges, such a state of things is never likely to be altered.

To return, however, to the history of our institutions. It is singular that no account of so vast a social change as that which obliterated slavery from our laws has been transmitted to us. It is evident from Bracton that in his time the law lent its utmost aid to protect the fugitive serf; and the true cause of the insurrection in Richard II.'s time was the attempt to bring back certain persons into servitude. Sir Thomas Smith, who wrote about the year 1550, tells us that he never met with any personal or domestic slaves, and that the number of predial slaves in his time was very inconsiderable, whereas in France there were serfs to be found down almost to the time of the Revolution, and in parts of Germany, we believe, they are to be met with at this day. Another important change which took place among us, and which established a specific difference between the nobility of England and the nobility of the continent, consisted in the right to the English



peerage. From a territorial privilege it became a personal distinction. The titles of duke, marquis, earl, and baron ceased to denote a person exercising authority within a particular district, and therefore entitled to a seat in the great national council. They became merely personal honours,—the reference to land in the patents by which those titles were conferred became merely nominal,—the younger children of the person ennobled became commoners; and while the rule in France was that every gentleman was noble, in England it became a fixed rule that no gentleman, unless qualified to sit in the Upper House of Parliament, was entitled to rank as a Peer. Therefore, instead of forming part of an aggressive oligarchy enjoying invidious privileges, and set apart by indelible distinctions from the other inhabitants of the land, the descendants of the Bohuns, the Mowbrays, the De Veres, the Howards, nay, of Plantagenet himself, mingled with the mass of the community, and gave spirit and energy to the class from which their ancestors had sprung. Hence no class was liable to oppression, and respect for law became part of the English character, at a time when Mably tells us that in France “*La noblesse s’était fait une espèce de point d’honneur de ne se pas soumettre aux lois: non seulement elle méprisait les jugemens des tribunaux subalternes et les arrêts du Parlement, mais elle les rendait inutiles à l’égard des personnes qu’elle voulait protéger, et ses châteaux leur servaient d’asile.*”\*

In France, moreover, the crushing weight of the *taille* and *corvée* fell solely on men of ignoble birth, while in England all contributed to the exigencies of the state; and if our game-laws were severe, and the privileges of noblemen were sometimes exerted in a vexatious and offensive manner, the abuses of the Earl Marshal’s Court ceased during the Long Parliament, and such an humiliating mark of inferiority as that which in France prevented every man, however opulent, from keeping a *dove-cote*,† would not have been endured, even in the days of the Edwards, by the high-spirited members of a body from which the most obscure might rise, and into which the children of the proudest must descend. When, by the statute passed after the Restoration,‡ feudal rights were abolished, and all tenures were changed into a free and common socage, the last traces of Norman oppression were swept away. Happy would it have been for England if our private law had kept pace with our political improvement. It is true that the spirit of our excellent laws was often, and the letter of them sometimes, violated; it is

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\* “*Observations*,” liv. iii. p. 155.

† M. de Tocqueville, “*Ancien Régime* : ” “*Il n’y a que les nobles qui puissent avoir des pigeons.*”

‡ 12 Ch. II. c. 24.

true that, in the emphatic language of one of our greatest and most neglected writers—

“Laws were made to serve the tyrant’s will:  
When sleeping they could save, and waking kill.”

It is true that our state trials present a frightful picture of abject baseness and savage cruelty. But the great characteristic features which, in all ages, distinguish freedom from servitude, which the gentlemen of England had struggled to maintain, survived the time-serving judges and lawyers who endeavoured to conceal and to obliterate them. The habits of chicane and corruption in an opulent and powerful body are evils which no institutions can prevent, and those evils had been nurtured into formidable strength by the course of our domestic jurisprudence. For the common law was then, as now, to be collected, not from the written text of a volume open to all men, but from a vast heap of miscellaneous decisions, pronounced at different periods, dealing with small fractions of its doctrine, and limited with the most jealous care to the particular occasions when they were disclosed, and the individual case which they had been promulgated to determine. In other words, the judges were then, as they are now, and as, until a code is established among us, they must continue to remain, “*ex post facto*” legislators; and, moreover, legislators bound almost invariably to shut out all those arguments of public expediency and advantage which govern deliberative assemblies from their consideration, and to look at the subject placed before them in a more technical light.

The result was exactly what might have been anticipated. For instance, judicial legislation gave every statute a retrospective power, and each act operated from the first day of the Session when it was passed. So that a man might be heavily fined for doing an act perfectly lawful when it was done in May, because a statute passed in June was to be considered as if it had passed in February. Lord Kenyon, who upheld this doctrine, said that it was undoubted law, and that men had been capitally punished under its operation. This law was enacted by the judges, and law it continued to be till at last the legislature interfered and rescued the people of England from an injustice which might have startled Caligula himself, but which continued to be the law under which they lived till the close of the last century. Lord Bacon has admirably well described this usurpation of the judges. “The cases,” he says, “of modern experience are fled from those which were adjudged in former times.” Sir Matthew Hale indeed says that the common law can be changed only by act of parliament, but every page of our reports contradicts the assertion. Another remarkable instance of the same encroachment was the



right claimed by the judges against the common law of withdrawing in cases of libel the question whether the words were libellous or not from the consideration of the jury—an abuse corrected only by a positive statute, which declared, and as Lord Campbell thinks properly, the practice of the judges to be against the common law. How such an absurdity, to which a host of grim and bloody doctrines emanating from the same source might be added, can be reconciled to the theory of our constitution, that the people are bound by no laws but those to which they have by their representatives given their consent, it is not very easy to comprehend. Nor, if we look to the statute law, is the view which it gives of our legislation much improved. A continually increasing mass of edicts shot down upon the heads of the people, raining down snares upon the helpless, and providing weapons for the strong—such is the character which from the time of Lord Bacon to the present hour has been impressed upon our institutions.

It is curious to see how this enormous evil has been suffered to continue in spite of incessant remonstrances and desultory efforts from the legislature and the throne. In Queen Elizabeth's time (1577) Lord Keeper Bacon drew up a scheme for reducing, ordering, and printing the Statutes of the Realm. In 1593 she recommended to Parliament a general revision of the statute law. A reform of all the statutes was urged upon the House of Commons by James I.; and in the year 1610, when the "Great Contract," as the plan for the abolition of the feudal privileges was called, was in agitation between the crown and the people, a digest of the Penal Laws was expressly stipulated by the House of Commons.

In the meantime Bacon, C. J. Hobart, Finch, Noy, and several others, were by the King's command engaged in the task of codifying, *i. e.* of compiling and reforming the Statute Law. "An excellent undertaking," says Lord Bacon, "of honour to his Majesty's time, and of good to all times." He recommends that, as by the 27 Henry VIII. c. 15, and 3 and 4 Edward VI. c. 21, commissioners were appointed to examine and establish the Ecclesiastical Laws (a task, by the way, which never was accomplished), commissioners be named by both Houses for this purpose also, with power to propound the matter to Parliament. The same undertaking was pursued under the Commonwealth. In 1650 a committee was named, with Lord Keeper Whitelocke at its head, for that purpose. In 1652 Sir M. Hale, Lord Shaftesbury, and Rushworth, with other persons not in the House, were ordered to report to the committee on the inconveniences of the law. In 1653, a committee was appointed to consider of a new model or body of the law. After the Restoration, Finch, afterwards Earl of Nottingham and Lord Chancellor,

Serjeant Maynard, Sir Robert Atkyns, and Mr. Prynne, were appointed in 1666 to the same task. In 1796 Mr. Abbott, afterwards Lord Colchester, was chairman of a committee appointed to inspect and consider all temporary laws, but this ended in nothing. In 1828 Mr. Brougham, in a justly celebrated speech, brought the question of Law Reform before the House of Commons. Several commissions were soon after appointed, large sums of money were spent, and the statute and common law of England remained nearly as they were before. The ludicrous attempts made since the present Lord Chancellor has been in office, which indeed are worthy of the speech in which they were announced, discovering as it did the most hopeless ignorance, and an utter incapacity to grapple with one of the most serious evils that can require the attention of the legislature, were fully described by us in January last.

Lord Bacon complained of the number of the statutes. Whitelocke, soon after the Restoration, after remarking that "the volume of our statutes had swelled to a great bigness," urges that "all of one subject should be brought into one statute, that perspicuity and clearness may appear in our written laws, which at this day few students or sages can find in them." The result of all this has been, that in 1851 our public statutes consisted of thirty-eight quarto volumes, amounting to 221 pounds avoirdupois weight, and containing 32,903 pages. Such has been the fruit of the practical wisdom of those entrusted with the management of our legislation. The French Code is contained in 800 small and clearly-printed pages.

The genius of chicane could not desire the language of this vast compilation other than it is. Perplexed, incoherent, ambiguous, contradictory, tautologous, prolix, and yet inaccurate, it combines every defect, and reconciles evils the most opposite. In one act for explaining the window-tax,\* the third clause provides that all existing and future statutes which mention England shall extend to Wales and Berwick-upon-Tweed. The fourth clause, after this rather ambitious deviation, returns to the humbler topic of the window-tax. Sometimes, on the other hand, a temporary clause is inserted in the body of an act intended to be perpetual.† The duration of an act is sometimes expressed in the preamble‡, sometimes in the first section, sometimes in the middle, sometimes nowhere.§ Sometimes the continuance of the law is to depend on the legislation of other countries;|| some-

\* 20 Geo. II. c. 42; Hodgepodge Act,\* 10 Anne, c. 14; 8 Geo. II. c. 24; 17 Geo. II. c. 40; 10 Geo. II. c. 32; 4 Geo. III. c. 12.

† 27 Geo. III. c. 13, § 22. ‡ 4 Geo. III. c. 27; 6 Geo. III. c. 28, § 11.

§ 34 Geo. III. c. 9; 34 Geo. III. c. 79; 35 Geo. III. c. 15 and 80.

|| 24 Geo. III. c. 14.



times it is declared that after it has ceased to operate the act shall remain in force for the punishment of offences against it before it expired.\* There is not a volume of our statute which does not abound with acts entitled "An Act to rectify a mistake,"—"An Act to explain and amend,"—"An Act for remedying some defects in an Act passed this Session,"—"An Act to obviate doubts," "to extend the provisions," "to explain and amend," &c. &c. Sometimes an enactment is first stated in general terms, and then a proviso† follows limiting its application to a particular case. The appetite for absurdity, which is not satisfied by the language of our statutes and the decisions in our reports, must indeed be a *Boulimia*.

The causes which we have endeavoured to point out, the chicane which soon reached an alarming height in our common law courts, and the verbose and perplexed tautology of our imperfect statutes—the narrow views which governed the common law judges, especially in the construction they put upon the statute of uses—gave power and importance to the Courts of Equity. The jurisdiction of these tribunals had grown up in the dark and turbulent period of the Plantagenets, and was an unconscious homage to the principles of Roman jurisprudence, which our ancestors, while they repudiated them in their native shape, were compelled to accept in a disguised and mutilated form as a refuge from the violence of the feudal baron and the craft of the Norman lawyer. By the common law, any failure in particular ceremonies invalidated the transaction which they had been intended to ratify—equity compelled the contracting parties to waive a merely technical objection. By the common law, a deed extorted from the reluctant heir, the dying patient, the timid woman, was valid—equity set it aside. By the common law, land was forfeited on the very day named in the bond if the debt was not discharged—equity compelled the creditor to accept his debt after the time for redeeming it had expired. But, above all, by the common law, the transfer of land by will was absolutely prohibited—it would have stripped the feudal lord of some of his most lucrative rights—equity compelled the legal owner to fulfil the bequest of the person to whom the use or beneficial right belonged, thus unbinding the soil, which was not yet devisable, from the feudal shackles in which it had so long been riveted. Nothing can be imagined more repugnant to the genius of the feudal system than the whole system of uses (or rather trusts), as it was moulded and enforced by equity. The language of the old books and statutes, of contemporary lawyers and legislators, in speaking of this novelty, is that of complaint and even invective.

\* 29 Geo. III. c. 4.

† See 3 Vict. c. 15, § 28.

tive. Uses are styled fraudulent contrivances to cheat the King and all feudal superiors, to deceive purchasers, to fling the realm into disorder and confusion. The feudal lawyers termed these devices invented by the Church impious at the very moment when equity was enforcing them as obligations binding on the conscience. Indeed all the rules of tenure were overthrown by this impalpable and secret agent. Uses could yield no fruits, could owe no duties, could incur no forfeiture, required no livery. The feudal law never contemplated the possibility of a beneficial interest enjoyed by one person, while the nominal, ostensible, and legal ownership was vested in another. The land was withdrawn from the iron gauntlet which so long had grasped it—it glided away from the bewildered lord of the fee, and every effort for its recovery was in vain.

“Ter frustra comprehensa, manus elusit imago,  
Par levibus ventis voluerique simillima somno.”

Attempt after attempt was made by the legislature, which might as well have voted to roll back the Thames, to provide against the mischiefs arising from “privy and unknown feoffments,” and “feoffments to persons unknown.”\*

At length in the twenty-seventh year of Henry VIII. it was resolved to level a deadly blow at this anti-feudal practice. An Act was passed reciting at considerable length the evils arising from secret uses, which, “for the extirpating and extinguishment of all such subtle practised abuses,” provided, in the plainest and most direct language, that from that time forward the beneficial owner should have the legal estate, and that uses should be annihilated for ever. So great, however, had been the benefit derived from the system of uses, that it was found necessary immediately afterwards, even in that servile age, to pass the statute of wills, enabling landed proprietors to do directly what the system of uses had enabled them to do indirectly, and to dispose of all their socage lands, and half their lands held on feudal tenure, by will. And now in any other country all the law of uses would have been finally swept away. Its preservation was owing to the pedantic genius and contracted views of the English lawyer. He allowed a wretched evasion to triumph over the avowed purpose of the legislature. It was held that, if the words “to the use of” were twice repeated, the statute did not operate on the second phrase; the word “trust” was employed instead of the word “use” to denote the second use; and thus a deeply meditated and carefully penned statute, intended to accomplish a great political object, loudly called for by a power-

\* 11 Hen. VI. c. 5; 1 Rich. III. c. 1; 1 Hen. VII. c. 1.



ful aristocracy, and sanctioned by King, Lords, and Commons, ended in obliging all persons who chose to disregard it to add the words "in trust for" to a conveyance. Hence arose that technical and subtle system which regulates the course of real, that is, of landed property. That was the main object of our ancient jurisprudence, and it is there that we must seek for the character which it imparted to every portion of our law. No civilized country was ever so little indebted for its laws either to the philosophy or the institutions of other countries. Hence, of all studies, that of the text-books of English law is the most repulsive and (except for its particular object) the most unprofitable. But we are anxious that our views should be understood. We do not imagine that positive law can ever be a complete remedy for social evil. No legislative skill or wisdom can ever be the substitute for individual wisdom and discretion.

The wants of society are so various, the intercourse of men is so incessant, their interests are so multiplied, and their relations with each other are so extensive, that to anticipate every evil, to guard against every contingency, is a task beyond the reach of human foresight. Aristotle says "Particulars are infinite;" Bacon tells us "The sea of examples has no bottom." For a nation, therefore, which has held a first rank in civilization to reject the accumulated traditions of maxims and good sense which long experience has incorporated with its institutions, and which are in fact the spirit of ages, would be to aggravate the difficulties of a task which the clearest and most powerful intellects are barely qualified to fulfil.

In every subject to which the attention of the legislator can be called there must always be a crowd of details which will elude his grasp, and which are of too fluctuating and evanescent a character to be inserted in the text of a written law. The law once written is fixed, while man is always changing. Some new fact, some unexpected combination, some unforeseen result, suddenly arises in the moral, like the discovery of steam or electricity in the physical world, and the labour which has been exhausted in endeavouring to fix the wind, to count the sands of the sea-shore or the leaves of the forest, to chain down elements that mock restraint and bid defiance to calculation, is not only useless, but the cause of great and positive evils to society.

It is to the childish and senseless attempt to enumerate every possible case, instead of laying down the broad principle and leaving the application of the rule to the magistrate, that one main cause of the really disgraceful condition of our law is to be attributed; and this is the more provoking, because no country has suffered so much from the opposite evil of judicial legislation, the "*jurisprudence des arrêts*." The whole history of our

courts of justice from the Plantagenets to the reign of George III. is one incessant series of usurpations by the judicial on the legislative part of our constitution, and judges who hazard, as is often the case, flippant and undignified observations on Parliamentary legislation, might not unusefully be reminded of their own.

One of the most daring acts of judicial legislation was the repeal of the famous statute "*De Donis Conditionalibus*," 13 Edw. III., also called the "*Statute of Westminster the Second*." This statute was passed for the express purpose of preventing the alienation of land against the will of the donor. It was a mighty bulwark of the old Gothic fortress. In the reign of Edward IV. the judges deliberately repealed it, by giving effect to a notoriously fraudulent and collusive proceeding, under colour of some grotesque rites which really justify Falstaff's phrase "*old Father antic the Law*," of which till the year of grace 1830 our temples of justice were the theatres, and in which the priests of justice were the mummers. This decision, coupled with the practice of subinfeudation, changed the social aspect of England. It excited great indignation. A learned writer in the time of Henry VIII., who wrote a treatise often cited and of considerable value, called "*Doctor and Student*," declares that all estates held by means of this fraud were held unlawfully. For he says, with all the emphasis of truth, the law overruled "*was ordained by authority of Parliament, and it is annulled by a false supposal, for that they named demandants should have right to the land where in truth they never had right thereto. Whereupon follows a false supposal, in the writ, and a false supposal in the declaration, and a voucher to warrant by covin (i. e. fraud) of such a person as has nothing to yield in value, and thereupon by covin and collusion follows the default of the vouchee, by which default the judgment shall be given, and so all the judgment is derived and grounded of the untrue supposal and covin of the parties, whereby the law is defrauded, the Court is deceived, and the heir is disinherited.*"\* The true motives of the judges, then, and long afterwards most obsequious to the Crown, was to make entailed lands capable of forfeiture for treason and felony. Well may Mr. Hallam observe that such a decision was far beyond the scope of judicial authority! The object of alienation being pursued without method and by the most irrational devices, the law became entangled among subtleties and forms, working the most frightful injustice, and as pernicious to society as the perpetuity which it destroyed. A slip in a form perfectly immaterial or insignificant destroyed the

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\* "*Doctor and Student*," Dialogue i. c. 26.



title founded upon these proceedings, and ruined the fortunes of distant generations. Never was the paradox "*das operam ratione ut insanies*" better exemplified.

Other specimens of judicial legislation may be found in the horrible tortures inflicted upon those convicted of treason—in the old system of imprisonment for debt—in pressing to death prisoners who refused to plead, which was the law in this century—and in burning alive women guilty of petty treason, *i. e.* who had murdered their husbands or coined false money, a sentence which was carried into effect about the year 1770 in London. Mr. Wilberforce carried through the House of Commons a Bill changing the punishment of burning women alive for petty treason to the punishment inflicted on men for the same offence, *i. e.* hanging; but the measure was thrown out in the House of Lords, where it was violently and successfully opposed by Lord Loughborough, who had been Lord Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, and was afterwards Lord Chancellor.

By another act of judicial legislation the Court of Queen's Bench acquired jurisdiction over a vast body of civil cases; first of all by declaring, in utter disregard of truth, the defendant to be in the custody of its officer for a trespass, and thus making him amenable to its authority. At length an Act was passed in the 13th of Charles II., requiring, in conformity with the plainest notions of sense and justice, "that the true cause of action should be stated in the writ or process." This Act would have deprived the Queen's Bench of its usurped jurisdiction; but it was evaded by inserting in the writ an "*ac etiam*" clause, adding the true to the false cause of action. This device, which, in fact, was a scramble for fees, excited the anger of the Common Pleas. A violent and unseemly dispute took place between the chiefs of the two Courts, Sir John Kelynge and Sir John Vaughan; Sir John Vaughan urging that it ill became the first criminal judge in England to violate a plain statute, and to sanction a fraud which deserved the pillory. The matter was referred to Sir Matthew Hale, who declined to interfere. Sir John Vaughan soon died, and the clause was in use to our own time.

The same purpose was accomplished by the Court of Exchequer, by declaring, with equal disregard of truth, the plaintiff to be a debtor of our Sovereign Lord the King, and unable to pay his debt by reason of the default of the defendant; a form also which was preserved to our own time. Such was the natural effect of allowing attorneys indirectly to make the law. These grave falsehoods had, of course, a pernicious effect on the probity of practitioners: they lowered the dignity of our Courts and those who presided in them; added enormously to the expense, delay, and uncertain result of legal proceedings; made those proceedings

unintelligible to ordinary men, thereby lessening the salutary control of public opinion; encouraged pettifogging, and contaminated justice, the essence of which is truth, by impregnating it in its origin with the poison of a lie.\* Another remarkable instance of judicial legislation was special pleading, compared with which, as it existed a few years ago in our Courts, the Egyptian worship of storks and onions was rational and enlightened. Rabelais, in the wildness of his fancy, has invented nothing more preposterous than the decisions on this subject contained in our Reports. Men were deprived of their rights (whatever, of course, might be the amount of property at stake), because their pleader ended his statement by saying that he was "*ready*," instead of saying that he was "*ready and willing*"† to do a particular action; or because he ended by these words, "and this he is ready to *verify*," instead of "and of this he puts himself on the country;"‡ words which had no more concern with the substantial justice of the case than the shape of their adversary's coat, or the colour of their own hair: in short, if the craftiest of men had for many ages together been employed in finding out a method to confound reason and degrade the majesty of justice, they could not have succeeded better than by the establishment of such a mock science.

Again, how did the Court of Chancery obtain its authority? A man sent to prison for not obeying its commands is certainly not imprisoned "*per judicium parium suorum*." When did it become what it now undoubtedly is, "*lex terræ*?" "*Quis expedivit Psittaco suum χαῖρε*?" Who gave it power to take children from their parents, and lay down rules for their education? Who gave the Chancellor power to repeal one of the most important clauses of the Statute of Frauds, by making a deposit of deeds equivalent, in spite of the express words of the statute, to a written declaration? Throughout our legal history we find judges invested with limited power inventing all sorts of schemes and devices for breaking through the barriers by which their authority was circumscribed, and confounding what all experience and all reasoning shows us ought to be kept as distinct as possible, the judicial and legislative functions.

The provinces of the judge and legislator are widely different—the reasons that govern one ought wholly to be excluded from

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\* In imitation of the judges, the juries claimed a right of inventing fictions to mitigate the severity of the law. They found bank-notes for ten pounds under the value of thirty shillings, to prevent the capital punishment, making the law innoxious by making it useless, with what effect on public morality may be conceived. Thus truth was set at defiance in the every-day proceedings in our Courts, civil and criminal.—See Amos's "*Ruins of Time*."

† *Granger v. Dacre*, 12 Meeson and Welsby, 431; *Dixon v. Fletcher*, 3 Meeson and Welsby, 146.

‡ *Goodchild v. Pledge*, 1 Meeson and Welsby Reports, 363.



the consideration of the other; and when judges are "sharp-sighted in mysteries of state," as in the time of Charles I., they cannot long hope to conciliate the respect, or even to escape the condemnation of the enlightened public. They ought not, as our judges did in *Taltarum's* case, to frustrate a plain Act of Parliament by a scandalous prevarication, nor, as they did in their wretched decision on the Statute of Uses, to overthrow it by a servile adherence to the letter against the known purpose and manifest spirit of the legislature—"d'être tour à tour esclaves et rebelles, et de désobéir par esprit de servitude." Among all polished nations there will grow up by the side of written law a traditional jurisprudence—a body of doctrine, of maxims, and of learning—which will be sifted and purified in the daily collision of the bar, will be augmented by improved experience, and will always be the supplement of written legislation. Our limits will not allow us to pursue this subject farther; but we must remark that there must always be a wide difference between civil and criminal jurisprudence. In questions affecting the right of property, the legislature, unable to foresee every possible contingency, prefers sometimes the arbitration of a judge, trained by long study, acting in the face of the public, and without any motive that can bias him on either side, to open violence or interminable litigation. There the question is between *Caius* and *Titius*—between citizen and citizen. But the questions which arise in courts of criminal justice are circumscribed within comparatively narrow limits. There the question is not between *Caius* and *Titius*, but between *Caius* and the commonwealth.

The law, unless in very rare cases, cannot strike before it warns; it must precede the act which it is set in motion to punish. There a precise and naked text, stripped of all unwritten interpretation, is essential to the due administration of justice. On the other hand, in civil cases, where a decision depends on a competition of analogies and on a comparison of texts, unwritten jurisprudence is as necessary as positive statute law. To that must be left the rare cases which escape the contemplation of the legislator, as well as a heap of minute details which it is impossible in any other way to regulate. In the emphatic language of *Bacon*—

"Bonum publicum insigne rapit ad se casus omissos."

If we cast a glance towards the state of the law when *Blackstone* enumerated the beneficial changes that had taken place in his time, and compare it with its present condition and actual prospects, we shall find that a long period of stagnation, extending almost from the time when *Sir William Blackstone* wrote

to the accession of William IV., has been succeeded by an interval of great, and, on the whole, of beneficial activity. It is true that many attempts have failed altogether; that some changes (that especially in the forms of pleading made by the judges in 1833, which aggravated to an intolerable degree the evils it was intended to palliate) have been mischievous; that, in spite of the large sums lavished upon commissioners, our attempts at what is facetiously called a consolidation of the Statute Law are deplorable proofs of ignorance and imbecility; and that the grand absurdity of allowing two sets of Courts to administer justice in the same case, on different and even opposite principles, is still suffered to be the scandal of our jurisprudence.

Nevertheless, as Mr. Kerr remarks in the lucid and concise summary which he has inserted in his fourth volume, Sir William Blackstone, had he lived in our time, would have found matter for a still more glowing panegyric. The absurd fictions, which must have made proceedings for the recovery of a landed estate utterly unintelligible to any one but a lawyer, have been exchanged for a rational and simple system. The modes of assurance called "fines and recoveries," based on falsehood, barbarous in their origin, cumbrous in their machinery, pernicious in their tendencies, have given way to a clear, significant, and effectual process. The law of descent has been amended; the time within which actions may be brought, ascertained and limited; the technical and arbitrary interpretation put by the judges, in defiance of all human reason, on the words of testators, by which they carried desolation and misery into the heart of so many families, has been altered by an express enactment of Parliament—again called upon to protect the subject from judicial legislation. The doctrine of outstanding terms, a fruitful source of chicane, by which the accidental omission formally to cancel a trust that had become useless, led to very serious evils, has been abolished; and the stupid fictions, to which so many solid rights have been immolated, are no longer suffered to embarrass our jurisprudence. The rules of evidence which the judges had laid down, and which in countless instances excluded the truth and gave a triumph to injustice, have been altered by the legislature. In spite of protestation and remonstrance, a law has been passed allowing the parties concerned to give evidence in courts of common law. Justice is now administered in our courts of criminal law in a manner conformable to humanity and good sense. Technical rules no longer give impunity to criminals, a superstitious regard to forms no longer triumphs over substantial justice, and the punishments inflicted are not so utterly capricious and disproportioned to the offence as to enlist the best sympathies of our nature on the side of guilt. In the Court of Chancery, the



putting an end to the system of the Masters' offices—a system which, if it had been purposely contrived for the ruin and vexation of the suitor, could hardly have been rendered more effectual—is as great a boon to the public on one side of Westminster Hall, as the great change which has taken place, and the rules of pleading in civil cases,\* rules which literally made justice in many cases unattainable, and in all precarious, is upon the other. Neither should we forget the establishment of county courts, which, though not altogether an unmixed good, does, beyond all doubt, furnish the suitor in humble life with a cheap and simple method of redress.

\* Much indeed remains to be done, and, above all, that task of separating the ore of the legal mine from the dross, and of gathering the valuable materials scattered over the thousand camel-loads of English law into one uniform and consistent whole. More than two centuries have elapsed since Lord Bacon pointed out the evils arising from the incessant multiplication of heterogeneous laws, and offered, as an expiation for the offences by which he had dimmed a name unrivalled for intellectual splendour, to digest the law of England into a code. Since that time the evil of which he complained has dilated into proportions so gigantic as almost to stagger belief. Since that time, nation after nation has condensed their laws into a reasonable compass. Since that time, jurists, statesmen, and lawyers have echoed in language more or less emphatic the complaint of Bacon. Much of our law has been remodelled. Much that was shocking to reason and humanity has been put away from the midst of us, pernicious forms have been abolished, cumbrous and intricate machinery simplified; but no serious attempt, no attempt worthy of a great jurist, has been made to grapple with an evil which, it is taken for granted, must be invincible, though in America and France—in the latter nation under circumstances of far greater difficulty than any which England now presents—it has been overcome; and year after year we tamely behold another volume added to the confused, tautologous, and unmeaning compilations which English lawyers are called upon to expound, and of the behests which every English subject in his wits is bound at his peril to obey.

Our fathers were ignorant because they had no books; we are ignorant because we have too many. Compare our conduct with that of our brethren in the United States. We have gone on since the time of Lord Bacon complaining of an admitted and rapidly increasing evil, folding our hands, and saying there is a lion in the way. There is no lion, but, what is much worse,

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\* The late Lord Abinger said he never knew a civil case decided from beginning to end upon the merits.

there is an attorney in the way. Lord Lyndhurst, no visionary theorist, thus stated with his wonted luminous simplicity the measures taken by the Americans:—

“In the State of New York all our statutes up to the time of the Declaration of Independence were in force. From that period there had been an immense accumulation of statutes arising out of their new position. The inhabitants of New York were in the same unfortunate position as ourselves in this respect, but they resolved to get rid of the evil, and in 1835 competent persons were appointed to revise and consolidate the statutes. In two years from that time the object was accomplished, and in a manner quite satisfactory, not only to the legal profession, but to the public in general of that State.”

What has brought about so humiliating a contrast between the two countries—to what purpose such large sums have been lavished in England on commissioners who have materially increased the evils they were appointed to encounter—how long this counterfeit and babbling mockery is to stand in the place of sound, genuine, and well-directed labour—the country may one day or other think it of some importance to inquire. In the meantime the only proof that the improvement of the law has ever crossed the mind of the Lord Chancellor is to be found in the estimates, where it appears in characters legible enough. Among other facts which indicate the utter absence, not of legal science, but we may fairly say of practical ability, among those who control our lawmakers, is the actual confusion of the districts into which for different purposes England is divided—a confusion which a Bill now before Parliament proposes to augment. There are the counties and the other electoral districts; there are bankruptcy districts, county-court districts, stamp-office districts, vice-admiralty districts, post-office districts, ecclesiastical districts, and to these it is proposed to add testamentary districts. Now in Lanarkshire, a person receiving one hundred and fifty pounds a year discharges all the duties that belong to our register of wills in that thickly-peopled province. This is one among numberless instances that might be quoted of the wanton folly which of late governs everything connected with our legislation. Here, again, there is an attorney in the way.

Will the time ever come when a truly great and patriotic minister, rising above all inferior considerations, will address himself to the noble task of reforming our legislation? Will it ever happen that a Chancellor, animated by a generous ambition, will be anxious to acquire a deathless name, and to descend to posterity with the code of England in his hand? The difficulty of the fight will but add to the glory of the conquest. Such a man would indeed be an honour to his country, and a public blessing. “A lawyer now,” said a great writer, “is nothing more nisi legu-



leius quidam cautus, contor formularum, auceps syllabarum. But there have been lawyers that were orators, philosophers, historians. There will be none such any more till in some better age ambition and love of fame prevail over avarice, and till men find leisure and encouragement to prepare themselves for the exercise of their profession, by climbing up to the vantage ground of science, instead of grovelling all their lives below in a mean application to the little arts of chicane. Till this happens, the profession of the law will scarce deserve to be ranked among the learned professions." Such was the language held a century ago, and a century before those words were written Lord Bacon had said, "*Quod si leges aliæ super alias accumulatæ in tam vasta excreverint volumina, aut tantâ confusione laboraverint ut eas de integro retractare et in corpus sanum et hæbile redigere ex usu sit—id ante omnia agito, atque opus ejusmodi opus heroicum esto.*" That grand appeal has never yet been answered.

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## CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE.

### THEOLOGY AND PHILOSOPHY.

THE work of Dr. Kurtz,<sup>1</sup> now translated, first appeared some fifteen years ago. Having been well received, it has gone through three editions in Germany, of which the last has been much amplified, in many parts re-written. The purpose of it is to reconcile with acknowledged astronomical facts, or probable astronomical hypotheses, biblical statements which seem to be contradictory to them, and biblical doctrines which, as generally received, are inconsistent with their necessary corollaries. The author goes very far towards the crudest form of the doctrine of the literal inspiration of Scripture, and he conceives that "the Mosaic history of the creation is the corner-stone of *that* temple which has been perfected and finished by the apostles of Jesus Christ." But the work is one of a superior order, both in those portions in which the results of astronomical observation are brought down to our own day, and in many of those which grapple with controversial questions. With respect to the Mosaic hexaemeron, Dr. Kurtz conceives the basis of the narrative to be traditional, from the knowledge of the first man and from the necessary inferences which Adam drew from the facts present to him when he was placed upon the earth. He infers this from the general resemblance which is found to pervade the cosmogonies of all nations; but he supposes, also, that the traditional material was taken up by the author of Genesis, under the direction of the Spirit, as the foundation of all sacred history and teachings, and thereby divinely sanctioned and approved. There is some polemic advantage derivable from this view; because, if discrepancies are observable in the account, they will be referred to variations in the traditional material, while statements of facts concerning which there could be no human testimony, and which cannot be checked, will be maintained as unassailable revelations by the Divine Spirit.

The two great antagonists to the biblical declarations concerning the origin of the world, and the Divine dispensations which affect humanity, are Deism and Pantheism. These, utterly opposed the one to the other, nevertheless unite in opposition to the theology of the Bible. Deism, according to Dr. Kurtz, supposes God, as apart from the universe, to commit the government of it to invariable laws, and thereby in effect thrusts Him out from His own creation. The Deistical view also reduces the earth, astronomically, to a minimum position in the system of the universe, which it supposes to

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<sup>1</sup> "The Bible and Astronomy; an Exposition of the Biblical Cosmology, and its relations to Natural Science." By John Henry Kurtz, D.D., Professor of Church History in the University of Dorpat. Translated from the third and improved German edition by T. D. Simonton. London: Sampson Low. 1857.



be an infinite repetition of like parts—of suns, and planets, and moons—"tout comme chez nous." From this standing-point a strong attack is directed against the biblical accounts, both of Creation, Fall, and Redemption; for it would hardly be reconcileable, that the earth should at once be a mere subordinate particle in a great system of astronomical repetitions, and also the centre of those stupendous spiritual operations which it is represented to be in the Bible. On the other hand, Pantheism unduly exalts the earth and its chief occupant man. It regards him as the highest manifestation of Deity, ignores and even laughs at the supposition of spiritual existence elsewhere, of higher orders, and inhabiting other worlds. Pantheism looks upon all which the Bible has to say about celestial mansions, inhabitants of light, angels, and spiritual principalities, as childish tales and silly legends. Nevertheless, Pantheism will be forced to abandon the illusion, that man is the only manifestation of spiritual life in the universe. In further contrast with each other, these two forms of infidelity, says Dr. Kurtz, question respectively the biblical *history*, and the biblical *doctrine* of creation. Deism contests the history, without objecting to the doctrine. Pantheism directs its attacks against the doctrine of a creation in time and from nothing, through the will of a personal God, distinct from the world, transcendently exalted above it. The establishing, therefore, of the credibility of the Mosaic creation, would at once deal a fatal blow at each of these forms of anti-theological speculation. Yet in different parts of the Bible are found the respective views of a Deistic transcendent God, and of a Pantheistic immanent one: of the former, in Is. xl. 12, "He sitteth on the circle of the earth, and the inhabitants thereof are as grasshoppers:" and of the latter, in Acts xvii. 28, "In Him we live and move, and have our being." The hypothesis of immanence is usually considered inconsistent with the recognition of conscious energy and will in the Great Being. Yet those words, though they be not Paul's or Luke's, are, at any rate, the words of a Christian, who felt that he might acknowledge God both to be all-pervading and a conscious Maker. The reconciliation, however, of the transcendence and immanence of God is pointed at in the latest results of astronomical speculation. For the tendency of all cosmical bodies and cosmical systems is towards a common centre, itself ideal and immaterial; even the subordinate centres of gravitation are only apparently material, when they fall, as in the case of our sun, within some mass overwhelmingly disproportionate to the other bodies with which it is in nearest relation. But according to the investigations of Mädler, the cosmical centre appears to be localized in the constellation of the Pleiades, and in or near the star Aleyone. And gravitation, which thus pervades the universe even to the outer limits of the Milky Way, is "the *immanence* of God; the *embodiment* of Deity, if it might be so spoken, in the sphere of the *cosmical*." (p. 469.) And as the centripetal force is, if not the immanence of God, yet the symbol and evidence of it in cosmical bodies, "*so the centrifugal force points to the transcendence of the Divine Being.*" (p. 470.)

But there is a far more essential point in the apparent contradiction between the biblical and astronomical theory of the world than any yet touched upon: how is it conceivable, that this little point,

earth, out of the immensity of the universe, should have been the scene of a special incarnation of the Creator? It is not a sufficient answer to say, that the moral centre of the universe need not be supposed to coincide with the astronomical centre; or, that the highest development of reasonable being *may* be found in a subordinate atom of the material system. And after much discussion, Dr. Kurtz is obliged to leave this difficulty where he found it, taking refuge in the letter of the scriptural statements:—

“Human science is wholly unable to discover any traces of the presence of reasonable beings upon other worlds, to say nothing of the moral condition of such beings. Hence it belongs altogether to Scripture to answer our inquiry. Only two kinds of spiritual beings are known to the Bible, and spoken of by it—Angels and Men. It does indeed acquaint us with the fact that a part of the angels, at least, fell from their allegiance to God: but we are at the same time expressly told that they are incapable of salvation. Hence we must sum up the following as the result of this discussion; that an incarnation of God can have occurred upon the earth only, and nowhere else; and that the inhabitants of the other worlds either do not *require* a redemption, and with it an incarnation as the procuring cause, since they *have not* been the subjects of a fall, or that they are *incapable* of redemption if they be fallen beings.”—p. 506.

We have to notice from America an extremely interesting volume on the present aspect of the Unitarian controversy; it is made up of papers strikingly candid, and unsurpassed in singleness of purpose and fairness in a work of a controversial character. Mr. Ellis<sup>2</sup> acknowledges at the outset, that a large majority of those who really come under the substantial definition of Unitarianism, and actually receive Christian truth in an Unitarian sense, cannot be brought into any sectarian acknowledgment of it, or to denominate themselves as Unitarians. He considers that since the opening of the controversy both in Great Britain and America, the *great majority* of the liberal theological party have refused to come into a sectarian organization bearing the name Unitarian. In the States he thinks that these are in the proportion of ten to one, as compared with those who so denominate themselves. The objections to assume that denomination are mainly three:—First, it is not sufficiently definite or distinctive; for, those who hold a Trinity of Persons in the Divine Nature, claim at the same time, in a sense satisfactory to themselves, to worship the Supreme Being as an Unity; Unitarian, therefore, is a term which, except for its sectarian application, would not exclude the Trinitarian himself. Nor, as a description of a sect, does it seize the most important of the differences which part the Orthodox so-called and the Unitarian. To many minds the controversy respecting the Trinity is a mere war of words, or a metaphysical speculation—a controversy in which the phrases employed can convey no explicit sense—cannot, in fact, supply an adequate ground of mutual exclusion. Indeed, as far as the expressions used in the Trinitarian formulæ can be resolved into scriptural phrases, each party may employ them in that which

<sup>2</sup> “A Half-century of the Unitarian Controversy, with particular reference to its origin, its course, and its prominent subjects among the Congregationalists of Massachusetts.” With an Appendix. By George E. Ellis. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 1857.



he esteems the scriptural sense; as far as they are not so resolvable, they are surplusage, and have no meaning. Besides, the speculative question concerning the Trinity does not touch the main differences between the Orthodox and the Unitarian. The doctrines of Original Sin and Atonement, as usually explained, are far more offensive to the Unitarian than the theory of a Trinity; so that the appellation Unitarian does not necessarily, as a term, exclude the opponent, and if it does, it points to the least important of the objections made to his creed. Secondly, the name Unitarian comprises, as a matter of fact, a very great range of creed or opinion, from the Arian or semi-Arian to the pure Humanitarian; and it is in itself so loose a term as to comprehend a variety of eccentricities with which serious persons may reasonably be unwilling to identify themselves. Thirdly, as a matter of taste and prejudice, those who have been brought up in orthodox, let us suppose Episcopalian communions, in which Unitarian is used as a term of reproach, though they may come in riper years to adopt the views, or some of the views, of Unitarians, yet can they not bring themselves to assume the name;—nor can they easily tear themselves from associations and from a ritual to the forms of which they have become attached, and large portions of which, if not perfectly consistent, are reconcileable, by means of some special pleading, with their lately adopted opinions.

There is therefore, from Mr. Ellis's point of view, great reason for saying, that within the last generation the existence of Unitarians as a sect has even caused a recoil from Unitarian opinion—that Unitarian opinion has spread more by a spontaneous growth within the bosom of orthodox churches than by means of direct polemic. And the purpose of Mr. Ellis's book is to show to what extent this modification of orthodox views has proceeded, what amount of gain has been made to the Unitarian mode of regarding Christian truths, though there has not been a numerical gain to the comparative numbers of denominational Unitarians. He has not, we think, taken sufficient account of the fact, that much of the movement which he signalizes is in a direction beyond, or at least beside the position occupied by Unitarians, of the type, let us say, of the late Professor Norton; whose views concerning inspiration, miracle, mediation, are not likely to supply final resting-places to free thought and criticism upon the Christian records. The "New Theology," as it may be termed for want of a better and more precise description, is as yet, both in England and America, merely a movement—opinion in a state of flux. Evidences of this flux, on both sides of the Atlantic, are collected by Mr. Ellis, and he attributes much of the transitional character of the theology of our own day to doubts which have arisen in clerical minds.

"Clerical scepticism is the root of much of our present religious agitation. Men in the maturity of their intellectual powers, and with the best aids of good scholarship, set to defend and to preach the Gospel, find themselves struggling painfully with the fetters of the creed by which they have pledged themselves. To accept it in its own plain sense, is to them an utter impossibility. They cannot, they do not, believe it in its traditional sense, or in its popular acceptation. They know that the belief which fashioned the stiff and

positive terms of the creed, simply for the sake of expressing itself, has not held upon the living convictions of Christendom which it once had. The suggestion comes to their minds, that perhaps the substance of the old doctrines may be distinguished from the hard and discredited formulæ used for stating them."—p. 366.

The appearance of new views within the English Church in particular is criticised from an opposite point of view in the "*Modern Anglican Theology*"<sup>3</sup> of Mr. Rigg, a Wesleyan minister. The papers now collected in a volume have appeared already in the "*London Quarterly*;" they are characterised by very great ability and fairness, and convey a just estimate of the relative bearings of the opinions which he specially criticizes. Of course Mr. Rigg regards the probability of their spreading with alarm. He may assure himself that as yet they are not sufficiently defined and are too mystic, to become popular; neither a Lutheran nor an Alexandrian mysticism can establish a permanent school in this country. Let us, however, pay some attention to one of the so-called Anglican Neologians speaking for himself.

Mr. Maurice<sup>4</sup> somewhat resents the imputation of Neo-Platonism. As long as his views are described with a tremulous and inconsistent hand, he must expect that kind of imputation. He says that he owes more to Aristotle than to Plotinus, yet it seems that by attempting to reconcile or engraft the practical system of the one upon the speculative system of the other, he renders himself constantly liable to be misunderstood. With Aristotle, man is a being existing in time; he is a growth or product of successive energies; and the greater part of men only approximate to the highest human type on the one side, or to utter debasement on the other. He allows, in deference to other philosophies, that the contemplative life is in some sense the highest life of man, but treats the practical life, the life of moral virtue, as that for which he is really fitted as a "compound" and as a social being. On the other hand, the Neo-Platonists taught that the soul of the truly wise man ought, even here, to be removed, as far as possible, from all corporeal ties; that it should emancipate itself from things of sense and from the limits of time and place; that it should attempt to realize in this mundane state that immediate communion with the Deity which shall be its lot when it shall be finally delivered into the timeless regions. Now it is very apparent that in the New Testament occur forms of precept and of doctrine which combine with these several philosophies respectively. In the three first Gospels, and in the Epistle of James, we meet with plain practical precepts addressed to man living in a world of time and sense, and holding out to him that he must look for the sequel of what he does here to follow him into another world or worlds—into another condition of time and sense hereafter. Eternity to the true Jewish

<sup>3</sup> "*Modern Anglican Theology: Chapters on Coleridge, Hare, Maurice, Kingsley, and Jowett, and on the Nature of the Atopement.*" By the Rev. James Rigg. London: Heylin. 1857.

<sup>4</sup> "*The Worship of the Church a Witness for the Redemption of the World. A Sermon. To which is prefixed a Letter to F. S. Williams, Esq., in answer to a Pamphlet,*" &c. By the Rev. F. D. Maurice, M.A. Cambridge: M'Millan. London: Bell and Daldy. 1857.



mind is an indefinitely extended time. But in the writings of John and Paul the world with its time and place become not only transitory but shadowy and unreal, and an homogeneous Eternal is even now present. Mr. Maurice appears to us to have endeavoured to realize this Pauline—this Alexandrian mode of thought, not as a critic or interpreter, simply in order to understand what Paul and John have meant, but as if it would, when he had mastered it, reveal to him the absolute truth. Another eminent divine, Professor Jowett, who is also considered to be of this Neo-Platonist school, has likewise thrown himself, by an effort of the will, into an experimental realizing of the Pauline mental condition; but, as it suggests itself to us, with a somewhat different design from Mr. Maurice—with the design, namely, of supplementing thereby that which is deficient, according to ordinary laws of evidence, in the proof of the Resurrection and Ascension, or, as it may be called, of the continued and heavenly life of Christ. The sufficiently representing to himself of his author's mode of thought is essential to the excellence of an expositor: but to throw one's self voluntarily into the mental condition of another man, in order to rest in it, is an abdicating of the individual Reason as a judicial faculty; and so, one can become, with equal facility and with equal certainty, a Mariolater or a Swedenborgian, as well as a Pauline Christian. At the same time, it is difficult to say how far some of these apparent endeavours on the part of English divines to realize mental conditions which are alien from our native predispositions, and inconsistent with precise thought, are after all tentative, hypothetical, and accompanied with a reserve. We presume to think, that Mr. Maurice has less of this conscious reserve than some others; but the Alexandrian mode of thought, if we must call it so, will be found altogether incapable of solving the problems which press for solution. So Mr. Maurice himself feels; and it is only due to the distinction and respect which he deservedly enjoys to let him speak awhile for himself. He says truly:—

“When the denunciations of eternal punishment take the ordinary form, they fly wide, and rarely hit any particular sinner; if they do, they stir him to some violent self-willed efforts to obtain pardon for his sins, not a deliverance from them. When they take your form, when sin is rightly declared to be *the* punishment,—your conclusion is adopted in all its terrible fulness, that *evil is too strong for the All-Good*. So the sinner takes his rest in the inevitable; makes the most of the blessings he is soon to lose; eats, drinks, and is merry.

“And what is the refuge? I think, in saying as you say, ‘The fountain of true life is in God. To be separate from Him is death.’ I think, in saying as the Apostle says, the life in God is the *Eternal* life. Then we may say boldly to sinful men, ‘You *are* in a state of death—of eternal death.’ This, in fact, is the language of the most effective evangelical preachers. They speak of the sinner as *lost*, in perdition already. But they declare that there is a way of deliverance from this perdition. They say, ‘God can and will raise you out of it.’”—p. 21.

Here is an instance of one of Mr. Maurice's besetting weaknesses. He finds a metaphysical profundity in a very common figure of speech. As one smitten with a fearful wound cries out, “I am a dead man,” though he be not yet actually dead—nay, though there may be means even for

his cure—so is it said of the sinner, that he is dead, is lost, is in perdition; because he is in a condition tending to that which relatively to this his state of trial is a spiritual death, when he will have lost for ever this opportunity. Mr. Maurice loves to confound the “is,” the “now” of transient and time-conditioned Existence with the “is,” the “now” of Unconditioned Being. He goes on with great truth and force—

“They bear witness for a God who willeth not the death of a sinner, and whose will is unchangeable; the same yesterday, to-day, and for ever. Acting upon that belief, I would say to my hearers, of all classes and degrees—In so far as you are unrighteous and false, you are fighting against the righteous and true God. It is a mad strife. It is the strife of the creature’s will against the Creator’s. It is the strife of a creature *for* its own misery. You must be vanquished in it at last. You must submit. If indeed it were possible that you should at last prevail against the Almighty goodness,—that your will should succeed in its defiance, that victory would be the unutterable infinite horror. Contemplate that possibility. I have contemplated it for myself. It is what I have aimed at. It is what you are aiming at. It is the reward which the Devil is holding out to you. I believe he will be disappointed. Sooner or later you will have to lay down your arms. Christ’s conquest on the Cross will be shown not to have been an imperfect one. He will draw all men to Himself. Is that a reason for determining that He shall not draw *you* to Himself now; that you will defy Him?”—pp. 21, 22.

Yet we cannot determine what Mr. Maurice means here by “Christ’s Conquest,”—by his “drawing all men to Himself,”—and elsewhere by his “Reconciliation, or Atonement, once for all.” Does he regard this as a transcendental mysteriously operating act, telling upon the salvation of men *ab extra*, or does he consider it as the “highest moral act,” drawing men, influencing them mediately, through their moral nature? Mr. Maurice has not, as far as we can judge, made his sense plain to himself on this point. He struggles against the view of a propitiation by vicarious sacrifice and of punishment for the sins of the world; but he cannot extricate himself from it, because he retains the theory of a Fall which has ruined the world. He inclines to regard the Redemption simply as a moral act; but then its effect could not be universal, for as a moral act it has not as matter of fact been presented to all the fallen. In fact, Mr. Maurice, in his *heart*, recoils from many of the aspects under which the Christian scheme is ordinarily represented, but he is fearful of drawing back too far. Instead of following with a clear logic the inferences of a sound criticism, he suffers himself to be entangled with the letter of isolated texts. He is struck with horror at the supposition of an eternal state of punishment for the wicked; but he cannot see any extrication from that horror. Neither his Aristotle nor his observation of the world can suggest to him how men, “leaving this world with bad habits and a depraved will, should ever become better.” Neither, if he will allow it to be said, can his Christianity. The “Righteousness of Christ,” making men better in this world, may cause them to leave the world without inveterately bad habits and without a depraved will. But the “Righteousness of Christ,” as a moral disposition, is acquired only by some even of those to whom Christ is preached; and it does not appear that Mr. Maurice is using



the expression in the sense of an imputed righteousness, or of a forensic justification. At all events, the opportunity of becoming clothed with this Righteousness, whatever it be, is at an end when this world is quitted. But both Aristotle and observation of this world make known to us that few, if any, men are utterly depraved—have lost all moral sense—all spark of a moral life. And the same teachers declare to us that man is a result, in part, of the conditions in which he is placed, and that new pleasures and pains, under altered circumstances, may issue in the transformation of a character. There is plenty of room for placing all men, hereafter, in other conditions and in successive states, wherein they shall at once reap the consequences of their mundane life, as the moral order of the Universe requires, and yet make on the whole that progress which the Idea of the Good points out as its superior law. Mr. Maurice would have avoided much entangling speculation, much inconsistent Scripture interpretation, if, when he became shocked at the vulgar doctrine of eternal punishment, he had considered that the Scriptural writers describe only the immediate sequel of the earthly probation, in terms suitable to their own conceptions; that what is beyond is altogether undistinguishable to their ken; and that they did not feel such difficulties as those which have presented themselves to Westerns of a more delicate sense, and therefore could not be expected to have anticipated or provided for them.

The modern origin of the Masoretic pointing of the Hebrew Bible is now generally acknowledged. When it was first expressly maintained by Louis Capel (1579-1658), his views met with great opposition, especially from the Genevan divines of that day, who thought that a prop was thereby cut away from their dogma of the all-sufficiency of the "Word of God." But there was no medium between allowing the points to be of the nature of an uninspired commentary, and maintaining them to be of the same authority in all respects as the text itself. The absurdity of the latter alternative enforced the adoption of the former. However, the practical value to the interpreter and translator of the Hebrew Scripture, of the liberty thus gained, was not so great as might have been expected. For, in fact, the Masorets had done their work extremely well; and in their vocalization have given the most probable reading of the text as it existed in their time; sometimes a better reading than that which the writers of the New Testament followed. Thus, in Heb. xi. 21, the Author adopted an error made by the LXX, in the vocalization of the word *מִצְרַיִם*, in Gen. xlvii. 31. Now, Dr. Wall,<sup>5</sup> Vice-Provost of Trinity College, Dublin, thinks that a further opening is made for the critical interpreter and translator by the discovery of a more ancient vocalization embedded in the present text, but not originally belonging to it,—a vocalization indicated by the *matres lectionis*, now quiescent or otiose, but a vocalization as little authentic as the Masoretic pointing which lies over it. He assigns

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<sup>5</sup> "Proofs of the Interpolation of the Vowel Letters in the Text of the Hebrew Bible, and Grounds thence derived for a Revision of its authorized English Version." By Charles William Wall, D.D., Vice Provost of Trinity College, Dublin. London: Whittaker. 1857.

to the Masoretic system a commencement in the sixth century of the Christian era, after the completion of the Gemara, and extends the process of its completion as low down as the twelfth. The older vocalization he supposes to belong to the second century.

We do not think that the learned Author has advanced his supposition beyond the condition of an hypothesis, which is well worthy of the attention of Hebrew scholars and antiquarians. One of the strongest arguments for the probability of an ancient use of the *matres lectionis* for the purpose of vocalization, is to be found in a comparison of the extant remains of the oldest Phœnician inscriptions with the biblical Hebrew as we now have it;—

“Exclusively of the consideration that those remains contain no marks whatever for vowels distinct from letters, they in the first place exhibit in general a much smaller proportion of *matres lectionis* than that pervading the lines of the Hebrew Bible; and, by thus establishing the fact of a variability in the rate of use made of those letters in different records, afford the ground for the expectation that if any could be got sufficiently old, or written by persons sufficiently remote from intercourse with nations enjoying the benefit of an alphabet of a superior description, they would present to us specimens of this writing as completely destitute of vowel-letters as all of them are of vocal signs of every other kind.”—p. 487.

Dr. Wall suggests the importance of his discovery, as bearing upon the improvement of our present English version of the Old Testament. We can only spare room for one illustration of the facility which would at times be given for critical corrections, if the *matres lectionis* in the Hebrew text could be dealt with as freely as the Masoretic points. In Joshua xxiv. 19, we read, *And Joshua said unto the people, Ye cannot serve the Lord*, לא תוכלו לעבד את יהוה. The word תוכלו is from יכל, *potuit*, but if it were critically allowable to extrude the first ך, the reading would become תכלו from בלה, *cessavit*, YE SHALL NOT CEASE TO SERVE THE LORD. The present text represents Joshua as at the same time enforcing obedience and telling the people it is impossible; when amended, the passage becomes perfectly coherent. Some of Dr. Wall's criticisms, we are bound to add, would be more easily appreciated if his style and treatment were less diffuse.

We must not pass without notice a volume of “Sermons,” by the late Dr. Peabody,<sup>6</sup> of Boston. It is some of the highest praise which we can bestow upon them to say, that they forcibly remind us of those of the lamented F. W. Robertson; there is the same vigour and clearness of expression, the same fertile yet chastened imagination, and the same driving home of practical truths to the individual conscience. Miracles Dr. Peabody regarded not as disturbances or interpositions, but as exemplifications of a higher law crossing a lower and accustomed order. He says,—

“Scepticism loves to stigmatize miracle as an afterthought on the part of the Deity. As if the admission of miracle were a confession of oversight in the origin of things,—a contrivance to remedy unforeseen defeat, and therefore incredible. But the charge is utterly groundless. He who believes in miracle does not imagine it to be something unforeseen, nor an expedient to remedy

<sup>6</sup> “Sermons.” By Rev. Ephraim Peabody, D.D., Minister of King's Chapel, Boston. With a Memoir. Boston: Crosby and Nichols. 1857.



an unforeseen difficulty, but a foreseen event in the general order, and an essential part of that order. He does not suppose miracle a violation of law, except in the secondary sense in which there is always violation of law when a superior force leads and controls an inferior one,—any more than when the lifted arms, or the arrow shot in the air, resists the power of gravitation.”—p. 38.

That no event can be truly recorded which violates law in any further sense than this, we fully admit; whether some of the Biblical miracles do not involve such a further violation—do not imply a contradiction in terms, belongs to another part of the question. On the moral interpretation and application of the New Testament miracles Dr. Peabody always lays the greatest stress, though he does not exclude the literal acceptance of the accounts given of them:—

“I have thus dwelt on this event, in order to show that the miracles of Christ are not simply traditions of the past, with which we have nothing to do; but that they were the mere beginning of a continual series of events,—the first impression on an electric chain which reaches down and reveals itself to us in letters of light and life; that they were the introduction to a supernatural order of truths, convictions, and influences, which has become natural only by becoming incorporated with all our modes of thought and moral judgment and life. Lazarus was raised from the grave of earth; but he was so raised that we might be raised from the grave of sin. And when our souls yield to the power of Christ’s truth, the words of Christ shall reveal themselves to us, and in a higher sense—their highest and truest sense,—‘I am the resurrection and the life,’ &c.”—p. 281.

In the beginning of the present year a series of lectures and addresses was delivered at Geneva by Professor Merle d’Aubigné, and others, on the subject of the Christianity of the three first centuries. Geneva has been at several epochs such a centre of theological controversy, and such wide-spread influences—both of intellectual liberty and of spiritual bondage—have issued from it, that the present undertaking demands some notice. The addresses themselves were delivered extempore, and revised by their several authors from the short-hand writer’s notes.

The first lecture is by the Pastor Voguet on the state of the world at the advent of Christianity. The purpose of it is to show that human nature had evidenced its incapacity for devising any religious, philosophical, or moral systems adequate to its own wants and aspirations, and that extraordinary intervention on the part of the Deity—a special revelation in fact—was required to supplement this proved impotence of man. Here is presented what used to be called the argument in favour of a miraculous revelation from its *à priori* probability. And it used to sound as worth something when the Roman world, the *orbis veteribus notus*, was the only world which the moderns knew of; but it is impossible to draw an inference from a universal want to a partial remedy. If the argument is, that a beneficent Deity will supply a necessity of his creatures, it is to be presumed that he will supply it as far as it is a necessity: that if it is a universal need, he will supply it universally. It would neither be equitable as a mode of dealing, nor logically coherent, that the spiritual inability and necessity of innumerable Hindus and Buddhists should be the ground of a revelation to comparatively a few Greeks and Romans. And bad as

was the religious and moral condition of the Roman Empire at the commencement of the Christian era, it was not so benighted or so debased as even then were the teeming populations of the far East. There was the nodus; while here, according to M. Voguet's theory, was found the solution. And these inconsistencies will continue to present themselves as long as Christianity is represented as an interference and not as an evolution,—as long as it is thought necessary for the purpose of magnifying the Divine goodness in the Gospel, to exclude God from the history of the pagan world. It is observable, indeed, that in the historical sketches now before us, attention is not directed to supernatural prophecy or supernatural miracle. It is sought, without shocking the reason, to enlist the affections in a mystic faith, which may draw after it those beliefs from which, when approached directly, the reason recoils.

M. le Comte de Gasparin<sup>7</sup> treats, in two lectures, of the apostolic and immediately post-apostolic age. Protestants, he says, are the disciples neither of Luther nor of Calvin, nor of any of the divines of the sixteenth century. They are the disciples of the first century of the Church, or rather of that portion of it which was under the direction of the Apostles themselves. This limitation is significant of a great difficulty. Those with whom the doctrine of justification by faith has been a cardinal article, have always been sorely distressed to account for its non-appearance in the earliest Christian writings. It is beheld as a meteoric light in the Epistles of Paul, and immediately goes out. For ages it does not show itself at any point of the area over which Christianity spread itself. The natural and obvious inference would be, either that in the Pauline writings themselves this so-called fundamental doctrine is of the nature of argument and illustration, not intended as a revelation of spiritual truth, or that the authority of that Apostle was not so great with the primitive Church as it became with the Church of the Reformation; and that the more common-sense view, relative to faith and works, which is inculcated by the Apostle James, was that to which the early Church deliberately gave its adhesion. The Epistles of Paul were universally known and received, but a portion of their teaching, if it was teaching, was deliberately ignored: it was neither recognised in councils, nor did it transpire in the writings of individual Fathers. Whenever the silence of the early centuries can be appealed to as against more modern Romish corruptions, then the Lutherans and Calvinists think it worth while to appeal to it: when the silence tells against their own favourite doctrine, then we are informed that the "mystery of iniquity" was already working, even in a Clement. We have known Evangelicals in England, running headlong into a controversy where they had no sufficient learning to guide them, bold enough to maintain that the doctrine of justification by faith is to be found in the earliest and most respectable of the Fathers, and in a *catena* of them to the time at least of Augustine.

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<sup>7</sup> "Le Christianisme aux trois Premiers Siècles. Séances Historiques données à Genève en Février, Mars et Avril, 1857." Par MM. Merle d'Aubigné, Bungenier, de Gasparin, et Viguet. Genève: Cherbuliez. 1857.



M. de Gasparin is too well informed to say so. He makes the admission which the Magdeburg Centuriators made long ago:—

“Il est remarquable, Messieurs, que le premier point compromis ait été le point central; le Catholicisme n’a pu se construire qu’à la condition de supprimer la justification par la foi, de même que la Réforme n’a pu s’entreprendre qu’à la condition de la retrouver. Clement la connaît sans doute, il parle ‘du sang versé pour notre salut;’ mais il parle aussi de ‘la réconciliation par la repentance,’ il parle de ‘mériter par la charité’ la remission de nos péchés.”—p. 106.

Polycarp, who abounds in quotations from the New Testament, fails, according to M. de Gasparin, to pierce into its meaning—he is no better than Clement:—

“Comme Clément il ne conçoit plus d’une manière nette la doctrine de la justification par la foi: après avoir parlé du ‘salut qui vient de la grâce,’ il parlera de ‘l’aumône qui délivre de la mort.’”—p. 112.

Polycarp no doubt remembered, though M. de Gasparin has forgotten, that the Saviour, in his representation of a solemn judgment at the last day, bestows life everlasting and everlasting death on those respectively who have, or have not, fed the hungry, clothed the naked, housed the wanderer, visited the sick.

For those who see in the history of Christianity nothing but a history of the Romish controversy, and who persist in regarding the controversial and relative doctrine of justification by faith as a fundamental revelation of the truth, nothing ought to be more discouraging than the entire disappearance of it from the Christian Church immediately upon its birth. By acknowledging this disappearance—and yet they cannot honestly help it,—they give *gain de cause* to their opponents. The fourth lecture, by M. Bungener, describes the persecution period of Christianity: but if the central truth of the Gospel had already been lost, if Christianity had already taken to the “Pagan road,” the martyrs were no better than stoics—they shed their blood, mistaking a shadow for the substance. The same author, in another discourse, treats of the Apologists. We will say nothing of the inconsistency which lauds the Apologists as defenders of the faith, when in not one of them is to be met with the least vestige of that which these Luthero-Genevans esteem its most essential element. And how little real appreciation of argument, or even of facts, can we attribute to lecturers who represent the inconsequent Justin, the wearisome Arnobius, the insipid Minucius, as the victors of Paganism. Paganism fell by its own corruption, and Christianity rose upon its ruins, not by the efforts of the Apologists, but by its relative superiority—by its purer morality, by its higher hopes, certainly not by the preaching of justification by faith.

Two discourses by M. Merle d’Aubigné crown the series. They embody two brilliant sketches—“Origen and Philosophy,” “Cyprian and Discipline.” They are characterized by much literary gracefulness, and by the art with which, under fair words concerning liberty and enlightenment, the Author insinuates the reception of an exclusive doctrine, of an isolating mysticism: for the doctrine of justification by faith is an exclusive doctrine, and the personal persuasion of it is a

mysticism. When Luther preached it, it was associated with the idea of liberty, and with the fact of an insurrection. In these days it is an anachronism to invoke the name of liberty on behalf of the Lutheran scheme, which smothers all free inquiry from within, as much as the claim of Papal Infallibility crushes it from without. M. Merle d'Aubigné, in the conclusion of his last discourse, reminded his hearers that they were assembled in the *Rue Lévrier*—a street named from a Genevan patriot, who was put to death by Charles, Duke of Savoy, a few years before the imprisonment of Bonivard in the Castle of Chillon. He was a martyr for the liberties of his country. The religious reformation had not commenced when he fell; and it is very bold in one who would resuscitate the old Evangelical faith of the Genevans, to remind them of the martyrdoms connected with their history—lest when he would “take them one fine day, with their little ones, on a pilgrimage to Bonne,” to look at the headless trunk of Lévrier, slain by an hereditary enemy to their state, and a tyrant, they should shudder to think of the Spaniard who was given alive to the flames, within their own precincts, by their own great Reformer, on the hill of Champel.

“Theism,” by the Rev. John Orr,<sup>8</sup> came too late to our hands for us to do justice to such an elaborate treatise on the highest subjects. The Author classifies and analyses the arguments in support of Theism, endeavouring to give each its due weight, and not shrinking from tracing the necessary defects of each. It is a misfortune which besets a philosophical treatment of this matter, that the pointing out of some weakness in the received proofs of the being and attributes of God, or of the certainty of immortal life, has the invidious appearance of an attempt to rob men of that which they prize most highly. And it requires some courage to detract from the cogency of an argument for that which one wishes. Mr. Orr has held the scales with an even hand, and his work deserves patient study by those who would appreciate the cumulative nature of the evidence which he passes in review.

Professor Spalding<sup>9</sup> publishes in a separate form his elaborate and first-rate article on Logic from the *Encyclopædia Britannica*. The greater part of English logicians, when undertaking to elucidate the rules of Logic as an art or system, have satisfied themselves with mere appeals to common sense as their foundation, or with the most meagre and superficial psychological facts. Mr. Spalding proposes to follow in the train of those foreign analysts who aspire to find an organic whole in the observed laws of Thought on which the technical rules are founded. His work, and the work of his immediate predecessors, is one, as he acknowledges, rather of development than of invention, but it is not the less serviceable. The development most fruitful in

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<sup>8</sup> “Theism: a Treatise on God; Providence, and Immortality.” By John Orr. London: Simpkin and Marshall, 1857.

<sup>9</sup> “An Introduction to Logical Science: being a reprint of the article ‘Logic,’ from the eighth edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*.” By William Spalding, A.M., Professor of Logic, &c., in the University of St. Andrews. Edinburgh, 1857.



consequences which is prominently brought forward in this treatise, is the law of the mutual relation between the *Extension and Comprehension of Concepts and Common Terms*. Predication in Extension and Comprehension were from time to time acknowledged by logicians as its only possible forms, corresponding to the division made by Aristotle himself into Generic and Attributive predication, καὶ ὑποκειμένου - ἐν ὑποκειμένῳ. But nothing followed from the distinction, for the predication in Extension seemed to be that only which gave technical results in Conversion and Reduction. But the further development of the relation in which Extension and Comprehension stand to each other throws great light upon these processes, if it does no more.—

*"Extension and Comprehension stand towards each other in an inverse ratio. By how much the more (or fewer) objects a class is thought as containing, by so much the fewer (or more) attributes are the objects thought as possessing, by how much the more (or fewer) the attributes are, by so much the fewer (or more) are the objects."*—p. 70

And as every proposition framed with two common terms, must be either a predication in Extension or a predication in Comprehension, it cannot be both at once:—

*"It must be, either a predication of the subject in (or out of) the extension of another term, which is the predicate, or a predication of the subject in (or out of) the comprehension of another term as predicate. It cannot be both. We predicate of a term, as subject, in the extension of the predicate, by affirming of it a term denoting a more extensive class. We predicate of a term, as subject, in the comprehension of the predicate, by affirming of it a term denoting a less extensive class. Thus, of the subject term 'animals,' we predicate in extension by affirming of it 'organized beings' as predicate; we predicate of it in comprehension by affirming of it 'birds'."*—p. 112

Explicitly, at the same time, a predicate cannot be in the extension and in the comprehension of its subject. Implicitly each kind of predication supposes the other possible. And we may not only predicate, either in extension or in comprehension, but we may transfer a given predication from one to the other, and the process of Conversion is nothing else than such a transference, as is plain from the following theorems.—

*"(1) Any two common terms may be ordained in either whole, and ordination in either implies and yields ordination in the other. (2) Consequently, any two ordained terms may yield either a predication in extension, or a predication in comprehension. (3) By reason of the inverse ratio of the two wholes, the terms must, in the two propositions, discharge opposite functions, that which is subject in the one must be predicate in the other. If X is in the extension of Y, Y must be in the comprehension of X. (4) Consequently, again, if there be a given proposition which predicates in the one whole, it may, by a simple reversal of the functions of the terms, be transformed into a proposition predicating in the other whole. (5) The process of conversion is nothing else than such a transference of predication from a given whole into the other."*—p. 128.

The same doctrine of the wholes throws much light also on mediate or syllogistic inference. For instance, by observing in which of the wholes it is that predication takes place in the several propositions of a syllogism, we perceive why the middle term occupies a different

place in the first and in the other figures. But to this we can only refer (pp. 243-4);—and in recommending highly this treatise to the more advanced student, will merely add on one other point, that we are happy to see Professor Spalding take what appears to us the correct view of the genesis of the enthymeme,—if indeed he goes far enough. Spontaneous thought is in enthymemes, and not in syllogisms. Instinctively we think in enthymemes; we only analyse or explicate our thought into syllogism for the sake of teaching or of disputing, or for the purpose of testing it.

Histories of Philosophy, observes M. Charles de Rémusat,<sup>10</sup> are very dry reading; the chronological succession of systems and their natural connexion do not coincide; and it is extremely difficult to carry on simultaneously, without wearying the reader, the thread of the annals and the thread of causes and effects. The biographical form, therefore, has even more to recommend it, both to writer and student, in the history of Philosophy, than it has in the case of other histories. In the biography of a philosopher is of course included that which to him was his true life—the energy of his speculative being as it formed and enunciated itself in his doctrine. The selection of the life of Bacon to form one in a series of philosophical portraits needs no apology, however varied the estimates which have been made of the value of his contributions to philosophical truth or to method. And the selection of that life is not inappropriate at the present day, when Positivism presents, as it were, the extreme swing of the pendulum on that side towards which the English Chancellor gave it an impulse. The work of M. de Rémusat consists of four parts. In the first we have the life of Bacon, in the ordinary sense of the word, which is written in a considerate and by no means unkindly spirit, at the same time that it reveals with justice the grave moral defects which always occasion such a painful shock when contemplated by the side of great intellectual eminence. The second is occupied with an analysis of the *De Augmentis* and of the *Novum Organum*. The third institutes a critique upon the philosophy and method of Bacon: while the fourth traces the history and influence of the Baconian philosophy down to the present day.

In order to estimate rightly the value of what was done by Bacon, it must be remembered that the scholastic method, founded upon a part of the logic of Aristotle, continued traditionally, even to his time, to trammel all philosophical inquiry. In scholastic disputations the aim both of respondent and opponent was to draw inferences from acknowledged premises, and to make distinctions upon terms employed on both sides. The premises from which they argued were taken from scriptural, or supposed scriptural statements, and from the authoritative declarations of the Fathers. No new premises could be ascertained in such a way; but Aristotle, as well as Bacon, declared, that axioms are derivable only from induction,—that the syllogism is the instrument only of deductive science, and of its shadow or resemblance—dialectic.

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<sup>10</sup> "Bacon, sa Vie, son Temps, sa Philosophie et son Influence jusqu'à nos Jours." Par Charles de Rémusat, de l'Académie Française. Paris. 1857.



If Bacon permitted himself to speak depreciatingly of the great Greek philosopher, his excuse is to be found in the distorted application which had been made of his logical method; and Bacon had little of the grace which belongs to so many other really great intellects, of thinking humbly of himself. If he had abounded in it, he never would have claimed for himself the invention of a *Novum Organum*. Yet he anticipates with great shrewdness the judgment of posterity: "*De nobis judicium futuri temporis factum iri existimamus: Nos nil magni fecisse, sed tantum ea, quæ pro magnis habentur, minoris fecisse. Sed interim non est spes nisi in regeneratione scientiarum, ut ea scilicet ab experientia certo ordine excitentur et rursus condantur.*"—*Nov. Org.* i. § 97. Bacon invented no new kind of induction, although he has had the credit of it. And M. de Rémusat points out with perfect justice —

"Malgré l'illusion qu'il s'est faite à lui même et qui a gagné ses admirateurs, Bacon n'a point inventé une induction nouvelle et lorsqu'il croit exempter la sienne des défauts qu'il signale dans celle des autres, il se fait une seconde illusion, et n'enseigne qu'à tempérer, par un art judicieux, les inconvénients d'un procédé presque toujours forcément imparfait."—p 235.

Bacon did not reveal a new faculty, nor a new method of inference; his merit consisted in showing the necessary preparatives for induction, in the way of careful observation, analysis, and experiment of particulars. If particulars apparently similar are hastily collected, it is no fault of the inductive faculty that an erroneous generalization is made from them, any more than it is of the syllogizing faculty that an inference, erroneous in itself, is rightly deduced from false premises. Nor is it any defect of the inductive faculty, which renders a generalization impossible from confused, indistinct, and complicated particulars. This leads us to the solution of the question, why it is that, in some matters, a single instance is sufficient to enable the inductive faculty to leap to a universal law, while in other matters we must infer the law from observation of many particulars, and with limitation, hesitation, and as probable only. Thus, from mere inspection of a circle drawn in the rudest manner, we infer of all circles that their radii are equal. But from the observed fusibility of lead, without further experimentation, we should only regard the fusibility of other metals as probable. Yet we must suppose that if the nature of a metal — that which constitutes gold, silver, iron to be metals — could be as plainly subjected to our observation, — if we could have the same perfect insight into it as we can into the nature of a circle, or a triangle, — then we should infer with as quick and certain a leap from the observed fusibility of lead, that iron also must be fusible, as from the equality of the three angles of one triangle to two right angles, that the three angles of all triangles must be equal to the same. The excellence, therefore, of the Baconian method consists, not in any remedy which it applies to the syllogistic defect in the process of induction — which belongs to it as well as to the Aristotelian scholastic induction, — but in the analysis and torture of particulars coming in aid of that obtuseness which affects our perceptions in most matters, excepting those which belong to mathematics. Thus only can it be hoped to reduce the domain of morals into any scientific system. The basis upon which a real science of morals must be reared is

not to be found in a multitude of ill-ascertained and ill-assorted phenomena, but in a collection of a few elementary and precisely-defined facts. One further point only can we touch upon, which has been well noticed by M. de Rémusat, as a defect in Bacon's philosophy,—he passed by altogether all inquiry into the intellect itself. And yet it might have occurred to one who was forcibly impressed with the darkness and error in which scholasticism had long held the human mind, to seek the needful remedy in an analysis of the powers and functions of the knowing subject, as well as in a better presentation of the objects of knowledge. Nevertheless, the exclusive observation of either of the factors in human knowledge is sure to provoke a reaction, and there will be a reaction against "Speculation," just as a great deal of modern speculation has been a reaction against the experience philosophy initiated by Bacon.

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#### POLITICS AND EDUCATION.

MR. STIRLING'S "Letters from the Slave States"<sup>1</sup> is a very valuable book. It is exactly the kind of work that was wanted to convey solid information and sensible opinions on American slavery to English readers. It gives a sufficient number of facts to instil confidence in the positions taken by the Author on the various details of his subject; but this is by no means the greatest merit it possesses. It is very well written, in a fresh, terse, pointed, but unaffected style. It is never dull; and although the facts treated of are open to the observation of any traveller, and have been more or less completely noticed by preceding writers, they are made to seem new, or are at any rate invested with a novel interest when presented to us through the medium of a mind original, observant, and scrupulously just. The volume, too, has the unusual merit of compression. Mr. Stirling is never too long. He tells us what he has to say in as few words as can adequately convey his meaning. Of America he speaks calmly, with a ready sympathy, but with a frank expression of apprehension and censure. It seems to us that this book will meet a want felt by many Englishmen, a book on the Southern States that is interesting, and of moderate compass, impartial, instructive, and pervaded with the thoughts of an independent and shrewd observer.

In noticing the contents of the volume we will omit the subject of Slavery, because it has been so lately treated of in our pages, and we think that our readers will rather care to know whether Mr. Stirling is qualified to write on the subject, than to have a necessarily imperfect analysis of what he says. Slavery is one of those subjects on which it is better to read nothing than to read the comments of a narrow-minded and shallow man. We can only say that Mr. Stirling considers the five frontier States fast hastening to abolition, and that

<sup>1</sup> "Letters from the Slave States." By James Stirling. London: J. W. Parker and Son, 1857.



the economical difficulties of Slavery are so great and increase so rapidly, that some solution of the problem must soon be found, or the Slave States will be ruined.

Mr. Stirling's observations, at the opening of his work, on the American notions of Democracy, seem to us pregnant with truth and meaning. He points out how indistinct and unphilosophical are the popular democratic ideas with regard to the sovereignty of the people. The "people" is confounded with the numerical majority of the nation; and their will, whether right or wrong, is set up as the supreme arbiter of affairs. The unthinking masses, poisoned with this fallacy, sap the authority of the Government, until it can protect neither life nor liberty. "By acting on this vulgar prejudice, the democratic party has subjected every important office—even the sacred one of judge—to the fitful fancies of a vulgar crowd." The popular notion of Equality, Mr. Stirling goes on to say, is no less superficial than that of Liberty. We will extract the passage in which this statement is worked out.—

"The Democrat prizes an outward, material equality, not the essential, inward equality that is rooted in man's humanity, and that exists in spite of all outward differences. Hence he is not satisfied with essential equality; he must have an outward monofony of condition. The people must all ride in the same car, and sit at the same table, and vote at the same polling place. It is considered a degradation for one to serve another, and the very name of servant is abominated. In all of this there is a want of true wisdom and true dignity. It is right to assert the dignity and worth of manhood, but it is a weakness and a folly to rebel against those civil and domestic distinctions which originate in the nature of things, and which therefore carry no real dishonour with them. Why should not a poor man consent to ride in a less luxurious car, paying a proportionate fare, as well as live in a less luxurious house, paying a proportionate rent? So with service. There is nothing essentially degrading in one man performing certain menial offices for another. The degradation arises only when the office is performed in a menial spirit. In itself, all labour, even the most menial, is honourable, when performed in the true spirit of duty. The Americans will cease to disparage domestic service when they learn to take a higher view of human equality. The false views of equality now rife lead to contradictions and compromises that are sometimes almost ludicrous, for the force of things is always in contest with false ideas."

We can recommend our readers to study attentively a letter on Cuba, where Mr. Stirling takes occasion, from the writings and arguments of the Southern advocates of the system of Slavery, and their expressed intention to seize, when they can, the rich island that lies so conveniently at hand, to discuss the reasoning by which Slavery is defended, and to show how nearly connected Slavery is with Socialism. We most entirely agree with Mr. Stirling. On the one hand there is the principle of contract of two independent bargainers, equal in the eyes of the law, having different things to sell—the one having capital and the other labour: on the other hand is the principle of serfdom running up in one direction into niggerdom, and on the other into sentimental socialism. If the poor are to be coddled, petted into obedience, taught to rely on others richer, stronger, and wiser than themselves, why not do the thing well at once, and give the strong man the greatest interest in his dependent by making that dependent his slave?

If we adopt the other principle, we must make the poor man feel that he is himself his own master, protector, and guide. Whatever theorists may say or write, there can be no doubt that in the British Isles the latter branch of the principle has been adopted too avowedly for the development of the principle it involves to be delayed or arrested. But we are, as Mr. Stirling well observes, in a period of transition, and such periods entail their inconveniences. The poor have not yet so secured their position as to lay aside the attitude of defiance, and thus are suspicious, repellant, and discourteous, and are most prominently so in the very places and districts where they are furthest removed from serfdom. The following passage, in which Mr. Stirling speaks of the real though unconscious drift of the sentimental socialists of our day, seems to us especially forcible and true—

“I have lately read a work in defence of American Slavery by one Fitzhugh. It is called ‘Sociology for the South,’ and is a rambling, declamatory affair enough; yet it is interesting as indicating the state of public opinion in the Slave States. The scope of the author’s argument is, that free society being an acknowledged failure, there is nothing left for us but to fall back on Slavery, which he maintains, with reason, is the legitimate and consistent consequence of all Socialistic schemes. In support of his thesis as to the failure of free society, he quotes several English writers and publications of acknowledged authority, such as Carlyle, Kingsley, Alison, the ‘North British Review,’ ‘Blackwood,’ &c. As against these authorities, his reasoning is complete; and it would do a great deal of good in England if people saw the conclusions which slave-owners draw—and with justice too—from their communistic philosophy. The truth is, there are but two ways open to man: either the conditions of labour must be adjusted by contract, or they must be fixed by force. No doubt the former has its disadvantages, especially in the transition period from serfdom to freedom; but we must accept it with all its evils, or we must be prepared for the only possible alternative, with all its evils. If we prefer slave auctions, cow-hides, hand-cuffs, blood-hounds, and other amenities of enforced labour, to strikes and combinations, and the wretchedness and sin of those workmen who abuse their freedom, well; but it is mere childishness to fret and pule at the evils of the one system, unless we are prepared to adopt the other ‘for better for worse.’ Fletcher of Saltoun, and Carlyle, have at least the merit of consistency; they would rather have well-fed slaves than hungry freemen. This is at least intelligible: but few of those who rail at our present system would be willing to accept this alternative. Most of them dream of some impossible half-way halting-place, and would, no doubt, recoil with horror from the legitimate result of their own premises. They are, in general, men with more sensibility than strength of intellect, and are saved by an amiable inconsistency from the extremity of error to which their doctrines inevitably lead stronger minds.”

Another letter of the highest merit is one dated from Macon, in Georgia, which treats of the want of thoroughness in American workmanship, and of the Protectionist fallacies which are entertained even by intelligent and educated Americans. Workmanship in America is, he says, mere surface-work. “The American workman displays energy, ingenuity, rapidity to a surprising degree, but he lacks utterly the care and completeness of the British workman.” Every product, down to the meanest article of domestic use, is untrustworthy. Not only are the railways unsafe, with their crazy bridges and unballasted roads, but there “is not a lock that catches, not a hinge that turns; knives



will not cut, and matches will not light." At Macon, Mr. Stirling attended a Free-Trade meeting, and this leads him to make some observations on the extraordinary backwardness of the Americans in economical knowledge. "The prevalent fallacy here," he says, "as on the continent of Europe, seems to be that an infant industry needs nursing. They never seem to consider that Protection is most hurtful precisely where it is most needed, and that the more weak an industry is, the less desirable it is to foster it at the expense of healthier undertakings." Yes, as Mr. Stirling points out, if there is a country where Free Trade should find acceptance, it is America:—

"This is a young nation, without superannuated institutions or traditional prejudices. It started on its unembarrassed course at the close of the eighteenth century, when economical science had already risen on the world, and a shock had been given to ancient fallacies. There were no old monopolies to bolster up, no vested interests to conciliate. The country was a *tabula rasa*, fitted beyond all others for building up a free system of industry. Moreover, there are strong reasons against a Protective policy in the States. There is a dearth of capital; and therefore here, less than anywhere, should it be wasted on unprofitable enterprises. There is scope enough, and to spare, for industrial enterprise; and there is, therefore, none of that fancied need of opening up 'new fields' of industry, which mislead less favoured nations. Nature herself, too, by the manifold facilities she afforded for agricultural and maritime purposes, clearly pointed out the industrial course of the young nation. Neither were political reasons wanting, to back these urgent economical inducements to eschew all restrictions on the natural course of industry. A Protective policy naturally creates jealousies and heartburnings between the different sections of the country. Next to Slavery, Protection has been the worst enemy of the Union. Abolitionism is doubly hateful to the South, as coming from the 'protected' North. If Abolitionism has its disunion, the Tariff had its nullification."

And America pays the penalty of ignorance and error in a remarkable way. Protection in America, by giving an unnatural expansion to a manufacturing proletarianism, adds tenfold intensity to the evils of universal suffrage. "The unnatural and forced aggregation of masses of mere labourers in cities and manufacturing districts is pregnant with serious evils." As Mr. Stirling says, epigrammatically, in conclusion, "Protection in America is at once a danger and a loss."

We should also like to call the attention of our readers to what Mr. Stirling says of the American Post-office. English readers are as much concerned as American with the subject. The American Post-office seems to be on a very unsatisfactory footing. The expense is great, and rapidly increasing. "The excess of expenditure over income in 1855 was two millions and a half dollars. Then there is an irregularity in American mails which would drive Englishmen mad." Mr. Stirling says that the editor of a paper which he happened to take up, ascribed this irregularity to the immense quantity of heavy books and papers which the mails carry gratis; and then the following remarks are added, which are well worth considering on both sides of the water:—

"A deeper cause of this postal mismanagement is, no doubt, the inefficiency

which characterizes all Governments when they undertake ordinary business affairs. It is, doubtless, difficult to draw the line which should separate private and public undertakings. There is much debatable ground in that region of politics. But the transmission of letters, parcels, books, newspapers, magazines, and money—in short, the business of a modern Post-office,—seems to me peculiarly adapted to individual enterprise, and in every view unfit for Government interference. In despotic countries the Post-office, like the railways and the telegraph, is kept in the hands of the Government for police purposes; but that consideration, thank God, does not weigh in England or America. There we have to look merely to the commercial side of the question—how can our letters be carried best and cheapest? Now, it seems clear to me, that a principle of industry that can traverse the ocean with regular lines of steamships, and cover the land with an intricate system of railways and telegraphs, might surely be trusted with organizing a mode of transmitting daily a few tons of letters and newspapers. Nay, have we not already the requisite organization in such establishments as Pickford's admirable carrying company, and the excellent 'Express' companies of Adams and others in America? I have not a doubt that Pickford would take over our whole Post-office business at six weeks' notice, and manage it better than ever it has been managed by all our lordly Postmasters. As it is, every improvement of our postal system has been forced with much ado on our officials from without; the public being regarded as a surly brute to be kept at bay, rather than as an excellent customer, whose every wish is to be gratified.

"Besides this commercial consideration, there are in America strong political reasons why the postal business should not be in the hands of Government. The patronage of the Post-office is the source of great and corrupt political influence. There were on Nov. 30, 1855, 24,770 Post-offices, the officers to which, besides all other officials connected with the department, are appointed either by the President himself, or by his nominee, the Postmaster-General. Such an army of sycophants scattered over the whole face of the country, each dependent for bread on the favour of the administration, is a power that cannot be viewed with complacency by any thinking American. Now, the only way to get rid of this evil would be to hand over the whole concern to a private company. Wall-street would find the funds and the brains necessary for the undertaking in a fortnight."

We must end our notice of Mr. Stirling's volume here. We have not space enough to follow him through all the various incidental topics, his treatment of which inspires competence when he reasons on and describes Slavery. If the extracts we have given do not suffice to show that the writer is a man who thinks for himself, who starts from sound principles, and whose style and handling of a subject are those of a really superior mind, no words of praise which we can bestow will carry conviction with them.

Mr. Westgarth, recently a member of the Victoria Legislature, has occupied the leisure of the long voyage to this country by writing a work on the colony to which it belongs.<sup>2</sup> These accounts of colonies by colonists are becoming numerous, and are likely to be useful and to be read with interest by many persons in this country. There is a natural tendency in these authors to write too much and rather too enthusiastically, and their books are therefore not very entertaining to readers who are not specially interested in the locality described. But

<sup>2</sup> "Victoria and the Australian Gold Mines in 1857." By William Westgarth London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.



these volumes are principally intended as books of reference, convenient repertories of all the information which an intending emigrant, or the friends of settlers, or persons having business relations with the colony, can desire. And in this point of view Mr. Westgarth's book on Victoria is highly commendable.

An abortive convict settlement was established at Victoria in 1803, but the permanent settlement was not made till 1834-5, and it was not until 1851 that the colony was separated from New South Wales. Mr. Westgarth gives a full account of the rapid progress of the colony, based on the gold discoveries. He draws a picture of Geelong and Melbourne, and of their public buildings and works. He then treats of the commerce of the colony, and particularly of its exports—tin, tallow, hides, and wool. In one respect Victoria is very unfortunate. The grand attraction to the depressed masses of the home population, as Mr. Westgarth truly observes, is the facility of the acquisition of land: and in this respect Victoria has never yet done herself justice, or fully put forth all the inducements she can command as a set-off to the greater proximity, as regards the mother country, of rival fields of emigration.

"Two obstacles have materially interfered from the beginning; the first being the pre-occupation for squatting purposes, which has raised an antagonism of instincts between the sheep and the plough; the other, the control of the waste territory, which until lately was tenaciously grasped by the Imperial Government."

The chapter on Squatting is perhaps the most acceptable in Mr. Westgarth's volume, because it gives a clear statement of a matter to which in all documents and books relating to the colony continual reference is made, but which it is difficult to understand clearly. The claims of the squatters caused perpetual difficulties; for though their title to the land was legally worthless, yet they had the strong ground of actual possession, and a sort of equitable title to be recognised as having a goodwill in their runs. In 1847 certain Orders of Council, the source of innumerable subsequent disputes, were issued for the termination and adjustment of all the squatters' claims, and as it is very important for all who have anything to do with Victoria to know exactly what the effect of these orders was, we will give Mr. Westgarth's summary of the second chapter of the orders—the chapter of real importance to the squatting interest:—

"Chapter II., which refers to the unsettled district, is the grand skirmishing ground, on the twofold question of the unsuitableness of the rules it lays down to the general welfare, and the variety of interpretation to which some parts of these rules are exposed. It awards leases for periods 'not exceeding fourteen years.' The lessee's right is only for pastoral purposes, excepting such cultivation as may be necessary for his own establishment. Power is reserved to the Crown, either to grant or sell any of the lands for public purposes. These purposes are specified in some detail, including town or village commonage, and the sentence ends (sec. 9) with a power generally of 'for otherwise facilitating the improvement and settlement of the colony.' The land rent is fixed for the term of lease at fifty shillings annually for the area required to depasture each 1000 sheep; but this charge is distinct from any assessments the local Legislature may choose to impose. The lands thus leased are not open

for purchase, during the lease, to any but the lessee (sec. 6), to whom, if he purchases, the price is to be not less than twenty shillings per acre, and if the land be considered worth more, it is to be valued, and sold to him at the valuation. This is the new feature of the preemptive right, given especially to the squatter, with the intention of encouraging him to effect improvements on his lands. He was not to be subjected to the usual competition at the auction sales, where the improvements he had made might be turned against himself. On the expiration of the lease (sec. 15), the land may be put up for sale if the lessee declines his preemption. In that case the value of his improvement is to be secured to him. Renewals of the leases are provided for (sec. 16), if less than one-fourth only of the comprised lands have been sold; and provided, too, that the lands in question have not meanwhile been included in either of the other two classes of districts, where a different and less favourable regulation prevailed. On a renewal of the lease, the charge was not to exceed fifty per cent. in addition to the previous charge."

It was easy for those interested to pick holes in the language of this chapter, and the squatters fought manfully. The Duke of Newcastle, as Colonial Secretary in 1853, interpreted the orders in a sense completely adverse to the squatter, but the squatters held out until the gold discoveries altered the circumstances of the colony so completely that the squatters abandoned their first claim, and now only demand compensation. "The discussions in the new Parliament in the beginning of the present year," says Mr. Westgarth, "give promise that an amicable arrangement will be effected." In the latter portion of his book, Mr. Westgarth treats at great length of the requisites and prospects of gold digging, but his statements do not seem to us to require special notice.

The prospect of a Reform Bill continues to foster the growth of an appropriate literature. The most ambitious specimen is Mr. Lorimer's *Political Progress*.<sup>3</sup> He wishes to show that political progress is not necessarily democratic, and that relative equality is the true foundation. To prove this he gives us long dissertations on the lessons to be drawn from the experience and the writers of Greece and Rome. There is some good sense in the book, and a certain honest attempt to understand the materials collected. But the subject is quite beyond the Author's reach. He has not knowledge enough to justify him in speaking of the ancient world. We will quote a paragraph curiously full of mistakes, and not with any wish to provoke a laugh at the expense of a man heartily trying to do his best, but merely to show what is the amount of learning which an author like Mr. Lorimer considers to warrant him in taking up so abstruse and difficult a subject as political philosophy:—

"It has been said that Christianity gave forth no positive response on the subject of slavery; but it is at any rate certain that, if it did not introduce the principle that freedom, in place of being an accident of birth, is a right inalienably belonging to man's spiritual being, such practically has been the view taken of the matter by every Christian people, and such never was the view which any heathen people took of it. According to the Christian Justinian "*Libertas*" is "*naturalis facultas*," whereas "*Servitus*" is "*constitutio juris gentium qua quis dominio alieno, contra naturam, subicitur*."

<sup>3</sup> "*Political Progress not necessarily Democratic.*" By James Lorimer, Advocate. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.



His application of his principle to modern England is proportionately weak. He thinks that all men should not have an equal vote, and that the political importance of citizens should be in accordance with their social importance. Two men, he says, set out in the same position in life at twenty-one: it might then be fair to give them an equal vote; but at forty A. has made a fortune, and B. is a profligate insolvent. They ought to have different rates of political importance. We could find many objections to urge against this reasoning, but we think it unnecessary to criticise it, because we naturally in a work of this sort turn to the conclusion, to see what are the recommendations of the Author, and then if they are important or plausible, we examine and state in detail the arguments by which they are supported. He wishes that the House of Peers should be retained, that the members of the Lower House should not be paid, and that the suffrage should be extended on principles having reference to education. All this he might have got without writing his book. But he also recommends that persons who pay income-tax should have two votes. He must know as little of England as of Roman Law if he thinks such a measure feasible.

Mr. Brookes<sup>4</sup> is a fanatic on the other side, and wants the franchise to be extended to all "the inhabitants at large." He has his theory, the very opposite of that of Mr. Lorimer, for he thinks that rich persons and landlords ought to have no influence on the votes of other men, or any means of expressing in politics their social importance. He has also a pedantic argument, to which he attaches much weight. He says, and truly enough, that in the earliest dawn of the British constitution there was no electoral qualification, and he asks to have the old practice restored. But in those days no one wanted to get into the House of Commons, nor did the House of Commons govern the country.

In 1848 and 1849, Prince Charles Lucien Buonaparte was a prominent member of the Roman Council of Deputies, and subsequently of the Constituent Assembly. He was an ardent Republican, and supported the interests of his party in very frequent speeches. These speeches have now been collected into a volume,<sup>5</sup> and throw some light on the sentiments and conduct of the short-lived assembly to which they were addressed. The Prince is copious in his allusions to Roman history, and is constantly appealing to the pleasing belief that his hearers were descendants of the old republican Romans. "If your ancestors had not been several times defeated by Hannibal, republican Rome would not have been the greatest nation in the world. She saw spring from the blood of her sons, shed on their native soil, a race of heroes who chased the barbarous invader beyond the Alps." And he asks his auditors to go and do likewise. It is not by fine speeches that a population of effervescent poltroons drives veteran soldiers out

<sup>4</sup> "The Peers and the People, and the Coming Reform." By Henry Brookes. London: Effingham Wilson. 1857.

<sup>5</sup> "Discours, Allocutions, et Opinions de Charles Lucien, Prince Buonaparte, dans le Conseil des Députés et l'Assemblée Constituante de Rome en 1848 et 1849." Leide: E. T. Brill. 1857.

of fortified positions. But it must be said that Prince Buonaparte had many excellent measures to suggest, and that rhetorical bursts were not his only contributions to the welfare of Rome. Especially, he advocated strongly a loyal and effective co-operation with Piedmont.

Dr. Guthrie has published four Discourses,<sup>6</sup> delivered by him in support of an appeal "which was made to build a Territorial Church in one of the dark and destitute districts of Edinburgh." With the hortatory portion of his volume we have nothing to do; but there is an appendix full of the well-known fallacies and statistics about repressing drunkenness by legislation. We know, as every one knows, that a vast mass of crime is caused every year in Great Britain, the origin of which can be traced more or less directly to drunkenness. We may also readily admit that, if public-houses are really shut up, drunkenness will decrease. What we are surprised at is, that under the Forbes Mackenzie Act there should still be three-fifths of the number of persons found drunk on the Sunday that there were before the act was passed. The argument of those who oppose legislation is not that the legislature cannot make a certain number of persons externally moral by compulsion, but that the subtle evil of teaching a nation to trust for its morality to compulsion is a greater evil than that of drunkenness. We may, in passing, venture to correct Dr. Guthrie on a point of detail. He speaks of the Forbes Mackenzie Act as applicable to the Sabbath-day. This is not so. It is Sunday, not Saturday, to which the Act has reference.

In treating of universities and university education, Mr. Kirkpatrick has written a book<sup>7</sup> bearing a most curious resemblance in style, purpose, and importance to that of Mr. Lorimer, which we have noticed above. It is learned, it is full of classical quotations, and it is sensible; but at the same time it is, as far as we can understand its aim, utterly useless. It arrives, after a discussion of two hundred pages, at a point which is perfectly rudimentary to every one really acquainted with what is being done at the universities. Its suggestions are either so obvious as to be uninformative, or are the very foundation on which the Commissions are acting, and so are superfluous, or are dictated by a want of knowledge of the practical working of colleges and collegiate instruction. The book has one merit, that it gives the history of the universities in a succinct and accessible shape. The style of the Author is dull and wordy, but he has looked up his authorities, and made a compendium which may be useful. But for all practical purposes, the book is too far behind the present state of university opinion to be of any weight or value.

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<sup>6</sup> "The City; its Sins and Sorrows." By Thomas Guthrie, D.D. Edinburgh: Black. 1857.

<sup>7</sup> "The historically received Conception of the University considered, with especial reference to Oxford." By Edward Kirkpatrick, M.A. Oxon. London: Williams and Norgate. 1857.



## SCIENCE.

THE authors of "Types of Mankind" have recently put forth a further contribution to Ethnology, which challenges attention by its bulk and the pretensions of its title-page, if by no other more deserving claim.<sup>1</sup> The volume is not a systematic treatise, but a collection of Memoirs, of each of which we shall give a brief account.—The first, by M. Alfred Maury, discusses "The Distribution and Classification of Tongues, their relations to the Geographical Distribution of Races, and the inductions which may be drawn from these relations;" and is marked by the cool dogmatism of its assertions, and by its entire neglect of all such recent contributions to Philology as do not support the author's own conclusions. These conclusions are as follows:—

1. "Each superior race of Man is represented by two families of languages, corresponding to their largest branches: viz., the White race, or Caucasian, by the Indo-European and Semitic tongues;—the Yellow race, by the Monosyllabic and the Ougro-Tartar tongues, otherwise called "Finno-Japonic" To the Black race, correspond the tongues of Africa;—to the Red race, the tongues of America;—to the Malayo-Polynesian races, the tongues of that name;—to the Australian races, the idioms of Australasia.

2. "The multifarious crossings of these primitive races—crossings that may be called those of the secondary race-floor,—are represented by families that possess characteristics less demarcated, and which participate generally of the two families of idioms spoken by the races whose intermixture gave birth to them.

3. "The apparition of these grand linguistical formations is as ancient as that of the races themselves. From the origin, there were different languages, as there were likewise different tribes; and from out of these primitive families issued all the idioms subsequently spread over the earth."

Now what can be more inconsistent with fact, than to characterize the people who speak the Semitic tongues, for example, as "white;" when every ethnologist knows that there are Arabs, whose purity of race cannot be impeached, yet whose skin is jet-black? And has not the recent tendency of linguistic inquiry been to show, that the Semitic languages have a much closer affinity with the African, than they have with the Indo-European; so as even, in Dr. Latham's view, to justify the detachment of the Semitic tribes from the Indo-European, and their union with the African under the designation of Atlantidæ?

M. Maury admits that there are many curious points of approximation; but he seems to be scarcely aware of the prevalence, not only of Semitic roots, but also of Semitic traditions and usages, even among

<sup>1</sup> "Indigenous Races of the Earth; or, New Chapters of Ethnological Inquiry; including Monographs on Special Departments of Philology, Iconography, Cranioscopy, Palæontology, Pathology, Archæology, Comparative Geography, and Natural History;" contributed by Alfred Maury, Bibliothécaire de l'Institut de France; Francis Pulzky, Fellow of the Hungarian Academy; and J. Aitken Meigs, M.D., Professor of the Institutes of Medicine in the Philadelphia College of Medicine; with communications from Prof. Jos. Leidy, M.P., and Prof. L. Agassiz, LL.D.; presenting fresh Investigations, Documents, and Materials; by F. G. Nott, M.D., and Geo. R. Gliddon, Authors of "Types of Mankind," Royal 8vo, pp. 656. With numerous illustrations. Philadelphia, 1857.

those nations of the Western coast which are most typically "Negro;" and he seems quite ignorant of the extent to which Dr. Latham and others have pushed their inquiries in this direction. So, again, we find no reference to late researches into the Assyrian and other primitive languages, the tendency of which is, according to some of the most learned Philologists of the present day, to show that there was a much closer approximation among the three principal Asiatic families of languages (the Indo-European, the Japetic, and the Semitic) in the earlier stage of their development, than in the more advanced.—On these and other accounts, we are constrained to say that M. Maury's essay is far from presenting a satisfactory account of the present state of philological inquiry, and that it bears too evident marks of having been written to support a theory, instead of to present an impartial summary of the results of scientific research.

The second Memoir, entitled "Iconographic Researches on Human Races and their Art," by Francis Pulzky, strikes us as a far more valuable contribution to Ethnology; though its scientific value is diminished by its one-sidedness, the inquiry having been avowedly undertaken with the view of carrying-out the idea of the Authors of "Types of Mankind," that the constancy of national types during the historic period of antiquity may be proved by authentic contemporary representations. Making allowance for this drawback, however, the memoir is one which every student of Art as well as of Ethnology may peruse with advantage; and probably little exception will be found necessary to the following propositions, in which the Author embodies his general results:—

1. "That whilst some races are altogether unfit for imitative art, others are by nature artistical in different degrees.

2. "That the art of those nations which excelled in painting and sculpture, was often indigenous and always natural,—losing not only its type, but also its excellence, by imitating the art of other nations.

3. "That imitative art, derived from intercourse with, or conquest by, artistic races, remained barren, and never attained any degree of eminence,—that it never survived the external relations to which it owed its origin, and died out as soon as intercourse ceased, or when the artistic conquerors became amalgamated with the unartistic conquered race.

4. "That painting and sculpture are always the result of a peculiar artistic endowment of certain races, which cannot be imparted by instruction to unartistic nations. This fitness, or aptitude for art, seems altogether to be independent of the mental culture and civilization of a people; and no civil or religious prohibitions can destroy the natural impulse of an artistic race to express its feelings in pictures, statuary, and reliefs."

There can be no question as to the durability either of the psychological or of the physiological characters of Races, when once they have been firmly established; but it is quite another question whether these characters always existed, or whether they gradually evolved themselves according to that principle of *progressive differentiation* which we have elsewhere shown to prevail widely throughout nature. Everything which Mr. Pulzky says about the differences of the Human races in an artistic point of view, might be applied with little modification to the special habits of different breeds of Dogs, whose specific unity



few, if any, 'Naturalists of repute will now be found to call in question. So, again, though within the historic period, the wheat-plant seems to have uniformly presented so permanent a character, as to cause many Botanists to affirm that it must have always borne the same, and that it could not have been raised (like esculent vegetables generally) from some wilder form, it appears to be now well established that a certain species of *Ægilops*, a grass whose peculiar affinity to wheat had scarcely been thought of, if cultivated for a few generations, will become genuine wheat; and that this artificially-produced variety will henceforth become fixed, so long at least as the ordinary method of cultivation is kept-up.—It is our charge against Ethnologists in general, and the "polygenetic" school in particular, that they ignore all analogical considerations of this kind; and yet the progress of inquiry in *all* departments of Natural History is undoubtedly to break down the barriers which species-mongers have been so ready to erect wherever they thought they could draw lines of demarcation. We could point to numerous examples, in which species having been described on the authority of what appeared to be well-marked "typical forms," the supposed distinctions have entirely disappeared when the entire collection from which these "typical forms" had been picked out has been subjected to a careful examination. And so far from the discrimination of species being one of the easiest parts of the labour of the Zoologist, Botanist, or Palæontologist, it is now coming to be regarded by all who are conversant with the real scope of the inquiry, as one of the most difficult; so that the most philosophic Naturalists hold every species to be merely provisional, until its entire life-history and the whole range of its geographical distribution with all the modifications it may undergo, shall have been rigorously traced-out. The Geologist, too, is often able to show that a species which might exhibit all the characters of permanence for periods of unlimited duration, underwent considerable modifications in successive generations; for although there are certain Palæontologists who have adopted it as an article of faith that no two fossils occurring in different strata, however like they may be to each other, can be of the same species, yet this is a doctrine against which British science has always rebelled; and the truth is now coming to be generally admitted, that in proportion as any species possesses within itself that capacity of adaptation to changes in the external conditions of existence, which enables it to diffuse itself over *space*, in that proportion may it prolong its existence in *time*, through variations which would be fatal to less pliant organisms,—the specific form remaining constant so long as the external conditions were the same, but undergoing more or less obvious modifications with every alteration of these.

The same remarks apply to Dr. Aitken Meigs's chapter on "The Cranial Characteristics of the Races of Men." He labours to establish that "cranial characters constitute an enduring, natural, and therefore strictly reliable basis upon which to establish a true classification of the races of men;" and he draws his deductions almost exclusively from cases in which the differentiating influences of civilization have had little or no play. The opposite view has been so ably sustained

by Dr. Meigs's countryman, Professor Draper, whose "Human Physiology" we shall presently notice, that we shall cite his statement of the doctrine he upholds as the best expression with which we are acquainted of the scientific truth of this case. Adopting the opinion of Dr. Prichard, that whilst colour is essentially determined by climatic conditions, the form of the brain, and therefore that of the skull, is essentially determined by social conditions, he continues:—

"No race is in a state of absolute equilibrium, or able successfully to maintain its present physiognomy, if the circumstances under which it lives undergo a change. It holds itself ready, with equal facility, to descend to a baser or rise to a more elevated state, in correspondence with those circumstances.—I think that this principle has not been recognized with sufficient distinctness by those who have studied the natural history of man. They have occupied themselves too much with the idea of fixity in the aspect of human families, and have treated them as though they were perfectly and definitely distinct, or in a condition of equilibrium. They have described them as they are found in the various countries of the globe; and since these descriptions remain correct during a long time, the general inference of an invariability has gathered strength, until some writers are to be found who suppose that there have been as many separate creations of Man as there are races which can be distinguished from each other. We are perpetually mistaking the slow movements of Nature for absolute rest. We confound temporary equilibration with final equilibrium.—Man cannot occupy a new climate without an organic change occurring in his economy, which by degrees comes to a correspondence with the conditions by which it is surrounded. In this career, each individual, as a member of one generation, may only make a partial advance, for differentiation most commonly occurs in the early periods of embryonic life; but, since all individual peculiarities are liable to hereditary transmission, the cumulative effect becomes strongly marked at last. So dominating is the control which physical influences exert over us, that invariability of our aspect for several generations may be received as a proof that those influences have been stationary in kind and degree. In such a perfect manner is that aspect dependent on them, that it is truly their representative. If they change, it must change too."—p. 565.

In the fourth chapter, entitled "Acclimation, or the comparative influence of Climate, Endemic and Epidemic diseases, on the Races of Man," Dr. Nott tries to make it appear that each "type of mankind," like a species of plants or animals, has its appropriate climate or station, and that it cannot by any process, however gradual, or in any number of generations, become fully habituated to those of an opposite character. He affirms—

(1) "That the earth is naturally divided into Zoological realms, each possessing a climate, Fauna, and Flora of its own; (2) that the Fauna of each realm originated in that realm, and that it has no consanguinity with other Faunas; (3) that each realm possesses a group of human races, which, though not identical in physical and intellectual characters, are closely allied with one another, and are disconnected from all other races;"

—and so on. The fifth chapter, by Dr. Gliddon, professes to be a discussion of the question between the Monogenists and the Polygenists, with an inquiry into the Antiquity of Mankind upon Earth, viewed Chronologically, Historically, and Palæontologically. The sixth, by the same author, consists, first, of a "Commentary upon the various distinctions observable among the various groups of Humanity;" and



secondly, of an essay "On the Geographical distribution of the Simiæ in relation to that of some inferior types of Men."—The whole of this latter portion of the work exhibits a total ignorance of what has been done in recent years to disprove those notions of the limitation of the areas of species, which were current among a generation of Naturalists now passing away. We remember the time when it was affirmed with dogmatic confidence, that no indigenous species of Plant or Animal was common either to the Northern and Southern, or to the Eastern and Western hemispheres; all cases in which an apparent identity existed, being coolly disposed-of by the assertion that such identity, being contrary to an ascertained law, was impossible. The labours of Robert Brown, Dr. J. D. Hooker, and other Botanists of the highest authority, who have carefully compared the Antarctic Flora with that of Europe, have clearly demonstrated the fallacy of this assumption, by showing that a considerable number of species are common, even to these most divaricated regions. Dr. Hooker and Dr. Thomson, in their "Flora Indica," have found themselves obliged to make very large allowance for the influence of climate in modifying the characters of the Plants which spread themselves over the vast area of Hindostan and its borders. And every Naturalist, whether Botanist or Zoologist, who has applied himself to his study in a higher spirit than that of the sectarian advocate of the invariableness of species, has found himself more and more disposed to recognise, as he advances, the truth laid down by Professor Draper in regard to Man—that every species must be considered as an aggregate, that offers numberless representations of the different forms which an ideal type can be made to assume, under exposure to different conditions. Some species possess little susceptibility of modification, either in corporeal or in physical characters; these, therefore, have a very limited geographical distribution; others, which possess this adaptability in a greater degree, are more widely extended; while those which possess the greatest capacity of modification are cosmopolite. To attempt, as Mr. Gliddon has done, to base any inference regarding the original distribution of the Human Races, upon the limitation of the Geographical area of the different species of Monkeys, is to ignore all that Physiology teaches of the difference between the constitution of Man and that of Monkeys;—the latter being as unadaptive as we anywhere meet with; so that, with the utmost care, the most anthropoid Apes cannot even be reared to maturity in the temperate zone; whilst any race of Man can assimilate itself to climates and conditions under which no species of Monkey could maintain its existence.

The influence of scientific training upon the mode of treating scientific subjects, has never been more strongly brought before us, than in the comparison between the work we have been just examining, and the "Human Physiology" of Professor Draper.<sup>2</sup> Though long fami-

<sup>2</sup> "Human Physiology, Statical and Dynamical; or, the Conditions and Course of the Life of Man." By John William Draper, M.D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. Illustrated with nearly 300 engravings. Royal 8vo, pp. 640. New York and London: Samson Low & Co., 1856.

liar with Professor Draper's reputation in Chemistry and Physics, and aware that he had specially directed his attention to the bearing of these Sciences upon certain departments of Physiology, it was a surprise to us to receive from his hands a systematic treatise upon this latter subject; and a still greater surprise to find from an examination of it, what a thorough mastery of his subject he has evinced. The peculiar distinction of the strictly Physiological portion of his Treatise consists in the care he has taken to free his exposition from the "metaphysical conceptions" with which the Science is still embarrassed, and to base it upon the "positive philosophy" of facts and inductions, and in the extent to which he carries his Chemical and Physical explanations of the phenomena of Life. We are not altogether in accordance with him in either of these respects; because we consider that we have just as much evidence of the existence of some peculiar power or agency in the living body, which may be appropriately named "vital force," as we have of heat and of electric force, or even of mechanical force; and in many of the instances in which Professor Draper clearly shows that heat or some other physical agent is the *primum mobile*, we conceive that it must become metamorphosed into vital force by acting through an organic structure, just as heat is metamorphosed into electricity when it passes through a combination of bismuth and antimony. We fully agree with him, that the so-called "plastic power" of a cell, or the germ of a seed, may be regarded as the manifestation of "an antecedent physical impression;" but until it can be shown why the same physical impression shall occasion the evolution of one cell-germ—for example—into a Zoophyte, and of another into a Bird, it seems to us, that we *must* recognise something distinctive in the original constitution of each—call it by what name we may—which determines these differences.

Professor Draper suggests the division of the whole subject into two branches—Statistical and Dynamical Physiology. Under the first head he considers all the conditions of Life; under the second, of Life as manifested in Growth and Development, the influence of external agencies in modifying the Organic Series generally, and the Constitution of Man in particular, and lastly on what he terms "Social Mechanics," under which head he gives a graphic and suggestive sketch of the history and present condition of European Civilization. This last is a new and very interesting feature in a work like the present; and though exception might doubtless be taken to some of the views which the Author presents, yet as a whole it is singularly felicitous.

We must content ourselves with mentioning the completion of another excellent treatise on Physiology,<sup>3</sup> which, having been commenced as a revised edition of Professor Wagner's well-known "Handbuch," under the charge of Professor Funke, has been developed into an entirely new work, which may be regarded as one of the best, if not the very best, of those excellent compends of Physiology which our

<sup>3</sup> "Lehrbuch der Physiologie für Akademische Vorlesungen und zum Selbststudium," von Otto Funke, Professor an der Universität Leipzig. 8vo, pp. 1430. Erster Band, 1855. Zweiter Band, 1857. Leipzig.



German neighbours have produced of late years in somewhat rapid succession.

Another German treatise lies before us, whose merit is of a very different character; that, namely, of most minute elaboration of a special department.<sup>4</sup> The Anatomy and Physiology of the organs of Voice and Speech in Man have assuredly never been investigated with anything like the exhaustive labour which Dr. Merkel has bestowed upon the subject; and those who wish to study this, either for practical purposes or with reference to the mechanism of language, will find in his treatise a mine of information upon every question that scientific inquiry has yet been able to elucidate.

We are very glad to receive a highly interesting contribution to Comparative Anatomy from a quarter whence we could least have expected it.<sup>5</sup> It has long been known to Naturalists that several of the African rivers contain a fish (*Silurus* or *Malapterurus electricus*), remarkable; like the Torpedo and the Gymnotus, for its electric properties; but no minute examination of its electrical apparatus had been made, until Dr. Bilharz, the Professor of Anatomy in the Medical School which was established at Cairo by Mahommed Ali, took up the inquiry, which he has prosecuted with great zeal and success. To every one who is interested in the study of the remarkable physico-physiological phenomena which the Electrical Fishes present, this admirable Monograph will be welcome, as exhibiting to them a form of apparatus which differs in many respects from that either of the Torpedo or the Gymnotus, and which therefore presents such a new set of conditions for the development of the electrical force, as may help towards solving the problem of its production. Specimens of this fish are at present living in tanks at the Botanic Garden, Edinburgh; and we understand that Dr. Bilharz's anatomical descriptions have been confirmed by the observations of Professor Goodsir.

It is not in this country alone that attention is being sedulously and systematically directed to the causation of disease. We presume that our own Army and Navy Medical Boards have too much else upon their hands, to be able to generalize the immense mass of information bearing on this subject, which they are continually receiving from our military and naval stations in almost every part of the globe. With the exception of a stray Memoir, now and then, upon some special topic, the Reports, which, if 'reduced' by competent brains, would furnish most valuable material for the Natural History of Disease, remain altogether unproductive of any benefit to Medical Science or Art. A valuable contribution of this kind has been recently made by Dr. Boudin,

<sup>4</sup> "Anatomie und Physiologie des Menschlichen Stimm- und Sprach-Organ (Anthropophonik) nach eigenen beobachtungen und versuchen Wissenschaftlich begründet und für Studierende und Ausübende Ärzte, Physiologen, Akustiker, Sanger, Gesanglehrer, Tonsetzer, Öffentliche Redner, Pädagogen und Sprachforscher," Dargestellt von Dr. Carl Ludwig Merkel, Prakt-Arzt und Privatdozenten der Medicin an der Universität Leipzig. 8vo, pp. 976. Leipzig, 1857.

<sup>5</sup> "Das Electriche Organ des Zitterwelses." Anatomisch Beschrieben von Dr. Theodor Bilharz, Professor der Anatomie an der Medicinischen Schule in Kairo. Mit 4 Lithographirten Tafeln. Folio, pp. 52. Leipzig, 1857.

who takes a high rank in the French service; and we trust that his example will not be lost upon the chiefs of our own.<sup>6</sup> The labour, which M. Boudin has bestowed upon his work has been obviously very great; he has collected a vast quantity of information, for the most part from trustworthy sources; and if we have a fault to find with his book, it is one which is common enough in French systematic treatises,—that, namely, of an undue tendency to formularize.

The Medical and Surgical experience of our recent Eastern campaigns, dearly bought as it was, has hitherto yielded but little profit either to the profession or the public. The rules of military etiquette, we believe, restrain medical officers belonging to the 'regular service' from giving to the world the results of their observations; and most of what has leaked-out has been through the channel afforded by those 'irregular' interlopers, the 'civil' corps of doctors sent out by the Secretary at War, when it became obvious that the 'regular' medical staff was quite incapable of meeting the extraordinary demands upon it.—The little work of Dr. Pincoffs,<sup>7</sup> however, is not so much an account of the Diseases of the Army, as a treatise upon the organization of Military Hospitals, based upon his opportunities of comparing the establishments, civil and military, connected with our army in the East, both with each other and with the Military Hospitals of other countries. His account of our Military Hospitals is anything but complimentary; his suggestions for their improvement are, we doubt not, in most respects judicious; but still we must recollect that as the civil hospitals and their medical attendants were from the first regarded by the greater part of our military officers with jealousy and dislike, it is scarcely to be expected but that the feeling should be in some degree reciprocated; and consequently we think that Dr. Pincoffs's statements and views on all that relates to them are to be received with some reservation.

Dr. Lane's "Explanatory Essay on Hydropathy" is designed to show the conformity of that method to the "natural system of medical treatment" inculcated in Sir John Forbes's "Nature and Art."<sup>8</sup> As we should expect from Dr. Lane's antecedents, it is well written, and moderate in its tone; by no means setting up Hydropathy as a panacea, but showing that, when judiciously applied, it furnishes a large measure of those beneficial influences on which the intelligent physician will most rely for cure, in the case, more especially, of those

<sup>6</sup> "Traité de Géographie et de Statistique Médicales, et des Maladies Endémiques; comprenant la Météorologie et la Géologie Médicales, les Lois Statistiques de la Population et de la Mortalité, la Distribution Géographique des Maladies, et la Pathologie Comparée des Races Humaines." Par Ch. M. Boudin, Médecin en chef de l'Hôpital Militaire du Roule, Officier de la Légion d'Honneur, &c. Avec 9 Cartes et Tableaux. 8vo. Deux Tomes, pp. 575, 744. Paris, 1857.

<sup>7</sup> "Experiences of a Civilian in Eastern Military Hospitals, with Observations on the English, French, and other Medical Departments, and the Organization of Military Medical Schools and Hospitals." By Peter Pincoffs, M.D., Lugd., late Civil Physician to the Scutari Hospitals, &c. &c. Post 8vo, pp. 202. London: Williams and Norgate, 1857.

<sup>8</sup> "Hydropathy; or, the Natural System of Medical Treatment. An Explanatory Essay." By Edward Lane, M.A., M.D., Edinburgh. 12mo, pp. 132. London: Churchill, 1857.



chronic diseases which are induced by a long-continued violation of the laws of health.

Having on former occasions noticed the republication of the translation of Pliny's "Natural History," by Dr. Bostock and Mr. Riley, in successive volumes of Mr. Bohn's cheap series, we are now able to announce the completion of the work; the last volume, of which a considerable portion is occupied by a copious index, having recently appeared.<sup>9</sup>

The Botanical student may be congratulated on having at last within his reach a compendious treatise worthy of the present state of science, and yet sufficiently elementary in its character for the requirements of the beginner.<sup>10</sup> There are few names which are held in more respect, either in this country or on the Continent, among those who are interested in Structural and Physiological Botany, than that of Professor Hensley; who has honourably distinguished himself alike by his original investigations in this department of science, and by his comprehensive acquaintance with the labours of others. His "Outlines of Structural and Physiological Botany," which appeared about ten years ago, were highly valued by all whose scientific attainments rendered them capable of appreciating such a work; but as it was too profound for the learner, and too abstract and severe in its tone to be pleasant reading even to the advanced student, it never became a popular book. Professor Hensley, however, has learned wisdom by experience; and having in the interval been much engaged in the practical business of teaching, he has been led to study the art of communicating elementary knowledge; and is now much better prepared than formerly to fathom the depths of ignorance which he must reach, in order to find a bottom whereon to lay the foundation of the superstructure which he essays to rear.

It has been his aim in the composition of the treatise before us, "to seize the floating conceptions furnished by common experience, and to fix and define them by a course of exact practical observation of the more accessible characters of plants, showing the relations of these as they occur in different divisions of the Vegetable Kingdom;" so as "to place the student in a position which enables him to proceed at once with an inquiry into the peculiarities of the plants he meets with, and in this manner to acquire a fund of practical knowledge, which is not only absolutely requisite before entering on abstract inquiries, but is especially calculated to secure his permanent interest in the study." With this view, he enters at once upon the Morphology of Plants, commencing (after a very brief introductory chapter on General Morphology) with the Phanerogamia, as those most familiar to unin-

<sup>9</sup> "The Natural History of Pliny." Translated, with copious Notes and Illustrations, by the late John Bostock, M.D., F.R.S., and H. T. Riley, Esq., B.A. Vol. VI. With General Index. Fcap. 8vo, pp. 529. London: H. G. Bohn, 1857.

<sup>10</sup> "An Elementary Course of Botany—Structural, Physiological, and Systematic. With a brief Outline of the Geographical and Geological Distribution of Plants." By Arthur Hensley, F.R.S., L.S., &c., Professor of Botany in King's College, London, &c. &c. Illustrated by upwards of 500 woodcuts. 12mo, pp. 702. London: J. Van Voorst.

structed persons, and then proceeding to the Cryptogamia. Although Professor Henfrey uses the term Morphology as synonymous with Comparative Anatomy, yet he does not carry out the plan which this second title would suggest; for we find nothing whatever in this part of the work respecting the internal structure of stems, leaves, or other organs, except fruits and seeds; his whole aim being apparently to familiarize the student with the external characters of Plants, and with the varieties of form and arrangement which their several organs present.

The second part is devoted to Systematic Botany, and contains a concise description of the Natural Orders adopted by the Author, with the most important particulars respecting their affinities, geographical distribution, and qualities; those genera being mentioned under each, which furnish good illustrations of it, and are most accessible for practical examination. He does not entirely adopt any of the existing systems of classification; but taking for Dicotyledons the primary divisions of Decandolle, he groups the natural orders into alliances after the manner of Endlicher and Lindley, differing from both, however, as they do from each other, in his view of the affinities of several among them, and reducing their number by fusing together some of those which he regards as having been unnecessarily subdivided. In particular it may be remarked that, in conformity with the views of Robert Brown, Griffith, and Hooker, he has reunited to the ordinary Phanerogamia the curious root-parasites forming the orders Balanophoræ, Cytinæ, and Rafflesacæ, which had been ranked by Endlicher and Lindley as a distinct group, under the name of Rhizanthus. And he has proposed a new distribution of the Cryptogamia, founded on the recent discoveries in regard to their sexual reproduction, which seems to us the most philosophical that has yet been offered, and which may, at any rate, be provisionally adopted as most conformable to our present knowledge.

The third part treats of Physiology, including Physiological Anatomy; and here, for the first time, the student is brought into contact with those elementary facts of Vegetable organization and development, to which in Professor Henfrey's former treatise he was introduced at the commencement. Now we are by no means sure that this plan is much better than the other. It carries us back to those old times in which a Botanist was a person who had a more or less extensive knowledge of plants as they appear when collected and dried in a herbarium, but who did not know what a cell meant, and could not have told that vegetables decompose the carbonic acid of the atmosphere and give forth oxygen. All good teaching, in our opinion, should proceed in Nature's order, from the general to the special. Before a student is induced to spend his time in mastering the technicalities of Descriptive Botany, it is surely desirable that he should have acquired some general idea of what a Plant is, and what it does. And this may be given him not in the form of dry abstractions, but by directing his attention to the most familiar phenomena of vegetation. The green scum floating on the surface of a pond, and giving off bubbles of gas under the rays of the sun, is as good an example as can be



found of that simple cell which is the type of all vegetable organization, and of those fundamental phenomena of growth and reproduction which constitute the essence of Vegetable life. The multiplication of such cells in regular continuity with each other, but without any differentiation of form or function, giving a *Conferva* or an *Ulva*; the incipient differentiation of the reproductive and vegetative portions, which presents itself in the higher Seaweeds, the Lichens, and the Fungi; the more complete separation of these two great divisions of the organism, which is characteristic of the Hepaticæ; the progressive differentiation of the vegetative apparatus into root, stem, and leaf, which, commencing in the Mosses, is more fully carried out in the Ferns, and which reaches its climax in the Flowering-Plant;—all this might, we think, have been adequately expounded in an introductory chapter, with the advantage of giving the student a general insight into the typical forms of vegetable structure, and of preparing him for the reception of details in which he is not otherwise likely to feel much interest. Whilst expressing our doubts as to the expediency of thus entirely postponing the account of the Structure and Growth of Plants to the latter part of the Treatise, we have the satisfaction of being able to express the highest commendation of the manner in which this portion of it has been executed. As the Author justly remarks in his preface, “in a compendious manual of science, originality of matter has little place; the exercise of judgment, and conscientiousness in the examination of original sources, are everywhere demanded; and these are of course most beneficially employed when they rest upon an extensive basis of practical experience.” Upon this principle Professor Henfrey has most consistently acted; and the consequence is that his compendious view of the Physiological Anatomy and Physiology of Plants is, we will venture to say, the best that has yet appeared in any language.

The fourth part contains an outline-view of Geographical and Geological Botany; with an introductory chapter of great value, on the influence of external agencies and of the laws of vegetable development upon the diffusion of plants.

It is almost needless to add that the “getting-up” of the book is worthy of Mr. Van Voorst; our only criticism being that some of the illustrations are disproportionately large, having been originally prepared (if we mistake not) for Professor Henfrey’s translation of Mohl’s excellent treatise on the Vegetable Cell.

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#### HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

**COLONEL MURE** continues his useful labours in a fifth volume,<sup>1</sup> which treats of Thucydides, Xenophon, and the remaining historians of the Attic period. These sections not only sustain the level maintained in the previous volumes, but are, in our opinion, even more valuable than their predecessors. The Author’s standard of thought is

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<sup>1</sup> “A Critical History of the Language and Literature of Ancient Greece.” By William Mure, of Caldwell. Vol. V. London: Longman and Co. 1857.

not a high one; his merit is in the fulness and consistency with which he treats his subject from the platform on which he professes to stand. His book is not written for scholars. The few discussions on special points, reserved for Appendices, want the decisive logic of first-hand scholarship. All his critical discussions, in the same way, from being without perception of the more subtle analogies, and only reaching the verbal statement examined, fall on the mind flat and unconvincing. The Greek language is apparently known to him as a well-taught scholar; but his understanding has not imbibed its genius. Nor does he appreciate this gift in others, as is shown by his sneer at Poppo (note, page 586),—a heavy and clumsy scholar, indeed, but a man evidently produced by nature for the purpose of enucleating the nodes of Thucydides. Textual criticism, however, is a minor feature of Colonel Mure's work. He addresses himself to the general reader,—to the man who has forgotten his Greek, or never learnt it, but who wishes to get a general knowledge of what Greek literature may be about, and what it may be worth. And for learners, for the sixth form at school, and the college student in his first or second year, it is precisely the book wanted. It will become, we may safely predict, the standard book on the subject in all school libraries.

Perhaps, however, the Author will not be satisfied with such praise, and intended to be judged by a higher standard. It may be necessary therefore, to say that this is a test that it will not bear. As a school-book it is excellent. But it is no more than a school-book with a somewhat ambitious title, and full-grown dimensions. Neither the taste of the finished scholar, nor the curiosity of the philosophic student of men, will find either scope to move in, or sympathy to animate, in the tuition of Colonel Mure. He is eminently sensible and judicious; most estimable qualities in life, but of the least possible account in penetrating the subtle atmosphere in which the Greek mind and character moved. Colonel Mure's impartiality is quite judicial; his rectitude of opinion unfailing. Yet, Greeks being the subject, we find we learn more from Grote when he is wrong, than from Mure when he is right. Mure, for instance, controverts Grote's quixotic paradox on the "Character of Cleon," and on the "Trial of the Six Generals." We suppose all competent persons would side with Mure against Grote in these two cases; but it will not certainly be in consequence of Colonel Mure's summings-up. We have not noticed in the present volume a single decision of any importance from which we desire to dissent, but a painful and restrained effect is produced upon the reader of his distance from the objects he is endeavouring to contemplate. The dispassionate and prosaic calmness of Colonel Mure disables, instead of aiding, the imagination. The figures are so distinct to the eye that we see but too clearly that they are *not* the Greeks of 4000 years ago, but men who lived in the last century, or in the 17th century, or in any century since the Creation. That element is altogether left out, which differentiates Greek from that which is not Greek; that to which Schiller so happily alludes:—

"Ach! da euer Wonnedienst noch glänzte,  
Wie ganz anders, anders war es da!"

The thorough respectability of the British officer who shaves him.



self to perfection, brushes his hat neatly, and goes to the family pew every Sunday, has as little as possible in common with an Athenian Alcibiades. Colonel Mure, however, has not to deal much with political characters. His subject is the writers of Greece. And *here* his want of sympathy with greatness is chiefly felt in his total incapacity to appreciate great intellect, or to calculate the orbit of thought in its more distant flights. In his former volumes, his two great failures were—Homer and Herodotus. In the case of Homer, this failure may be ascribed to a want of realizing the conditions of an age when the poetic was the universal form and medium of thought. The “Thucydides” of the present volume leaves upon our minds a sense of blank disappointment. It is not error, but inadequacy. To what Colonel Mure *does* say we may give our assent; but an imperfect picture becomes a false picture when the object represented is a great mind. The inferior and commonplace merits of the Thucydidean history, those excellences, which many others besides Thucydides have reached, are set out by Colonel Mure with his usual fulness and completeness of analysis. But of the peculiar elevation from which Thucydides viewed human affairs, we have no account taken. It would be an interesting task to submit the “History of the Peloponnesian War” to a scrutiny, having for its object to read in it the mind of the writer. It has been said by a recent writer, that the celebrated historians have been men of greatly inferior power to the celebrated cultivators of physical science. The truth is, the mass of historical writers have belonged to one of two classes. They have either been literary historians, recommending by the graces of style a narrative compiled from other books, or they have been men of the world, who have described that which themselves have seen, or done. Thucydides is among the few who superadded to the union of both these qualifications—viz., a literary education, and experience of affairs—some degree of philosophical and political discipline. He does not intrude the speculation into his narrative, or expound any system of thought; but his estimate of men and their doings is governed by such a system. From Colonel Mure, however, we can gather nothing beyond the vague and superficial statements that in “his political opinions he was opposed to pure democratic government,” and that in religion he was “a thorough free-thinker.” We should infer from this that Colonel Mure’s view was, that Thucydides, like many men of the world, had discarded with disgust the popular creed without supplying its place with any other conception of the action of Deity on the affairs of earth. No philosophical reader will, we are sure, think that this negation of thought—possible enough in the occupied man—is the state of mind of the contemplative, speculative exile.

In saying that Colonel Mure has not done Thucydides justice, it is not implied that he has intentionally depreciated him: on the contrary, he means to make him great, but cannot state in what his greatness consists. The following passage will exhibit at once his good wishes and the vagueness of his admiration:—

“One remark remains to be added, in which it is believed few practised students of Thucydides will refuse to concur, and which may go far to palliate any

apparent harshness of the judgment passed in these pages on his literary style; the longer his work is known, and the more it is read, the more it is liked and admired; the less sensible we become of its faults, the more highly we prize its merits. This 'improvement on better acquaintance,' to use a familiar phrase, is a common, if not an infallible test of excellence in literature and art. In poetry and prose, as in painting, music, architecture, the works which command the most durable admiration are seldom those which have produced the most favourable first impression. As the conceptions of genius, especially of eccentric genius, necessarily range at times in an eccentric sphere, it seems but natural that a certain effort should be required to enable other minds fully to apprehend or appreciate them. The form in which the eccentricity of Thucydides is chiefly displayed, is the contrast between the enigmatical subtlety of thought and expression that pervades one large portion of his text, and the clear common sense and sound judgment which animates the remainder. His rhetorical passages may indeed be said to be composed in a language of his own—a language so different from that of ordinary men, that to ordinary men much appears hard to comprehend, and, even where intelligible, grates at first on the ear and understanding. But on more familiarity with the whole idiomatic vocabulary in which his equally idiomatic ideas are embodied, the difficulties at first experienced are gradually smoothed down, and in great part sooner or later vanish altogether; the intrinsic worth of the matter is more thoroughly felt and valued—the harshness of the manner is forgotten or overlooked."—p. 178.

The 180 pages allotted to Thucydides are followed by 300 on Xenophon. This distribution of space, so unjust to the merits of the two historians, will not, however, be complained of; for in Xenophon Colonel Mure has found a congenial subject. Xenophon, whose "art of composition, like his genius at large, is the perfection of mediocrity," is entirely within the analytic powers of his present biographer. We have never seen, certainly not in English, so complete an examination, and so judicious an estimate, of Xenophon. We have to distinguish in Xenophon the soldier and the man of letters. We cannot enough admire the tact and versatile skill of the leader of the Ten Thousand in that wonderful retreat, which, unlike many Greek exploits, seems the more marvellous the better we become acquainted with it. But our accomplished captain of *condottieri* was also a man of letters. Poetry excepted, he essayed nearly every species of composition, and ventured with equal confidence on every subject—history, biography, political theory, finance, economics, philosophy, hunting, "*omnia novit.*" Were it not that these diffuse and feeble compositions are written in pure Greek, and relate to the Greeks, they would all have been long ago sunk in oblivion. Xenophon's best performance is the "Anabasis," his worst the "Memorabilia." The "Hellenics" are saved only because other histories of the period are wanting. Colonel Mure has given an excellent summary of this work. But he does not seem aware of the worthlessness of political history as viewed and recorded by second-rate men. He does not make the reader feel—he does not feel himself—the immense gulf between a Thucydides and a Xenophon. The fallacy of the doctrine, that it is sufficient to be a contemporary of the events described to make a good historian, is exemplified in Xenophon's historical pieces. The leader of the Ten Thousand was certainly no ordinary man. An Athenian by birth, but a resident in the Pelop-



ponnese, the friend of all the leading Spartans, he had the best opportunities for information, if information were all that is wanted. But information is no use without the eyes to read it with. Colonel Mure ascribes the defects of the *Hellenics* "to partiality," or "want of truthfulness," and ascribes to him an "extensive knowledge of human character." It would be truer to say that he was disqualified as an historian by his want of power to appreciate the great men and events by whom he was surrounded. And of his discernment of character,—what are we to think of the man who, having lived with Socrates, had nothing to tell of him but the trivial puerilities with which he has stuffed three books of the most pointless *ana* on record,—the man to whom the commonplace Agesilaus was an hero, and who wrote the history of the rise of Thebes, without mentioning the name of Epaminondas. The falsification of history throughout the *Hellenics* is not "misrepresentation." Xenophon did not know better. He really thought Agesilaus a great and good man; and did not see what there was in Epaminondas. He certainly did not intend to misrepresent Socrates. On the contrary, he is laudably zealous to vindicate his master's piety, virtue, wisdom, and patriotism, against his enemies. There was no want of goodwill here; but he had neither eyes to see, nor ears to hear, him whom the oracle pronounced "wisest of men." It is easy to palliate the "*Memorabilia*" by saying that the soldier was no philosopher. But it is not philosophy only that is wanting, but appreciation of character. Full information, good sense, and judgment, equip a man for the practical duties of life. They do not qualify him as a political historian, where the great scale on which character and conduct exist require a philosophic breadth of view, and largeness of sympathy, which are among the rarest of intellectual acquisitions. This want of power to distinguish the important from the trivial, is shown by Xenophon no less in fiction. The "*Cyropædia*" is perhaps the dullest and stupidest romance extant. The meagreness of its substance, its poverty of incident, the loquacious garrulity of its characterless personages, show much more than the absence of imagination. They prove a want of conception of the truths of life,—the absence of all penetration into the substance of human nature. Colonel Mure admires "the lessons of wisdom which the '*Cyropædia*' inculcates." We rather feel that such a writer could teach us nothing; while we can never exhaust the thought which is condensed in the rich sentences of Thucydides.

The concluding chapter of the volume on Ctesias, Theopompus, Ephorus, Philistus, and other minor historians of the Attic period, will be read with interest by the general reader. Life and character are given to the dry material, which the diligence of the antiquarians has collected about these last writers. The scholar will doubtless prefer the more condensed and exhaustive Bernhardt; the more English reader will find all that he wishes to know on these writers in Colonel Mure's diffuse but lucid sketches.

Mr. Finlay is combining his separate volumes already published on the Greeks into a continuous "*History of Greece under Foreign Dominion*." Of this, a second edition of "*Greece under the Romans*"

forms the first volume.<sup>2</sup> This volume, which is complete in itself, and has a separate title, brings down the history to Leo the Isaurian, A.D. 716. Mr. Finlay goes over often-trodden ground—above all, over ground trodden by Gibbon. The conception of his plan, however, throws something of an original colouring even over the old. It is not following the decline and fall of an extinct people, but tracing backwards the fortunes of the existing Greek race; a history which shall include at one end the battle of Cyncephalæ, and at the other that of Navarino, and treat the twenty centuries that intervened with a continuity not only of interest, but of theme, may claim to be original. The reign of Heraclius (610-640) may be taken as the period at which the ancient existence of the Hellenic race terminates. Their history now becomes one of sufferings and distress; the slow relapse into barbarism during the hard struggle to escape extermination at the hands of rude invaders. When the Byzantine writers find it necessary to mention the Greeks of Hellas and the Peloponnese, they do so with feelings of contempt. They are designated as *Helladikoi*, to distinguish them alike from the ancient Hellenes and the Romans of the Empire. The mountains of Laconia still sheltered the last relics of Greek paganism. Roads, aqueducts, bridges, and quays everywhere fell into ruin. The plains, now uncultivated, were traversed by armed bands of Slavonians, and society was almost wrecked. Amidst the miserable spectacle which the period offers, the mind rests with consolation on one palliating feature. The wars between the Greeks and Saracens were as yet carried on with a spirit of humanity unknown either to earlier or to succeeding times. The religious hatred which subsequently sprung up between the Christians and Mohammedans was as yet unknown. The orthodox patriarchs of Jerusalem and Alexandria submitted to the government of the Caliphs as readily as to that of the Emperors, and the Arab treatment of their heretic subjects was far from oppressive. The religious animosity which had such fatal consequences for the Christians was of later growth. The concluding pages (490-520) of the volume give an admirable summary of the condition of the Greeks at the extinction of the Roman power in the East, which even the reader who is well acquainted with Gibbon will not find superfluous.

Following the chronological order, we come next to Mr. Porry's "History of the Franks," from their first appearance in history, to the death of King Pepin.<sup>3</sup> It would be unjust to try such essays as the present by a high historical standard. A really instructive history is the work of a lifetime, and not produced "in the intervals of a laborious and anxious occupation."—(Preface, p. vi.) Taking a lower measure of excellence, however, the present volume has great merits.

<sup>2</sup> "Greece under the Romans: a Historical View of the Condition of the Greek Nation from its Conquest by the Romans until the Extinction of Roman Power in the East, B.C. 146 to A.D. 716." By George Finlay, LL.D. 2nd edition. Edinburgh: Blackwood, 1857.

<sup>3</sup> "The Franks, from their first Appearance in History to the Death of King Pepin." By Walter C. Porry, Barrister-at-Law, Dr. Ph. and M.A. in the University of Göttingen. London: Longman and Co. 1857.



It is clear and precise, not from second-hand sources, and bears the marks of study and reflection. It is a well-digested introductory manual of French history, and in every way well adapted for the student as a text-book. Chapter I., on "The Ancient Germans," is the worst in the book. To extract the real characteristics of the Teutonic tribes of Central Europe from the scattered notices in the classical writers, with whom rhetoric was the ever ready disguise of indolent ignorance, requires a spirit of criticism which the Author does not possess. It will be sufficient to mention that he assumes the "Germania" of Tacitus as an authentic document. The narrative part, from the first appearance of the Franks, A. D. 240, to the death of Pepin, 768, follows in 250 pages. By comparison with Thierry's brilliant and fascinating "*Mémoires des Temps Mérovingiens*," Mr. Perry's narrative reads tame and uninviting. It is, however, succinct, continuous, and well arranged, and as such, well adapted to become a learner's book. The best part of the volume is the latter half, in which the political institutions, laws, customs, and state of the country and the church during the period of the narrative are discussed. The writer does not profess to offer original views, but he presents ascertained conclusions in an intelligent form. There is just sufficient discussion of grounds to excite a student's interest without distracting his attention. His summary of the treatment of the Gauls by the Franks on the first settlement (chap. viii.) may be taken as a fair specimen of this happy mixture of statement with critical reasoning. The relation of the Frank conquerors to the conquered Gallo-Norman has been a matter of much controversy. Mr. Perry exhibits the true view by the method of contrast with an erroneous one, that, viz., of referring to the fifth century a state of things known under the name of *feudalism* which did not exist before the eighth. The provincial coalesced in one society with the Frank, on terms not very unfavourable to the former. They retained their property, their laws, language, and religion. Not only did the constitutions of the municipal towns remain nearly intact, but the towns retained great independence of feeling and action. Indeed, when we consider the state of enervated dependence into which the Gallic provincials had been brought by the long habit of unresisting submission to Roman tyranny, we shall rather look for an explanation of the unexpected result of the German invasion, viz., the influence and power which the conquered race acquired among the conquering. We find this explanation in their superior numbers, the traditions of Roman glory, settled institutions, habits of business, and their ecclesiastical organization. As long as it was a question of fighting, the Frank was the superior; but when the settlement of the conquerors began, the superiority of civilized and educated men over barbarians began to show itself. Doubtless, much was suffered in the agony of conquest; many an act of robbery, of the oppression which the weak have at all times to endure from the strong, was perpetrated afterwards; but it was done, not according to the law, but in spite of it—when the law was weak and retribution lame. But we must no more form our notions of what the legal settlement of Gaul under the conquerors was, from the acts of outrage and rapine

which the Frankish annals record, than we should of the law of property and person in England from a history of the border feuds and forays. It would be most remarkable, as Mr. Perry well observes, that, had the lot of the provincial been so hard as is generally supposed, there should not be a hint of any such oppressions in the long history of Gregory of Tours, himself a Roman, and writing with Roman sympathies.

The interdiction of political action is more and more throwing the French upon their past. Research and reproduction are becoming the order of the day in France. Of the reproductions recently brought to a conclusion, the most valuable is the new edition of "*Barbier*"<sup>4</sup>; the most elaborately edited is that of the "*Historiettes de Tallemant des Réaux*."<sup>5</sup> On the last-named amusing farrago of gossip and scandal M. Paulin Paris has spent several years of his life. To his illustrations, subjoined to each "*Historiette*," the present edition owes the greatest part of its value. The editor has, besides, restored the orthography—that of the times of Balzac and Voiture,—that this bed-chamber chronicler may now be considered to be fully installed in a place among the "*Mémoires*" from which he had been hitherto excluded as unworthy. The journal of Barbier, which is too well known to require description, now appears with a carefully edited text under the auspices of the "*French Society of History*." The demand for such books is shown by the fact that this text is immediately reproduced in a cheaper reprint, "*Format Charpentier*."

The Journal to which the great name of "*Arnauld d'Andilly*" is attached, is now printed for the first time from the inedited MS.<sup>6</sup> Robert Arnauld d'Andilly was brother of the great Arnauld. He left behind him a very voluminous diary, in which he had noted, day by day, everything that occurred within his sphere of information, which a high office about the court made a tolerable wide one. The portion now published (1614-1620) forms but a fragment of the entire journal, which was continued down to 1632, and formed eight volumes in quarto. This, the Author's autograph, was in existence a few years ago at the Arsenal. But so careless is French surveillance of such treasures, that it has mysteriously disappeared, and all endeavours to trace it have as yet been fruitless. However, we are not to infer from this that it is finally lost. The journal of Bossuet was similarly abstracted; and after being many years missing, found its way back at last to the *Bibliothèque Impériale*.

Another hitherto inedited fragment of the past are the "*Letters of the Marquise de Créquy*."<sup>7</sup> The interest of these letters consists less

<sup>4</sup> "*Journal Historique et Anecdotique du Règne de Louis XV.*" Par E. J. F. Barbier, Avocat au Parlement de Paris. Publié pour la Société de l'Histoire de France. 4 vols. Paris: Renouard. 1857.

<sup>5</sup> "*Les Historiettes de Tallemant des Réaux.*" Publiée avec Notes et Eclaircissements Historiques, par MM. Paulin Paris et De Mommeray. 3rd edition. 6 vols., 8vo. Paris: Técheuer. 1857.

<sup>6</sup> "*Journal Inédit d'Arnauld d'Andilly (1614-1620).*" Publié et Annoté par Achille Halphen. Paris: Técheuer. 1857.

<sup>7</sup> "*Lettres Inédites de la Marquise de Créquy à Senac de Meilhan 1782-1789.*" Mises en ordre et Annotées par M. Edouard Fournier, précédées d'une Introduction par M. Sainte-Beuve. Paris: Potier. 1856.



in themselves than in their bearing on the celebrated forgery. The younger part of our readers may require to be reminded that in 1834 a work in seven volumes octavo was published in France as the "*Mémoires de la Marquise de Créquy*." It consisted of anecdotes, true and false, but all scandalous, raked together from every source, and seasoned by being directed, wherever such a course was possible, against the Orleans family. The pretended "*Memoirs*" were the forgery of a certain Comte de Courchamps. It will scarcely be believed, that though the imposture was immediately unmasked, among other places by the "*Quarterly Review*" of the same year, the detected forgery yet went through two editions, and was received with some favour by the Parisian public;—a striking instance certainly of the indifference to historical truth habitual to the French mind. The present collection of authentic letters of the Marquise de Créquy may be considered as the last in the series of refutations called out by the forgery. The author of the "*Causeries de Lundi*" furnishes a biographical introduction. He exposes some of the more flagrant anachronisms of the pretended "*Memoirs*," and gives a rapid summary of the evidence which had been accumulated against them. He observes that the very style—the use of such words as "*mystique*," "*érotique*," "*romantique*," "*pittoresque*"—betrays a nineteenth century pen.

The new volume of Michelet's magnificent history<sup>8</sup> brings us down to 1628. The little attention, comparatively speaking, which Michelet's work has excited in his own country and in England is very significant, and deserves inquiry into its cause. In the beginning of the present year (1857), a M. Poirson published a "*History of the Reign of Henri IV.*" It is a careful, serious, and elaborate compilation, by a painstaking, and not a prejudiced, man. Michelet in a generous notice of it called it "*an encyclopædia of the history of the times*." It has been universally applauded by the reviews, French and English, and has received from the Académie the "*grand prix Gobert*," which had for so many years remained the monopoly of Augustine Thierry. It well deserved these praises. But a work of these solid merits, when placed by the side of the consummate monument designed by the genius of Michelet, shrinks into insignificant proportions. Yet Michelet's history, so far from receiving the recognition due to it, as most distinctly the one capital work on their own history which the French had yet produced, has hitherto met only vague and qualified admiration. This, too, is accorded it chiefly on the ground of its picturesque descriptions and animated delineations—one, but far from its principal excellence. This indifference or injustice of opinion may be in some small degree due to this very brilliance and high-colouring of the style. General readers are apt to be prejudiced against brilliant writing, as incompatible with profound research. The dull, wooden style of M. Poirson recommended his book—stamped it as a work of labour. The artistic skill of Michelet's narrative, the dramatic *pose* of his tableaux, serve to disguise his labour of research. One merit, the slighter and

<sup>8</sup> "*Histoire de France au XVII. Siècle, Henri IV. et Richelieu.*" Par J. Michelet. Paris: Chamerot. 1857.

superficial, has destroyed his credit for the other, the deep and enduring. But this common illusion—an illusion, after all, only of superficial readers—is far from being the principal cause of the cold reception of Michelet's "History of the Sixteenth Century." This cause is found in the peculiar alienation of the French national temper from the cause of liberty in Europe. The traditional policy of France, from the death of Henri IV. to the present day, has been Catholic and Absolutist. Under this system has been formed the whole national sentiment. The spurious glories of the age of Louis XIV. shed over this suicidal system a hollow splendour which concealed the rottenness within. Michelet is the first French historian who has decidedly and unhesitatingly discarded this corrupt political tradition. He does not argue, but assumes as his point of view, the anti-Catholic. He takes as his point of departure the policy of Henri IV.—not the conciliatory policy or balance of parties, but the thorough Protestant policy of the last six years, 1604-1610. Michelet is the first who has grasped all the tendencies of the contending forces in this decisive period of the history of Europe. We now see the march of affairs no longer as turning upon the mere inconstant or volatile character of the individual monarch, but as directed by a truly European policy. This policy binds up the welfare of France with that of the Protestant cause. We see Henri IV. unhesitatingly recognising this policy, but obliged to temporize, and more assiduously courting the Catholic clergy, and flattering the Jesuits, the more he threw the real weight and influence of government into the Protestant scale. We see the court and Spain, the great nobles and the Jesuits, conspire his death. The assassination of Henri IV. was the triumph of the Catholic and anti-national party. We see this fatal event no longer as the random stroke of a crazy fanatic, but as the keystone of the policy of the great Conservative party. The trial of Ravallac was hushed up; of the principal witnesses, one, Lagarde, was murdered; the other, the Demoiselle d'Escoman, was immured in the *oubliettes*; but, in spite of all, the truth stands clear. The plot was hatched in the Louvre; the Queen was privy; the Guises, Duc d'Epemon, Henriette d'Entragues forwarded it, and the convents found the man, and worked his mind to the required heat. With Henri IV. perished his policy. The Court of the Louvre, already in his lifetime wholly in the Spanish interest, became more and more identified with the foreign and Catholic interests. Richelieu thoroughly understood the necessity for national unity, but he arrived at it by the course so fatal to French freedom—of crushing the Protestants, *i. e.*, the destruction of the most valuable elements of the national life. True, he did this by policy, not by violence, but the result was the same. The Protestant emigration took place. Those who stayed behind were quiet, and gave no trouble to Richelieu, or to Mazarin, or to anybody else. Their moral life was extinct. The destruction of La Rochelle purchased union, but at a fearful price: it was to cut off a leg to enable the patient to walk better. The internal blow to the commerce and material prosperity of the country was great. France, with its extensive area and vast resources, continued for generations a lean and meagre starveling by



the side of Holland, which, with a territory not larger than one of the thirty provinces of France, covered every sea with its tri-color flag. But the moral debasement of France was greater still than its material exhaustion. Under Richelieu and Mazarin that mechanical system was commenced which was enthroned under Louis XIV. The machine was brought to perfection, and the man exterminated. It was not till 1789 that moral action and political life recommenced for France.

Such is the aspect which French history offers to a foreigner. But such a view is totally opposed to that which is prevalent among Frenchmen. The historical tradition of France is Catholic and monarchical. The Revolution did not break the spell. Strange though it may seem, her historians have been Protestants (Guizot, Sismondi); her philosophers have been sceptical or indifferent, yet they have all united in adopting the politics of Richelieu and Louis XIV. To do otherwise, indeed, would seem little less than to disown France—to renounce the birthright of a Frenchman. Yet no less a sacrifice than this is demanded of one who would take a really enlarged and statesman-like view of the course of European affairs. This eminence Michelet has been able to reach; this breadth of view he has dared to take. He is not, therefore, to look for popularity among his own countrymen. He has all parties against him. The clerical faction is furious at his exposure of the wickedness incarnate of Rome and the Jesuits. Others, who have no great liking for the Church, cannot give up either the sagacity of Richelieu or the glories of the siècle. It might be thought that the Protestant body in France would be proud of such splendid support. Far from it. The Protestants of France are few in number, crushed in spirit, and much more afraid of intellect than able to appreciate it. Their sole interest is in their silly dogma. Michelet does not preach that, and they are not likely to see that this history will do more to reinstate the cause of French Protestantism in the opinion of Europe than any book which has appeared since Calvin's "Institutes." This masterly view of the policy and interests of France is the capital merit of Michelet's history. The secondary merits, of style, composition, and colouring, would alone be sufficient to make the fortune of any less known writer. The ordinary historian sacrifices to the decorums of his craft at least one half of the springs of human action. The part played by women—an influence on public life especially great in French affairs,—is the one which they are apt to slur over, to avoid the difficulties inherent in the subject. For example, M. Poirson has one line on Gabrielle d'Estrées, an omission convenient to the writer, but which falsifies his whole representation of several important years of French history. Michelet will not sacrifice truth to this conventional fastidiousness. Another important novelty is his assigning its due weight as a *force* to what may be called the "Whim of the age." The side-lights that he throws on such subjects differ from ordinary historians in this, that while they represent them as singular and isolated phenomena, or illustrations of mere manners, Michelet brings them out in their bearing on the national temper and general politics. The three prominent moral facts of the

epoch (reign of Henri IV.) are Sorcery, the Convents, Casuistry. In the country which the Jesuits had so successfully vindicated for the Catholic religion, arose a worship of the Devil. Under their ecclesiastical reign of terror, the trembling population, abandoned it seemed by the God of the Church, found or invented for itself a new and horrible deity. Driven by terror to the Church by day, it indemnified itself by the Witches' Sabbath, and the Black Mass by night. In their short hour of liberty, the poor people mocked their tyrants, mocked their own misery. The "Sorcerer's Sabbath" was a rude farce in four or five acts, in which the tyrant Church and Feudal empire furnished the subject of the hideous jest. In the seventeenth century, if the entertainment had become less savage, its immorality had become more refined. The influence of the convents on the life of the times is not to be measured by their *numbers*. Yet, even the numbers of those powerful machines of intrigue is an important historical fact. It was in the century between 1620-1720 that the great development of convent life in France took place. The Ursulines, *e.g.*, had about a thousand houses devoted to education. One branch only of the "Ladies of the Visitation," that of Sacré Cœur, founded in twenty years more than four hundred houses. This great system of establishments formed in the hands of the Jesuits an enormous organ on which their skilful hands would play whenever it was necessary to elicit great displays of public opinion. The influence of the Press!—what is it compared to the tender, winning eloquence of so many religious ladies on the women, not to say the men, who frequented their parlours? These visitants, mothers of their pupils, or relations of their own, received from the mouths of The Sisters the word of command, which had originally issued from the Louvre, from Père Cotton, or from Père Arnoux. This order, falling, like a spark in powder, upon the inflammable material of tender and docile hearts, spread through the length and breadth of the land with inconceivable rapidity. This volume contains pieces of description which match those in previous volumes of the "S. Bartholomew," and the "murder of the Duke of Guise." The "Siege of La Rochelle" is a masterpiece of this sort. But we do not know that Michelet has ever drawn with greater effect over the sources of pity and terror, than in his narrative (pp. 31-49) of the death of Gabrielle.

We have a specimen of the literature of "The Empire" in M. Laurent de l'Ardèche's "Refutation of the Memoirs of the Duke of Ragusa."<sup>9</sup> It is published by the publisher of the "Œuvres de l'Empereur Napoleon III.," and it breathes the spirit of baseness and moral insensibility which animates the splendid exterior of the Second Empire. It is a pamphlet of upwards of 400 tedious pages, à la Gortschakoff, evidently written to order, and paid for. The pamphleteer performs his dirty duty thoroughly. He follows the "Memoirs" step by step, and denies with praiseworthy pertinacity every statement in them which does not redound to the honour and glory of Napoleon I. It is, indeed, an

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<sup>9</sup> "Réfutation des Mémoires du Maréchal Marmont, Duc de Raguse." Par M. Laurent de l'Ardèche. Paris: Henri Plon, 1857.



article in the *Moniteur*, in extended proportions. The "Memoirs of Marshal Marmont" are before the world, and though no one would undertake to guarantee to the letter the correctness of all their statements, yet public opinion has justly recognised the general integrity and truthfulness of the soldier's recollections. In a free country, to attempt to shake the credit of a work so genuine as that of the Marshal's by an ill-written partisan pamphlet, would be impossible. It is not so in France at present. The tampering of Power with the Press not only vitiates the truth of fact, but hopelessly perverts the sensibility to truth, at the best not very strong in the uneducated mind. We know not whether it may be worth remarking, as a sign of Napoleonic opinion, that the pamphleteer shows a disposition to patronize the Restoration. He is angry with Marshal Marmont for having said of this period, that in it "tout était petit, et petit jusqu'à la dégradation." Impudently enough he cites as exceptions, among other names, those of Royer-Collard, Guizot, and Villemain. How did the Restoration treat these men? Just as the Empire treats intellect and genius now.

Mr. Bohn having become the proprietor of Mr. Jesse's copyright, issues a new edition of "The Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts,"<sup>10</sup> with portrait illustrations, and in a clear and readable type. From the same publisher we receive a second edition of Carruthers' "Life of Pope."<sup>11</sup> This Life was, before, the most complete extant. In this edition "considerable additions have been made, and a better arrangement of the materials attempted. Indeed, so many new facts, illustrative of Pope's literary and personal character, have been brought to light within the last four or five years, that any previous life of the poet would require to be almost wholly re-written. The editor has availed himself of this recent information—of course specifying the authority for each fact and illustration,—and he has been enabled to make some additions from unpublished sources. Further extracts are given from the Mapledurham MSS., including a few letters from Pope, Mrs. Howard, Mallet, &c."—(Preface, p. 1.) The peculiar difficulty of Pope's biography lies in the mass of anonymous literary squabbling which hangs like a mist around his name. The anonymous and pseudonymous was partly the habit of the times, and partly created by his own tricky disposition:—

"Pope, with manly wisdom, despised the *piæ fraudes* of his Church. He tolerated no juggling in concerns of eternal moment. But unfortunately he did not carry this spirit into literature. His *poeticæ fraudes* are numerous and undeniable. Some are serious, intended to avert the consequences of his satire; some are prompted by vanity; and some can be assigned to no other cause than a delight in stratagem. To *equivocate genteelly*, as he termed it, or to deny firmly, as circumstances might require, were expedients he never

<sup>10</sup> "Memoirs of the Court of England during the Reign of the Stuarts, including the Protectorate." By J. H. Jesse. New edition, illustrated by numerous portraits. In three volumes. London: H. G. Bohn, 1857.

<sup>11</sup> "The Life of Alexander Pope, including Extracts from his Correspondence." By Robert Carruthers. 2nd edition, revised and considerably enlarged. London: H. G. Bohn, 1857.

hesitated to adopt. The ardour of composition, it is probable, at times carried him further than he intended, and led him to over-colour his pictures, so that he might safely deny part. 'It must be owned,' said Lord Chesterfield, 'that Pope was the most irritable of all the *genus irritabile vatum*,—offended with trifles, and never forgetting or forgiving them.' Still he shrank from the responsibility of his attacks, and the contests between his irresistible proneness to satire and his want of moral courage, or his reluctance to continue injustice, involved him in pitiable and humiliating situations, which, without the cant of sensibility, all must deplore if not condemn. These results became more conspicuous when his epistles led him to deal with higher characters than most of those in the 'Dunciad.'—(*Carruthers*, p. 290.)

The tricks, subterfuges, artifices, and false pretences, by which he disguised his assaults, or baffled those of his foes, contribute a labyrinth of literary imposture of the most petty kind, through which a biographer is under the necessity of wading. In such labours Mr. Carruthers has many rivals, but is hardly likely to find a superior. We cannot pretend much sympathy with this style of research. As biographies swell almost to bursting with minute details, under the process of accumulation, it is easy to foresee that we shall have to revert again to that abridged style of biography, of which Johnson's "Lives of the Poets" are models;—a style which gives us conclusions, but spares us the premises; a style in which the biographer's industry appears in the completeness of the character resulting, rather than in a repetition of all the details from which it is drawn. We want to see a portrait, not an inventory of the features possessed by the subject.

M. Victor Schœlcher<sup>12</sup> has beguiled the sad hours of exile in the compilation of a very complete Life of Handel. The Author has been unfortunate in his translator, whose English has neither grace nor correctness. But perhaps this is not of much moment, as the book is intended chiefly for the musical world. M. Schœlcher has spared neither time nor pains in a long, laborious and expensive search after every source, printed or written, from which information could be obtained. There has been no Life of Handel since Mainwaring's in 1760; and it "is nothing but a summary, without much exactness." The present therefore may be said to be the first at all adequate biography of the great Saxon composer. The research shown in it would be worthy of the highest praise in a native; in a foreigner it is astonishing. The value of it as a piece of musical history must be left to the judgment of professed musicians. As a picture of the man, it labours under the defect of a panegyrical tone. There is, however, not much room for mistake about the leading features of Handel's character. They are simple, strongly marked, and lie on the surface. Indeed, many of the anecdotes about him are among our standard jokes. He was a strong-made portly person, of impetuous temper, and great sensitiveness. The art of composing excited him to tears. A friend, calling upon him when in the act of setting the words, "He was despised and rejected of men," found him absolutely sobbing.

<sup>12</sup> "The Life of Handel." By Victor Schœlcher. London: Trübner and Co. 1857.



He was imperious, irritable, and swore vehemently; but as ardent in his religion as he was in everything else he did. For several days before his death, he expressed a wish that he might breathe his last on Good Friday—"In hopes," he said, "of meeting his sweet Lord and Saviour on the day of his resurrection." With a strong disposition for morriment, he was proud and reserved. He had all the jealousy and impatience of rivalry habitual to artists. One honourable trait should never be omitted in speaking of him—his spirit of independence. The insolent and vulgar *hauteur* of the English aristocracy he repelled with the conscious pride of self-reliance. This, too, was at a time when the divine Mozart could be sent by the Archbishop of Salzburg to eat with the servants, and when Haydn permitted an Hungarian magnate to say to him, "Go and dress yourself like a chapel-master." Handel's industry was as great as his genius; and he retained his vigour and power of working till an advanced age. The composition of the "Messiah" occupied only twenty-three days, the "Samson" thirty or thirty-five. His works altogether amount to 122, the greater part of which are of considerable extent. Among them 39 three-act operas.

Long before our notices meet the reader's eye, "The Autobiography of Lutfullah"<sup>13</sup> will be sure to have circulated through all the book-clubs in the kingdom. Indeed, its best parts are already, at the moment we are writing, known to us through the "weeklies," which have all felt the attraction. The ideas, as well as the idiom of Orientals in general, are so remote from ours, that it affords us neither pleasure nor amusement to follow them. But Lutfullah, though a Mahomedan, having learnt English thoroughly, and mixed much with the English, talks and thinks as Europeans do, yet with a continual reservation of the native Indian point of view. It is this mixture of simplicity and shrewdness, of the child's curiosity with the man's astuteness, that constitutes the charm of the book. It reminds us of the "Citizen of the World," in which the same union of dissimilar qualities is admirably hit off by Goldsmith. Besides the amusement it affords, those who have not been in India may catch glimpses of the real state of society in India. We are flooded, just now more than ever, with English descriptions of society, *i.e.* the dinners and balls of the Anglo-Indian residents. From these works on India we learn nothing about the natives, with whom, except as servants or tradesmen, our countrymen never come in contact; for missionary accounts are couched in a falsetto tone of theological slang, which removes them into a world of their own. In Lutfullah's Life we see—and all the better as he does not write with that object—something of the true native character, and of its relations to the true conquering people. If any one is disposed to think that the English are beginning to be regarded otherwise than as aliens by the natives of Hindostan, let him be undeceived. Nor can we gather from this book that either the

<sup>13</sup> "Autobiography of Lutfullah, a Mohammedan Gentleman; and his Transactions with his Fellow-creatures: interspersed with Remarks on the Habits, Customs, and Character of the People with whom he had to deal." Edited by Edw. B. Eastwick, F.R.S. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.

mental discipline, or the moral ideas, or the religion of the English, have made any serious impression on the native races. Lutfullah is known as one of the least bigoted of the disciples of Islam: yet his antipathy to all that we call Progress is most manifest. He is a man of clear perceptions, good feeling, and generous dispositions: yet he relates of himself, or of others, meanness, servility, and indirectness which an Englishman, even if he would practise, would not tell. They have no notion of justice, integrity, and honour, among themselves, and they have not acquired these notions from us. The conduct of government, as of private persons, is an alternation of treachery and violence; and treachery and violence are the only instruments of government that they respect. Our faults against Hindostan are great; yet it may be a question whether an exhibition of all the virtues in the moral code would have produced any elevating effect upon races whose moral perceptions seem blighted by ages of slavery and superstition. Lutfullah's ideas on women remain thoroughly Moslem. He attributes the prostitution of London to "the licence established by the civilizers:"—

"The English leave their women to remain uncontrolled in life, and permit them to enjoy the society of men, both in public and private. Poor creatures! Naturally weak, how many of them fall victims to the brutal intrigues of men: how many families of high name have been ruined by this unreasonable licence! I do not say that all Mohammedan ladies are virtuous. Virtue and vice are two sisters—the former fair and the latter black: and no nation has ever been, and shall ever be, uninfluenced by the two ladies. But limits and restraints prescribed by the Mohammedan law and usage in domestic affairs, I am bound to say, at all events prevent increase in vice and decrease in virtue. The time of the Mohammedan ladies being occupied in needlework, in the performance of their religious duties five times a day, in looking over their kitchens, and other household affairs, they have no leisure to think of admirers. Their marriages are arranged by their parents, who are their best friends, and whose experience in worldly affairs must be greater than theirs. Opportunities are in general afforded to the bride to see her would-be husband from a loop-hole or a window before she is married to him; and no matrimonial contract is considered binding, unless the lawfully-attested consent of both parties is first obtained, and taken down in writing by the law officer appointed by the Government to solemnize the marriage. Thus many bitter feuds and lasting animosities which poison the minds of contending rivals are avoided, and marriage beds are not only free from contamination, but from the dread of it. In short, seclusion secures woman from those delusions and temptations which irritate the mind with fleeting joys, leaving behind the permanent sting of bitter remorse; while, never having tested the universal triumph and dominion which beauty gives in the circle of Europe, the pang of lost power is not added to the painful sensation of fading charms."

Travels, even the best, cannot teach readers the real character and sentiment of a people. They familiarize us with the exterior forms of nature and art, and the superficial customs and observances. This sort of information is curious and interesting; nay, more, it is material for the inferences of a higher knowledge. The existing usages and institutions of a nation conduct to conclusions as to its past history. But it is to more invisible and imponderable agencies of prevailing opinion that we must look for such data as alone will enable



us to understand and deal with the present, or forecast the future. This is why we look anxiously for any explanations or elucidations of the religious sentiment (if religious it be) which is at the bottom of the insurrection in China. In the rebellion is embodied the only moral movement or agitation of social life that has stirred China for centuries. That some such principle animates it,—that it is not the mere lawless outbreak of gangs of land pirates,—is clear. But what the moving influence is, is yet, after the lapse of several years since its commencement, still undetermined. We do not find any light on this interesting point in Mr. Fortune's new volume of Chinese Travels.<sup>14</sup> He seems to agree in what we believe is now the general opinion, that the movement is not in any sense Christian. This is a subject, however, for which Mr. Fortune has no eyes. On his own subject—the cultivation of the tea-plant, and the manufacture of silk and tea—the present volume contains much useful information. Instead of travelling, as before, in the disguise of a native, he travelled in his proper character of "outside barbarian," and found this the better plan. Information was freely given. There seemed neither mystery nor secrecy about the various processes. He brought away with him many new plants and a number of skilled manufacturers from the tea-districts of the interior. With respect to our unfortunate position towards the Chinese in the present war, Mr. Fortune's remarks are short and judicious. He points out our great mistake in not enforcing from the first the treaty of 1842, and the way in which we allowed ourselves to be outreached by the artful diplomacy of a people whose power we despised. Nor were we only outwitted by the Imperial Commissioner, but degraded in the estimation of the Chinese by making a demand which we *dared not* enforce: for fear is the only motive to which, in their comprehension, our moderation can be ascribed.

Much more full of information than Mr. Fortune's volume is Mr. Russell's "North America."<sup>15</sup> It abounds with carefully collected observations on farming in Canada and the States, made by one who is at once a practical farmer and a man of science. This combination of qualities makes Mr. Russell's book most valuable as a report on American methods. The scientific chemists in this country have been, till recently, far too prone to dogmatize to the farmer. They are beginning to understand, that analysis of soils must be taken in combination with climate, before we can apply it to practice. Much more extended observations are therefore necessary before a sufficient basis for Agricultural Chemistry will be obtained. Mr. Russell has repeatedly to notice how much climate alters our ideas of the character of soil best suited to certain crops. Climate, rather than soil, determines the distinction of Prairie and Forest. The same soil, which in Michigan produces only stunted bush, will on the Atlantic

<sup>14</sup> "A Residence among the Chinese: Inland, on the Coast, and at Sea. Being a Narrative of Scenes and Adventures during a Third Visit to China, from 1853 to 1856." By Robert Fortune. With Illustrations. London: J. Murray. 1857.

<sup>15</sup> "North America: its Agriculture and Climate. Containing Observations on the Agriculture and Climate of Canada, the United States, and the Island of Cuba." By Robert Russell, Kilwhiss. Edinburgh: A. and C. Black. 1857.

sea-board, where rain is abundant, produce dense forests of timber. A line drawn north and south, from the centre of Michigan to St. Louis, and extending to Texas, would form a rough boundary between the wooded and the treeless country. *West* of this line, the trees are generally stunted, unless along the margins of the rivers; whereas the country *eastward* to the Atlantic was almost everywhere densely clothed with timber when first discovered by Europeans. Those who like to read of hustings politics, of Buchanan's Kansas policy, and Fremont's chances, will not find anything to suit them in Mr. Russell's book. But those who wish for information on the permanent and natural characteristics of the States, will find here an abundant stock of original observations.

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### BELLES LETTRES AND ART.

**F**EW poets of this generation can say of themselves that they "woke one morning to find themselves famous." This has been Mr. Alexander Smith's good or evil fortune. Tennyson slowly ascended to his zenith; the two Brownings were long in winning a fair acknowledgment; Matthew Arnold is still all but unknown, notwithstanding his noble poetic faculty: Mr. Alexander Smith shares with the author of "Festus" the application of the Byronic phrase we have quoted. We trust that he is not, in imitation of his rival, going to treat us to a series of disappointments, and make such a production as the "Life Drama" the basis of a fame for which, to those who read it when the promise it contained has been belied, it will scarcely seem the apology. The "Life Drama" was remarkable as the work of a very young man in a season of poetic dearth. It was built on a story of Keats and Tennyson, and affinity with those poets. Its blank-verse, monotonous in the end, was exquisitely sweet, and showed ease and feeling, as well as careful reading of the masters of that metre. The poem abounded in fine isolated lines, in charming conceits, thrown sensibly out as such, and everywhere, in spite of occasional spasmodism, it was evident that the Author's brain was not dazzled by his own exhibition of fireworks, but had at bottom an active common sense that would ultimately hold him from the excesses of the school whose faith he professed, and was even then vigilant to avert obscurity and many of those vain irregularities which characterize "Festus" and "Balder." The sonnets at the close of the volume we remember as a further instance of his possession of the faculty of verse, and of the promise of higher perfection. Having said thus much, the critic,

"Running a mile that he might leap a yard,"

as Mr. Smith finely writes, must admit that he is disappointed in the "City Poems."<sup>1</sup> They are not up to the mark. The style of the

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<sup>1</sup> "City Poems." By Alexander Smith. Cambridge: Macmillan and Co. 1857.



poems, the very cadences of the verse, recall the "Life Drama." Moreover, Mr. Smith has not got a whit nearer to real life. He is still wandering outside the busy circle, making a poem of it—not from it.

Four years have elapsed since the publication of the "Life Drama." We have a right to expect something different, and much better, after such an interval. Powers so precocious should be neighbouring maturity by this time. Mr. Smith talks and talks; he is more and more Alexander Smith, and proportionately less the poet we hoped he would be. That he is a true poet many passages in this volume sufficiently prove; but he is not creative, and we cannot say that he is even original. The spirit and tone of Tennyson are reproduced in the "City Poems;" it is impossible to forget the Laureate while we read them. His characters are the merest abstractions—pegs for the hanging of poetic bravery on; and so long-winded are the reflective parts, the digressions so random, that all story is lost in them. Horton is an ill-fated genius, who—

"Plunged from off this crumbling shoal of Time,  
Struck for the coast of Fame—with stiffened limbs  
Went down in sight of land."

He flies before the reader like a passer in a mist, and in fact he is just such a filmy substance. A set of young men, discussing his history, strike out here and there some clever images, with a fling at the critics by the way. We are to presume, doubtless, that Charles, James, Max, John, and Harry, are a group of spasmodic poets disguised under Christian-names. At least their hostility to our class, contempt for cotton, and general preference of soliloquy to dialogue, may warrant the supposition. For the rest, they speak more sensibly than the race usually does. Thus, picturing Horton's eyes,—

"The thought stood in them ere 'twas spoken; Wit  
Laughed on you from the windows ere she danced  
Out on you from the door."

Again—

"———— for Fame's consummate fruit, which ne'er  
Has cool'd the fever of a living lip,  
Which ripens slowly through laborious years,  
Then, heavy with its sweetness and its bloom,  
Falls on a grave, he could not wait; so pluck'd  
Crude Reputation's green and bastard crab,  
Which set his teeth on edge. This error soured  
His native goodness."

The fatal incident in Horton's life appears to have been his love for a "lily-woman," who is lost to him by drowning; but Horton with all his sorrows and the good things he gives occasion to be said of him, is light-weighted, and flits out of sight and mind before we have finished the poem.

"Squire Maurice" is better conceived, and holds a really tragic position. It is a poem of Love and Irresolution. He is plighted to a girl of low degree, but cannot summon courage to break with the world and follow the impulse of his heart. The counsel, the half

resolves, the poor wisdom which outwits his better nature is well given :—

“ And yet the world is wise ; each curve and round  
Of custom's road is no result of chance ;  
It curves but to avoid some treacherous ground,  
Some quagmire in the wilds of circumstance ;  
Nor safely left. The long-drawn caravan  
Wavers through heat, then files o'er Mecca's stones ;  
Far in the blinding desert lie the bones  
Of the proud-hearted solitary man.”

A weak heart makes tragedy as well as a strong one ; but here again the tragic position dissolves in talk. On looking closer at “ Squire Maurice ” we discover that he is not a personality : a subtle analysis, rather, of what an average human creature would be, similarly placed. As a poem, “ Squire Maurice ” is written with a simple ease and sweetness which makes it very delightful to read, and we prefer the following natural verses to all the grand Apollodorian lines that spasmodic poet ever coined :—

“ Though I have travelled now for twice an hour,  
I have not heard a bird or seen a flower.  
This wild road has a little mountain rill  
To sing to it, ah ! happier than I.  
How desolate the region and how still  
The idle earth looks on the idle sky !  
I trace the river by its wandering green,  
The vale contracts to a steep pass of fear,  
And through the midnight of the pines I hear  
The torrent raging down the long ravine.  
At last I've reached the summit high and bare ;  
I fling myself on heather dry and brown :  
As silent as a picture lies the town ;  
Its peaceful smokes are curling in the air ;  
The bay is one delicious sheet of rose,  
And round the far point of the tinted cliffs  
I see the long strings of the fishing-skiffs  
Come home to roost like lines of evening crows.”

Mr. Smith does not excel in lyric verse, nor do any of the school of which he is considered the chief and interpreter. We are astonished that he should have reprinted such stanzas as “ *The Night before the Wedding ; or, Ten Years After.* ”

“ The country ways are full of mire,  
The boughs toss in the fading light,  
The winds blow out the sunset's fire,  
And sudden droppeth down the night.  
I sit in this familiar room,  
Where mud-splashed hunting squires resort ;  
My sole companion in the gloom  
This slowly dying pint of port.”

We can pardon such epithets as the “ dying day,” and many of the kind made popular by Shelley ; but if this grandiloquence applies to the daily ebbing of our decanters, it may extend to our legs of mutton, and will have a range of infinite bathos. We are not of those who



accuse Mr. Smith of plagiarism, nor hold the accusation good. If it were so to anything like the extent charged against him, he must have a genius for mosaic-work never yet equalled in poetic literature. But let whoever will, read the above stanza, and say if it be not an almost servile echo of Tennyson! The treatment, the tone, the very rhymes, are his. Mr. Smith should have been careful, where so much was expected of him, not to publish these reproductions of a master, involuntary though they may be. There is surely such a thing as a poetic conscience, to warn young votaries of the Muse when they are appropriating property not their own? At all events, there are laws to restrain the practice. We have a minor objection to make. Mr. Smith's frequent elisions affect the ear unpleasantly: we find pages full of 'mong, 'mid, 'neath, 'bove, 'tween, &c. This can easily be corrected. We will make another, and a graver one. Mr. Smith has now had experience of the world, and has seen more of women. The strange style of the young lady who momentarily appears in the "Boy's Poem," her shadowy, vulgar, and ridiculous *ensemble* make us think that he has not much penetration, and is tardy in reaching beyond the elements of character. It is possible to sketch a flighty person with grace. In this poem, as in the others, the charm is in the descriptions. Here is one of a clear unlaboured beauty, that would of itself pass Mr. Alexander Smith's name into the rank of poets:—

"The shining day  
 Spread out before me, and I wandered on,  
 Free as those vagrant children of the waste,  
 Shadow and sunshine. By the sandy banks  
 Of a shrunk stream, that in unnumbered rills  
 Tinkled 'tween pebbles and hot glistening stones,  
 Two green kingfishers played. A travelling shower  
 O'ertook me on the way; I stood and heard  
 The skylarks singing in the sunny rain,  
 With a dim recognition in my heart,  
 As if I knew the meaning of the song  
 In some forgotten life. I reached a height  
 That lay from fairy fern to stately tree  
 Asleep in sunshine. From its crown I saw  
 The country fade into the distant sky,  
 With happy hamlets drowned in apple-bloom,  
 And ivy-muffled churches still with graves,  
 And restless fires subdued and tamed by day;  
 And scattered towns whence came at intervals,  
 Upon the wind, a clear sweet sound of bells.  
 Through all, a river, like a stream of haze,  
 Drew its slow length until 'twas lost in woods.  
 Still as a lichened stone I lay, and watched  
 The lights and shadows on the landscape's face,  
 The moving cloud that quenched the shining fields,  
 The gilding sunbeam, the grey trailing shower,  
 And all the commerce of the earth and sky.  
 With weary limbs at sunset I returned;  
 And in the dingy fringes of the town,  
 The helpless languor of the Sabbath eve,  
 The listless groups that stood around the doors,

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The silent children, and the smoke that rose  
Lazy and spiritless into the air,  
Told the world's sinews had been overwrought,  
And now hung lax and loose. My spirits fell,  
Sheer as a skylark when his song is o'er:  
I crept into my little twilight room,  
And there my day of glory set in tears."

The healthiest sign in this volume is, that the poet has not been polishing and cutting gems to his verse. He is not, we are glad to see, corrupted by the noxious applause of many of the critics who first welcomed him: he has written right on the best that was in him. Public taste has much advanced since we had the "Life Drama," thanks to the intolerable outrages on English common sense and language of which the spasmodic poets became latterly guilty. That it does not condemn and reject the "City Poems," but accepts them, however disappointing, as a proof of sensible progress in Art, must satisfy Mr. Smith that he is in the right track, and he the present reward for his efforts.

Our quarterly supply of verse is unfailing, and of the usual quality. We must except and select one volume which contains something more than verse, and seems to us particularly hopeful—a collection of poems<sup>2</sup> by Edward Wilberforce and Edmund F. Blanchard. Mr. Blanchard's contributions are graceful trifles, evidently thrown in to fill up his friend's volume. They show considerable ease of versification, and an inoffensive flippancy on which metre may act as a fortunate restraint. The poems of Mr. Wilberforce are distinguished by a fulness and sustained strength rare in a first publication. Perhaps he might as well have left the seventeenth canto of Don Juan unsung. He certainly attests the truth of Byron's lines:—

"Sometimes  
Kings are not more imperative than rhymes."

But kings and rhymes are most unmanageable when we attempt to command them; and in spite of Mr. Wilberforce's dexterity, he has now and then to resort to imperious measures. The canto is curious and clever, but reads like time lost when we find what much better things he can do. The "Field's Secret" is a powerful story told in ten-syllable couplets, and with a sway and perspicuity of language highly creditable to a young writer. Mr. Wilberforce has studied Wordsworth to some purpose,—the least dangerous of all preceptors to a youthful poet, and one whose sound and sonorous English, reverence for his art, and eternal dealing with the well-heads of Nature, can do nothing but good to a young and imaginative mind, little likely, by virtue of its ardour, to be misled into his vice of prosing. The lines, "A Gorge in the Alps," compose a piece of fine natural description, and close with a grandeur of simple eloquence unaccustomed in the days of Festus and Firmilian. Our space allows us to quote a portion only:—

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<sup>2</sup> "Poems." By Edward Wilberforce and Edmund Foster Blanchard. London: Longman and Co. 1857.



"We crouched for shelter, 'neath the dripping eaves,  
 While raged the storm without, and through the mist  
 That hung upon the mountain's skirts, and clothed  
 The pines with priestly vestments, scarce descried  
 The other bank, where the frail blue-bells drooped  
 Beneath the pitiless hail: at last the fog  
 Swept by in serried columns, like the march  
 Of some victorious army, and we heard  
 The tramp of hailstones, faint and fainter grow,  
 Till nothing broke the silence of the sear  
 But the slow drip from cave, and rock, and branch.  
 Again we sallied out: our footsteps fell  
 With muffled plash upon the sodden clay;  
 We saw the weeping tresses of the larch  
 Sway to the ground, and veil the graceful stem,  
 As tho' Godiva found a Daphne's tomb—  
 Purest of Dryads: here the mountain ash  
 With clustered corals dipped in liveliest red,  
 New washed, and showering pearls to every wind,  
 Quivering with delight: the streaming fir  
 Through its soaked bark distilled a fresher scent."

We have to admire here the flow and modulation of the verse, and the quiet descriptive power; and for a first effort we see more promise in these solid qualifications than if the poem bristled with conceits. Mr. Wilberforce feels with his own heart, and sees with his own eyes. He must not be dismayed to find his book meet with little attention. It is not of a kind to raise a fictitious sensation. The germ of excellence is in it, but what form and direction that excellence may take we shall not attempt to predict. Possibly one who writes English, and thinks it, so clearly, may turn to satire. The volume indicates that he has a taste that way. There is now an opening for a good satiric poet. We are all of us too comfortable—bards and reviewers.

As far as it was in art to illustrate a poet so exquisitely pictorial as Tennyson, the three chiefs of the pre-Raphaelites have succeeded.<sup>3</sup> They have, each in his own way, and with extreme conscientiousness and care, presented something of the poet's meaning, never failing from want of depth to read him. That they have not satisfied the public is less a fault of theirs than a proof of the difficulty of the undertaking. It was an easy task to illustrate Byron and Moore. Wild Irish girls and amorous angels; Brian Boru trampling the Sassanach, and young Love triumphing in and out of window; scenes in Italy and Greece; stalwart figures in mantles and moustaches, bearing a strong family likeness to those of Clarke's series, admired in our infancy: these, with the regular features and bosoms of British beauty, were sufficiently suggestive to satisfy us, and did not require deep subtlety to conceive and depict. The peculiarity of Tennyson, and the singularity of his genius, is that he never draws a picture without dipping it in a thought, or suffusing it with a profound sensation.

\* "Poems." By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. Illustrated edition. London. Moxon, Dover-street. 1857.

Hence the picture becomes accepted in the memory not only as a landscape that we have looked at visually, but have felt with emotion. He, more than his fellows, has cast on natural scenery—

“The light that never was on sea or land—  
The consecration and the poet's dream.”

“The Moated Grange,” the dreary moorland of “Locksley Hall,” the “waste fens and windy fields,” the glaring desolation of “Mariana in the South,” the pastoral repose in “The Miller's Daughter,” the pensive twilight eve, and “wild March morning” in “The May Queen,” the half glimpses of old England in “Godiva,” and the “Talking Oak,” the love lorn splendours in “Enone,” the weird winter night with its “tingling stars,” which looked down on King Arthur and Sir Bedivere,—a word of the poet conjures all these varied images before us in passionate clearness: his spell is on us, and it is vain for Art to attempt to rival these vivid impressions. The wonder is that Messrs. Millais, Hunt, and Rossetti have not failed more signally, and shocked our prejudiced views altogether. How utterly they might have done so is shown by the companion efforts of Mr. Horsley, and, we regret to add, Mr. Mulready. None but Tennyson can play on Tennyson's instrument. Still it is unfair in such a case to be exacting, and the book contains drawings that are very charming, apart from any relation to the poetry. *Oriental Kief* is given with the hand of one who knows the East, by Holman Hunt, in the “Recollections of the Arabian Nights.” We wish he had made us a present of the Persian girl as well. His Godiva, unloosing the “wedded eagles of her belt,” and surrounded in her bower by what may be taken for prying eyes, is chastely and beautifully conceived. There is wildness, and the sense of a charm snapped tragically in his “Lady of Shalott,” but it is quite a different web from the one that flew out and “floated wide,” and the sweet and dim romance of the poem is missed. The two Oriana-drawings are the best of the illustrations; the second, with the stern Norse warrior stooping over and passionately kissing the sculptured effigy, on the tombstone, of his slain bride—the snow-covered ground and white rocks skirting the northern sea around—is very noble, and worthy of Tennyson.

Rossetti's drawings are intensely mediæval and mystic; but this artist has the sense of beauty so deeply seated, that we admire even when we do not always understand him. The weeping queens watching King Arthur in the vale of Avelon are lovely and queen-like women; so is the face of the Lady of Shalott, who has sung her last song: the attitude of Lancelot also is profoundly tender, and the drawing is crowded with suggestive accessories. Rossetti improves on Tennyson, too much; but if we forget the poetry his drawings affect to illustrate, and take them for what they are, we shall find that each one is a poem in itself, and despite the quaintness and excessive richness, a poem that we may cherish and enjoy, or we are beneath the artist's level. The fervid devotion of “Mariana in the South,” kissing the Saviour's feet, and the ecstasy of the rapt St. Cecilia under the Angel's salute, are due to a man of genius who may be too much given to



symbolic elaborations, but who comprehends beauty with his whole soul, and can represent the highest and the noblest forms of grace. True feminine visages are the key-notes to the pictures, and if we fix our attention on them, we shall no longer feel offended by the pedantic fulness of detail. And yet we hardly like to object to that which furnishes so wonderful a mediæval study.

Mr. Millais is unequal, of course: here, as in the Academy Exhibition, in one place he nearly accomplishes perfection, and in another he is as poor as Horsley. The two drawings to the "Miller's Daughter" are miserable—below criticism and contempt: those affixed to the "Sisters" are finely imaginative; the square black turret, the bending poplars, and the windy bar of cloud across the moon, admirably suggest the ballad. Equally good is "St. Agnes' Eve," with the figure of the pure girl whose breath to Heaven "like vapour goes" from the serene coldness of the convent into the wintry air. In "Dora," the scene between William and his father is a specimen of the forcible feeble. The old man is sketched as an irritated miser, and William's outline is that of a somewhat tigerly collegian scapegrace. Mr. Millais has fallen into a common error in his drawing of Cleopatra. The "queen with swarthy cheeks and bold black eyes" was not negrine. She had no cause to be even olive-tawny. Cleopatra was a daughter of Ptolemy, a Greek; and the Egyptian climate would never have burnt and burnished her white blood to anything like the extent insisted upon by the artist. Indeed, custom would have soon "staled her infinite variety" had she been a nigger. She is absolutely made to point with a black finger to a black breast, which no sensible aspick would touch. The poet has not altogether insulted her memory and the taste of the Roman generals by giving her "swarthy cheeks," though it may be questioned how far that may be admissible; but the artist does nothing but outrage to the shade of Mark Antony. Mr. Millais has, moreover, made her expose her teeth—doubtless to get a little light into his drawing; but it wears the aspect of a curious case of insistance, as if the glorious beauty must not only be black like Dinah, but grin in sisterhood. Historic and intuitive evidence, Mr. Millais, tells us that the Serpent of old Nile was fair. The most destructive women are always fair.

The drawings contributed by Stanfield and Creswick might have been done as well by inferior artists. They are very pretty, and some of Stanfield's very beautiful. Creswick's illustration to the lines, "Move Eastward, happy Earth," and Stanfield's to "Break, break, break!" seem to us the most successful, for there the bare hint is left for them to fill up. "Ulysses setting sail from Ithaca" is a charming sketch of the latter artist. His *Cleone* wants the majesty conveyed by the lines—

"Behind the valley topmost Gargaras  
Stands up and takes the morning, but in front  
The gorges, opening wide apart, reveal  
Troas, and Ilion's column'd citadel,  
The crown of Troas."

Mr. Mulready's "Life and Thought" is conceived and drawn with

exceeding delicacy. His "Will Waterproof" at the Cook can only be summed as stupid. His "Sirens" might be taken for British dames of light character burlesquing on a part of our coast, and hailing a trawler. Of Mr. Horsley we have spoken, and wish to say no more. Mr. MacIise represents himself with unswerving constancy. On the whole, it is a good gift-book for those who love pictures—even for those who love the poet.

Several Handbooks to the Art Treasures Exhibition, more or less instructive, demand a cursory notice. That to the "Paintings by Ancient Masters"<sup>4</sup> is an unsatisfactory guide, not very acute or clear in its criticism, and written with dullness. Why are not the critical articles on Old Masters that appeared in the *Times* reprinted? They possessed all that this Handbook lacks in breadth of judgment and interest.

The Handbooks to the "Museum of Ornamental Art,"<sup>5</sup> by Mr. Waring, and to "The Armoury,"<sup>6</sup> by Mr. Planché, are the work of competent men. The "Water Colours, Drawings, and Engravings,"<sup>7</sup> and the Handbook to the "British Portrait Gallery,"<sup>8</sup> are written upon the best principles of Art-criticism, with an eloquence which does not impair perception, and with an appreciative generosity that is, nevertheless, no curb on the writer's boldness and just distribution of honours. The "British Portrait Gallery" forms almost a pocket History of England and its portrait painters: biography, anecdote, and criticism go hand-in-hand, and make it the friendliest guide to the pictures that could be had, and a pleasant companion, apart from its specific use.

It is perhaps unfair to ask the opponents of Mr. Ruskin's theories of Art to prove their acquaintance with its first principles, and their claim to enter into contention with him, by giving the public a book as good as the "Elements of Drawing;"<sup>9</sup> but we apprehend that they will no longer deny to him that knowledge of the rules of Art which is the basis of sound criticism, even when they despise his judgment and contest his assumptions. A better instructor could not be placed in the hands of the young beginner of Art. It will do for him all that the drawing-masters fail to do—and that is well-nigh everything. He will learn, with the very first lines he draws, the value and meaning of shade, and, following his admirable and patient guide, he will have his

<sup>4</sup> "A Handbook to the Paintings by Ancient Masters in the Art Treasures Exhibition." Reprinted from the *Manchester Guardian*. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1857.

<sup>5</sup> "Handbook to the Museum of Ornamental Art in the Art Treasures Exhibition." By J. B. Waring, Esq. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1857.

<sup>6</sup> "The Armoury." By J. R. Planché, Esq. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1857.

<sup>7</sup> "Handbook to the Water Colours, Drawings, and Engravings in the Art Treasures Exhibition." Reprinted from the *Manchester Guardian*. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1857.

<sup>8</sup> "Handbook to the British Portrait Gallery in the Art Treasures Exhibition." Reprinted from the *Manchester Guardian*. London: Bradbury and Evans. 1857.

<sup>9</sup> "The Elements of Drawing, in Three Letters to Beginners." By John Ruskin, M.A. With Illustrations, drawn by the Author. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.



eye imperceptibly educated in nature. Learning to see things as they are, he is by gradual slow degrees taught to render them as they are to be rendered. He is instructed, as he advances, to read and to speak the language of Art, the language of earth and sky, and of the greatest who have breathed our breath. The eloquence of the writing will be a spur to his energies; and its extreme lucidity will leave him nothing to desire in the way of explanation of particulars. Accompanied by this book, the student has a friend in his wanderings over hill and dale in the depth of country peace, and in the heart of beauty; a friend gentle, wise, and most inspiring. The dogmas here are many, but they do not bite young people. Mr. Ruskin's dogmatism is the direct one-view of a profound conviction founded on reverent study, and the act of seeing and thinking for himself. We no more object to his expressing himself in dogmas than to his having an opinion. There are two or three touches of sarcasm to relieve the dryness of instruction, of a kind to make little ladies giggle and grave women look fond. They do not hurt: but the following passage addresses itself too much to the class which laughs outright at anything the master stresses and says with intent. He is speaking of the economy of colour in nature:—

"Sometimes I have really thought her miserliness intolerable: in a gentian, for instance, the way she economizes her ultramarine down in the bell is *little too bad*."

This, of course, is only a pleasantry, and does well in the school to show that the superior can unbend and be mortal: it shows also that the naturalistic teacher feels himself strong enough to trifle with the enemy; but out of the school it does not do. We are inclined to quarrel with the Appendix somewhat. Mr. Ruskin has no right to dogmatize on poetry and poets. He recommends Lowell, Longfellow, and Coventry Patmore to young people, excluding Coleridge as "sickly and useless," and Shelley as "shallow and verbose." Shelley has faults, and so has Coleridge; but this off-hand dictum is an impertinence—nothing less. Besides, there are nobler poets than the above three for the young to read. We do not think there was need for a caution against fiction and the drama. Shakspeare is the drama in England, and surely he may be read by the young? We fancy it is for a very feminine order of mind that Coventry Patmore is made to supersede Shakspeare. Or does Mr. Ruskin mean that our youth should carefully shun theatres and shows and sights? Apart from these blemishes, the "Elements of Drawing" is a useful book; one that will become the art-student's manual. It has the approbation of all enlightened artists.

A quarterly reviewer of novels has frequently to address his readers when the works under consideration have been perused and their contents distributed to the winds in newspaper extracts. It is seldom his part to introduce the characters and unravel the plot. A novel like "*Barchester Towers*,"<sup>10</sup> for instance, is pretty sure to have gone

<sup>10</sup> "*Barchester Towers*." By Anthony Trollope, author of "*The Warden*." 3 vols. London: Longmans. 1857.

the round of the circulating library before anything we may have to say touching its merits will be heard; and we can hardly expect to assist in extending its circulation in its present form, when we state our opinion of it as decidedly the cleverest novel of the season, and one of the most masculine delineations of modern life in a special class of society that we have seen for many a day. Those who have read its dashing predecessor, "*The Warden*," will be quite up to the style and the story, which are both continued vigorously in "*Barchester Towers*," and with renewed interest. We recommend novel readers, who have not yet made acquaintance with Mr. Trollope, to get the two books immediately. As they are likely to be few, and it is our duty to occupy ourselves with the majority, we shall speak of "*Barchester Towers*" as a work well known. Mr. Trollope has satisfactorily solved a problem in this production. He has, without resorting to politics, or setting out as a social reformer, given us a novel that men can enjoy, and a satire so cleverly interwoven with the story, that every incident and development renders it more pointed and telling. In general our modern prose satirists spread their canvas for a common tale, out of which they start when the occasion suits, to harangue, exhort, and scold the world in person. Mr. Trollope entrusts all this to the individuals of his story. The plot is as simple as the siege of Troy. We are sure that Mr. Slope cannot succeed, or that if he is allowed to, another three volumes will confound him. We are equally convinced that the Widow Bold will never surrender to him, or that if she should, he will have to repent it equally. Nevertheless, our appetite for the closing chapters does not languish. We are anxious for the widow, and long to get her havened out of her perilous widowhood in fast wedlock; man's great ambition to become a Bishop, and woman's wonderful art in ruling one, cannot fail to interest us exceedingly, and we hurry on without a halt to the overthrow of Slope and the rare act of self-immolation whereby the Rev. Mr. Harding refuses a deanery, value a considerable sum per annum, and bestows it on his son-in-law. The story is original in books, but common in the land: so is the villain. Mr. Slope is possessed of extraordinary powers. He cannot move without inspiring nausea even in the female bosom (for it is notorious how much the sex can bear); yet he contrives to make men jealous of him. We have all of us met somebody like Mr. Slope, and wished that, if he indeed could lay claim to the odour of sanctity, it were pleasanter to the poor human sense of smell.

"Mr. Slope is tall, and not ill made. His feet and hands are large, as has ever been the case with all his family, but he has a broad chest and wide shoulders to carry off the excrescences, and on the whole his figure is good. His countenance, however, is not specially prepossessing. His hair is lank, and of a dull pale-reddish hue. It is always formed into three straight lumpy masses, each brushed with admirable precision, and cemented with much grease; two of them adhere closely to the sides of his face, and the other lies at right angles above them. He wears no whiskers, and is always punctiliously shaven. His face is nearly of the same colour as his hair, though perhaps a little redder; it is not, unlike beef—beef, however, one would say, of a bad quality. His forehead is capacious and high, but square and heavy, and un-



pleasantly shining. His mouth is large, though his lips are thin and bloodless; and his high, prominent, pale brown eyes inspire anything but confidence. His nose, however, is his redeeming feature; it is pronounced straight and well formed, though I myself should have liked it better did it not possess a somewhat spongy, porous appearance, as though it had been cleverly formed out of a red-coloured cork. I never could endure to shake hands with Mr. Slope. A cold, clammy perspiration always exudes from him; the small drops are even to be seen standing on his brow, and his friendly grasp is unpleasant."

Mr. Trollope seems wanting in certain of the higher elements that make a great novelist. He does not exhibit much sway over the emotional part of our nature: though fairer readers may think that the pretty passages between Eleanor and her baby-boy show a capacity for melting woman's heart, at least. He is also a little too sketchy; the scenes are efficient in repose and richness: but let us cut short our complaints, thankful that we have a caustic and vigorous writer, who can draw men and women, and tell a story that men and women can read.

We could not oppose a greater contrast to "*Barchester Towers*," than "*The Athelings*."<sup>11</sup> It is in construction and execution altogether feminine. Two sisters and one brother, a father, a mother, and baby twins, lived in Islington and comfort on two hundred a year. The elder sister is an authoress; the younger a beauty; the brother is a boisterous boy who gets articled in a lawyer's office, and helps by his acumen and energy to save the family property and defeat the bad man of the book, Lord Winterbourne; the twins remain subordinate, and come in for the ladies' petting; the father and mother are also in the background. Now, Mr. Trollope has a distinct intrigue on foot, which the reader never loses sight of, and the characters successively help to unfold it; but the authoress of the "*Athelings*" has nothing of the sort, and we have to look through her three volumes again and again to discover how it is she can possibly have contrived to spin out dreary conversation to such an extent as to fill them, and preserve a vestige of interest. The secret is that the novel is addressed to the British Home, and it seems that we may prose everlastingly to the republic of the fireside. When, towards the end of the second volume, we are made aware that the beauty has a chance of marrying a lord, we prick up our ears and plunge freshly once more into seas of household gossip. When, half through the third volume, it is hinted to us that her sister, the genius—for so the writer of a novel is called—is destined to bring back a sceptic clergyman to his rectory and the true creed, we buckle up and come in gallantly at the death, scarcely sensible of the monstrous fatigues we have undergone. But the book finished, will any one venture to resume acquaintance with it? The Authoress is clever: she can describe society: Mr. Agar, the old epicurean exquisite, and Mrs. Edgerly, the vapid woman of fashion, are well touched; and there is a dainty naturalness in the sisters which makes it pleasant to remember

<sup>11</sup> "*The Athelings, or the Three Gifts*." By Margaret Oliphant. 3 vols. Blackwood and Sons. Edinburgh and London. 1857.

them. Her main fault has killed the most charmingly written books, and this lady has only to practise compression to become an excellent novelist.

In "*Labour and Love*,"<sup>12</sup> we have a quiet sensible tale, the moral of which is suggested by the title. It has the merit of being in one volume, but even here the dilution of ordinary incidents in floods of colloquy would enable it to bear cutting down by half. The characters are skilfully delineated.

The Author of "*Farina*"<sup>13</sup> has exposed himself to a somewhat trying ordeal. Last year he treated us to a delightful volume of well-sustained oriental extravagance, and we remember our friend Shibli Bag-arag too well to be easily satisfied with any hero less astonishing. It was refreshing to leave the actual and the probable for a time, and follow Mr. Meredith's lead into the bright world of imagination. The hope of such another enchanted holiday prepared us to welcome his new tale with all due honour and cordiality. It was with something like disappointment, therefore, that we found ourselves brought down to the vulgar limits of time and place, and our appetite for the marvellous entirely spoilt by scenes which challenge prosaic considerations of historical truth and the fitness of things. The title "*Farina: a Legend of Cologne*," will naturally carry the reader's mind to those ungainly-shaped bottles, with which the British tourist is sure to return laden from the city of evil smells. Mr. Meredith is pleased to bestow a high antiquity on the famous distillation, and his hero, doubtless the first of all the Jean Marie's, is invested with the dubious honours of a dealer in the black art, on account of his suspicious collection of bottles and vases, pipes and cylinders. But when the Devil is beaten in single combat on the Drachensfels, and returns from whence he came, entering to his kingdom under the Cathedral Square, and leaving behind him a most abominable stench, Farina's perfumed water does good service. The kaiser, six times driven back by the offence to his nostrils, is enabled to enter the good city of Cologne, and then and there reward the restorer of a pure atmosphere with the hand of his long-loved bride. For the rest, the story is sufficiently slight. We have the blonde and bewitching heroine, Margarita, and her troop of lovers, who prove their devotion by such strenuous interchange of blows in her honour, that there is not one of them who is not black and blue; and we have *the* lover, Farina, tender and true, brave as Siegfried, and worshipping his "*Frankinne*" with such fanatical homage, as "*Conrad the Pious*" might have sung. Margarita's father Gottlieb Groschen, the rich Cologne citizen, is a characteristic specimen of the prosperous mediæval Rhinelander, and we cannot give our readers a more favourable specimen of Mr. Meredith's style than by introducing the father and daughter, engaged in receiving that nuisance of the middle—as of all ages—morning visitors:—

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<sup>12</sup> "*Labour and Love*." A story by the author of "*Blenham*." London: William Freeman. 1857.

<sup>13</sup> "*Farina: a Legend of Cologne*." By George Meredith. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.



"A clatter in the Cathedral Square brought Gottlieb on his legs to the window. It was a company of horsemen sparkling in harness. One trumpeter rode on the side of the troop, and in front a standard-bearer, matted down the chest with ochre beard, displayed aloft to the good citizens of Cologne, three brown-hawks, with birds in their beaks, on an azure star-dotted field. 'Holy Cross!' exclaimed Gottlieb, low in his throat, 'the arms of Werner! Where got he money to mount his men? Why, this is daring all Cologne in our very teeth! Fend that he visit me now! Ruin smokes in that ruffian's track. I've felt hot and cold by turns all day.' The horsemen came jingling carelessly along the street in scattered twos and threes, laughing together, and singling out the maidens at the gable-shadowed window with hawking eyes. They were in truth ferocious-looking fellows. Leather, steel, and dust, clad them from head to foot; big and black as bears; wolf-eyed, fox-nosed. They glistened bravely in the falling beams of the sun, and Margarita thrust her fair braided yellow head a little forward over her father's shoulder, to catch the whole length of the grim cavalcade. One of the troop was not long in discerning the young beauty."

They come to the door with a "thundering smack," and one is perforce admitted:—

"Margarita heard 'wafted in a thunder of oaths,' 'Tis the maiden we want; let's salute her and begone! or cap your skull with something thicker than you've on it now, if you want a whole one, happy father!' 'Gottlieb von Groschen I am,' answered her father, 'and the Kaiser—' 'Sas fond of a pretty girl as we are! Down with her, and no more drivelling! It's only for a moment, old Measure and Scales!' 'I tell you, rascals, I know your master, and if you're not punished for this, may I die a beggar!' exclaimed Gottlieb, jumping with rage. 'May you die as rich as an abbot! And so you will, if you don't bring her down, for I've sworn to see her; there's the end of it, man!'"

Fearing violence to her father, Margarita comes down; her brutal admirer explains:—

"'I'm no ninny, and not to be diddled; I'll talk to the young lady!—Silence out there! all's going proper;' this to his comrades through the door. 'So, my beautiful maiden! thus it stands:—We saw you at the window, looking like a fresh rose with a gold crown on.' . . . 'Schwartz Thier!' says Henker Rothhals to me, 'I'll wager you odds you don't have a kiss of that fine girl within twenty minutes counting from the hand smack!' 'Done,' was my word, and we clapped our fists together. Now, you see, that's straightforward!'"

How Margarita escapes this indignity, how she becomes the captive of the terrible Werner himself, and how she is rescued, we have not space to tell; much clever and vigorous description is to be found in the narrative, and Mr. Meredith has been very successful in setting before us a vivid picture of the coarse, rough manners, the fierce, war-like habits, and the deep-seated superstition of the "good old times" of chivalry. The character of the jovial Squire Guy the Goshawk, is especially well done. As a whole, we think "*Farina*" lacks completeness, and the ghostly element is not well worked in. The combat between Saint Gregory and the Devil is made ludicrous by its circumstantiality. It was not as a jeering satirist that the old monkish legends set forth Sathanas, and there is a clumsiness in the whole affair which accords ill with the boldness and skill displayed in other portions of the tale. We must also protest against Father Gregory's use of the nominative case "ye" instead of the accusative "you," monk though he be, and privileged doubtless to speak bad grammar at will; nor can

we admire many passages, in which the Author has sacrificed euphony, and almost sense, to novelty and force of expression.\* With these blemishes, "*Farina*" is both an original and an entertaining book, and will be read with pleasure by all who prefer a lively, spirited story to those dull analyses of dull experiences in which the present school of fiction abounds.

"*Lucian Playfair*"<sup>14</sup> is a protest against all forms of mal-administration—civil, religious, military, marine, and medical. Story Mr. Mackern has not much to tell; but he has a great deal of energy, a great deal of indignation, some feeling for nature, and a copious store of language; and thus armed, a man with the remotest notion of plot may furnish an acceptable three volumes now-a-days. The opening chapter preludes with spirit. Master Lucian has swallowed a small wooden soldier "violently dislodged from a sentry-box of the same material," and is suffering grievously. He is subjected to the attentions of Dr. Amos Playfair, and Mrs. Mottle, "a slightly exaggerated specimen of the sisterhood tolerated in too indulgent English society under the misnomer of nurses: a class of women in the main, fawning, selfish, and tyrannical, the bane of nurseries, and an added horror to the catalogue of miseries indigenous to the sick room. She was a shawled and clogged rival of Pandora, and on the box of that malignant goddess affected to set her seal—potent in her own private opinion as that of Suleiman, the son of Daaod, so honourably named in the "*Thousand and One Nights*," or the quack stamp of the "enlightened British Government." This exaggerated specimen, on being introduced to Lucian in the Doctor's absence, is desirous of operating on the tormented infant hero with a dose of "*Child's Peace*, an efficacious and much-eulogized compound, sold for 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., and 32s. the bottle;—the largest the cheapest: foundling hospitals and orphan asylums allowed twenty-five per cent." Her sinister counsels and eloquent exposition of the attributes of the "*Peace*" are on the point of overcoming the ill-educated mamma's reluctance to permit a trial of its virtues; she is absolutely in the act of pouring some "*Peace*" down little Lucian's throat, when—who shall say it is possible to give an exaggerated specimen of a faithful dog?—Jack, a dappled terrier, long her enemy, and now thoroughly outraged, can hold his vigilant watch over the proper application of medicines to the person of the hero no further. He snaps at Mrs. Mottle's finger. It was time! Dr. Amos, who, concealed, has witnessed the entire scene, emerges from his retirement triumphantly, and Messrs. Daffy, James, and Holloway, and the Professor Morrison, retire from the nursery in confusion, defeated by the race canine. After this episode of the faithful dog we expect something stirring, but we do not come to it; we lose sight of Lucian, and recover him in the second volume in company with a pedler, who turns out to be his cousin, and a fresh victim of the Jesuits. The adventures of the two in the slums of London, to get a clue to the pedler's early benefactor, who bears the secret of his birth, fill up the third volume. Our quotation

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<sup>14</sup> "*Lucian Playfair*." By Thomas Mackern. 3 volumes. London: Smith, Elder, and Co. 1857.



of the author's apostrophe to London will epitomize the nature of the contents :—

“O multitudinous London! thou that consumest thy citizens with all uncleanness; thou that usurpest the comforts and destroyest the constitutions of the people who dwell within thy bills of mortality; thou that hidest thy beauty in thick smoke, and thy grandeur in densest fog; thou that givest thy citizens to drink of all abominations, and commendest thy adulterations to his house of life; thou that smitest thy children with scrofula, and shootest out the sharp arrows of death upon the dwellers in thy streets; thou that takest into thy brick and mortar arms—even to the stony bosom of thy *trottoirs*—the hunted of kings and peoples; thou that surrenderest Soho to the stranger, and gnawest him therein with the canker of Sabbathatic gloom and eternal *ennui*! O London! London! thou that killest thy innocents in their infancy, and stranglest the sweet graces of childhood ere it can bloom; thou that nippest the budding beauty of the maiden, that causest thy women to hanker after cosmetics, and thy young men to imagine vain compensations for manly proportions; thou that deprivest thy adults of their full threescore years and ten; thou that respectest not the reverence of old age, but strikest the grey and honourable heads of thy homes with premature paralysis, debility, and decay!”

A great change is coming over French works of fiction. The miserable intrigues and villanous dog-loves which have till recently formed the staple of every French novel, and disgusted the world by the exhibition of a state of corruptness bordering on profanation of all that the mind holds most sacred, are gradually disappearing. The picture must have been true in a degree, or no society could have tolerated it; but the painters were fond of strong effects, and made their colours putrid. A fashion soon spreads in French literature. In another year we shall have moral tales fit for the signature of Madame de Genlis. Already Hymen has shaken hands with Love, and where they do not agree, they are mutually respectful. Intrigue continues, but does not minister to depraving excitement: the systematic seducer takes his proper criminal rank, and the fair and frail are not so enchantingly lovely as to dazzle us into forgiveness, and throw goodness and purity into the background.

In “*Madame Bovary*,”<sup>15</sup> the husband is a fool to his wife. To the reader he is a simple apothecary, a weak, everyday sort of character, who loves his offspring and adores the wretched woman that deceives him. She is about equal to him in station: his superior in intellect. Living in a provincial town, and sighing for the unknown delights of Paris and splendour, her whole nature cries out to be seduced. Of course she does not go to her grave without being satisfied. As the German poet writes—

“Ein Thor ist immer willig,  
Wenn eine Thorin will.”

The old blandishing graces of Dumas, Sand, and De Balzac, are quite excluded from this story. All is severe matter of fact painfully elaborated. We flung the book to the four corners of the room; but we

<sup>15</sup> “*Madame Bovary. Mœurs de Province.*” Par Gustave Flaubert. Deuxième édition. Paris: Michel Lévy Frères. 1857.

took it up again, and finished it. The Author is uncompromising: he gives Madame Bovary successive lovers. She has not even the excuse of love and its poor consolation when the end comes. She endeavours to persuade both lovers to elope with her; she begs money of both. She plunders her husband; ruins him; finally the discovery of her treason kills him. The Author is right: if an adultery is to be treated of at all (and England cannot deny that such things really are in France), it should be laid bare—not tricked out in meretricious allurements: subjected to stern analysis,—not made solely to present the passion, thereby to awake the sympathies of a vulgar prurience. No harm can come from reading Madame Bovary; but it is physic for adults, as the doctors say. The Author has no more love for her than an anatomist for his subject. He does not preach. He allows her patiently to make her own wickedness manifest, and leaves us to contemplate the picture at our leisure. M. Gustave Flaubert is a singularly powerful writer.

“*Madame Rose*”<sup>16</sup> is a very different person from Madame Bovary. The Author is not so remorseless a realist as M. Flaubert. His heroine is married to a stormy patrician democrat, the Comte Olivier de Réthel, with whose impetuous nature she cannot find companionship or peace, and so leaves him in the thick of his conspiracies. She lives a few miles out of Paris, and is known in Herblay as Madame Rose. Here she employs her time in doing good, and in her gentle way loves Georges de Francalin, to whom she has been introduced on the occasion of his rescuing a child from the water. This is dangerous ground, both for the heroine and the novelist, but they come well out of it. Madame Rose has left her husband, but not her duty. She is prepared to sacrifice her heart and her life to him still, and wins the man who loves her to a similar devotion. What may not women do? In worse hands Georges might have been the ordinary French attendant on a married woman—a *Gerfaut*. Madame Rose makes of him a noble fellow, and the husband’s knowledge of the love between these two corresponding natures, and confidence in their loyalty, is affectingly beautiful. It was a difficult problem for a Frenchman to solve—that of putting a husband in such a position without making him ridiculous. We have to thank M. Amédée Achard for his success. Madame Rose is one of the sweetest Frenchwomen we have met.

“*Maurice de Treuil*,”<sup>17</sup> by the same author, is the story of a young artist of genius, who has early the choice between the path of thorns, and the path of roses: between a penurious prosecution of his art, and luxury in the lap of fortune and a wife. He leans to the path of roses, and finds it thornier than poverty. The unhappy youth has married his mother-in-law and father-in-law in the bargain, and must live with them. Henceforth there is little chance for Art: he has not a moment that he can call his own. His frivolous wife makes light presents of his pictures to her friends: he is laid under perpetual

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<sup>16</sup> “*Madame Rose. Pierre de Villerglé.*” Nouvelles par Amédée Achard. Paris: Hachette. 1857.

<sup>17</sup> “*Maurice de Treuil.*” Par Amédée Achard. Paris. Hachette. 1857.



contribution for sketches by the stupid people that surround him ; and on from bad to worse until, after enduring insults grievous to a high spirit, he breaks with the family. But his Sophie will not leave her mother, whom she obeys, not so much from affection, as fear and habit. To add to the calamities that befall poor Maurice, he has the misfortune to love his wife. He cannot live without her. Sophie is not quite heartless : she is touched by his love, but she dreads to offend her mother, and dislikes the idea of sharing an attic with her husband. So Maurice dies. "He took the false step deliberately, and fell into the pit. He dies of something very like love. The author explains his malady through the mouth of a young physician :

"J'ai déjà vu plus d'un exemple de ces amours en quelque sorte inextinguibles. Maurice a pris la main de Sophie ; il y a eu entre leur épiderme un contact mystérieux, un échange de fluide, et tout a été dit. On ne combat pas de tels amours. Une certaine disposition à la tendresse et à la concentration les exalte et les rend plus forts."

The latter part of the story is told with great pathos, and the contrast to the fate of Maurice is well brought out in the characters of Philippe, his friend, and Laura, who loved him, and whom he might have married and lived a happy man. We thank M. Achard for not sullyng the wife. French writers have evidently only to be decent to be delightful.

M. Arsène Houssaye is a born Parisian, well-read, witty, and a smart philosopher. "Les Femmes comme elles sont,"<sup>18</sup> should have been named, "Les Parisiennes comme elles sont." It is a book of clever apophthegms, scintillating brightly enough, and now and then throwing out a stronger spark. We select a few examples.

"Jusqu'à quarante ans, la femme n'a dans le cœur que quarante printemps ; mais, après quarante ans elle a quarante hivers."

"O sagesse humaine ! ô gloire de la terre !" Alexandre disait à Phryné : "Si j'avais usé sagement de ma valeur et de ma fortune, on n'aurait point parlé de moi." Phryné disait à Alexandre : "Si j'avais usé sagement de ma beauté et de mon amour, mon nom ne courait pas, comme un baiser, sur toutes les lèvres."

This is better :

"L'amour—s'il est l'amour—ne descend jamais jusqu'à l'amitié. Comme Rivarol, qui lisait dans le cœur à livre ouvert, a-t-il pu écrire à sa maîtresse : "Il est temps de bâtir le temple de l'amitié." La réponse de sa maîtresse lui prouva que les femmes ont plus que nous la science de l'amour." En effet, voici ce qu'elle répondit : "On ne bâtit pas sur des cendres."

We cannot recommend the book for general reading.

Our attention has been called by the *Saturday Review* to some little stories that are having a great success in France. "Pour une Épingle ;"<sup>19</sup> "L'Art d'être Malheureux ;"<sup>20</sup> and "Mignon."<sup>21</sup> They

<sup>18</sup> "Les Femmes comme elles sont." Par Arsène Houssaye. Paris : Lévy Frères. 1857.

<sup>19</sup> "Pour une Épingle." Legend, par J. T. de Saint Germain. Paris : 2<sup>e</sup> édition. Jules Tardien. 1857.

<sup>20</sup> "L'Art d'être Malheureux." Legend, par J. T. de Saint Germain. Paris : 2<sup>e</sup> édition. Jules Tardien. 1857.

<sup>21</sup> "Mignon." Legend, par J. T. de Saint Germain. Paris : 2<sup>e</sup> édition. Jules Tardien. 1857.

are written with a distinct and avowed moral purpose, and are altogether idealistic in treatment, bearing, both in style and feeling, the like relation to French literature that the pictures of Édouard Frère hold to French art, and awaking in us the same kind of tender and loving emotion towards all that is holy in domestic uses, and reverent in family bonds and religious sentiment. We cannot expect for them an influence on the literature of France such as our contemporary anticipates; but we are glad to admit that, where they are read they must do good. The stories are so sweet, they breathe so pure an atmosphere, as to seem emanations of a heart full of charity; and as we read we feel grateful to an author who, without straining after virtue, can show us the best side of our human nature in action with the world.

There is no doubt that a healthy revolution in the moral tone of fiction must proceed from fiction itself: criticism may bring the plough and the harrow, and improve the ground; but the fruit of the soil is dependent on conditions beneath the surface, and slight as they are, we welcome these little works, and the stories generally of the *Bibliothèque des Chemins de Fer*, as flowers out of the rank, fermenting earth, indicating an impulse and a power for purer and better things.

Criticism, however, is also alive to assist the new movement, by draining off the muddy waters and making a clearance of the weeds. The Academy having offered a prize for the best essay on the influence of literature on social life in France, referring particularly to novels and the theatre, the prize has been deservedly awarded to M. Eugène Poitou; and a more systematic exposure of the vices of French novelists, a more merciless demolition of their laborious structure of paradox and declamatory foolishness, we have never read. The essay<sup>22</sup> does honour to the Academy whose name subscribes it. M. Poitou is a lawyer, and writes like a man accustomed to build up a case. In the announcement of the subject by the Academy, competitors were warned not to look from a literary point of view, but to consider only the teachings of the modern French novelists and dramatists,—satire and personalities were interdicted. M. Poitou has known how to write strictly in accordance with these recommendations, without falling into weak generalization and obscurity. He cites the moral delinquents who have made so great a name to such pernicious ends, and exhibits them at every point at war with all human institutions, apostles of a new creed—the passions. M. Poitou pleads at the Academy bar against this modern heathenry, on behalf of his injured client, Society. The case is one where eloquence is not wanted: a vigorous exposition, the working of a sound judgment, is more effective. Nevertheless, M. Poitou writes well, and with that restrained warmth and measured firmness which prove how deeply he feels the importance of the cause he is advocating. He commences by an explanation of the reciprocal influences of society and literature; they are not yet harmonized in their mutual relations. In days of peace, literature ministers slavishly to the repose of society: in troubled

<sup>22</sup> "Du Roman et du Théâtre Contemporains, et de leur influence sur les Mœurs. Par M. Eugène Poitou. Paris. 1857. Auguste Durand.

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times it is a firebrand. All these remarks apply particularly to France, and M. Poitou takes occasion to allude to the different and happier effects in England, and also in Germany, resulting from the inborn reverence for our institutions, and rooted respect for the ties of family. The mischief done by "Werther," "Carl Moor," and "Don Juan," ruined a few lives probably, but did not shake society to its foundation. The poets were universally admired; their errors as universally condemned. In France, the genius of the Author and his vicious doctrines go together. French society, again, feels the consequences of its old national vice of indiscriminate admiration: there is no greater tyrant than an idol.

Here is a specimen of the sort of stuff that was listened to (we are happy to speak in a past tense), and of M. Poitou's way of dealing with it:—

"Dans un roman de Mme. Sand, on lit: 'Vous vous êtes dit que les femmes comme moi avaient une sorte de grandeur inconnue; qu'elles se rachetaient devant Dieu par la puissance de leurs affections, et que, comme à Madeleine, il leur serait beaucoup pardonné parce qu'elles ont beaucoup aimé.'

"Voici, enfin comment, dans le 'Juif Errant,' le *prêtre selon le Christ* s'exprime: 'Le Christ n'a-t-il pas intercédé auprès de son père pour la Madeleine pécheresse et la femme adultère? Pauvres créatures, il ne les a pas repoussées, il ne les a pas maudites, il les a plaintes, il a prié pour elles, *parce qu'elles avaient beaucoup aimé.*'

"Étrange interprétation de l'Évangile! Jésus pardonne à la pécheresse qui se repent, qui l'implore à genoux et arrose ses pieds de larmes et de parfums. Mais quoi! est-ce pour avoir beaucoup aimé les fils des hommes qu'il lui pardonne, ou pour aimer beaucoup le Fils de Dieu? Il y a là en vérité une indigne et détestable équivoque. On joue sur les mots: on fausse et on frelate d'une odieuse façon la parole divine. On lui fait absoudre, que dis-je? on lui fait préconiser l'amour humain, et placer le mérite dans ses excès même et ses déportements, quand c'est l'amour divin qu'elle enseigne et dont elle veut montrer l'excellence et le prix inestimable devant la miséricorde suprême."

Sophisms like these have only to be ferreted out and dragged into broad day. Part of M. Poitou's system has been to make the authors thus expose their own shallowness; and although he has employed it largely, it is so successful and telling that monotony is not felt.

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